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A REMARKABLE CASE OF "PHYSICAL PHENOMENA."

IT is proposed to give a plain and truthful statement of facts concerning a very marked case of the phenomena known to *Spiritualists* as "physical manifestations," regarded by scientific men generally as "tricks of jugglery," and by common-sense, practical people looked upon as wonderful natural effects, the cause of which has never been explained.

This case in many respects resembles that of the French peasant-girl, Angélique Cottin, so well described by Robert Dale Owen in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September, 1864, in an article entitled the "Electric Girl of La Perrière," which (though well authenticated by French journals) took place twenty years before.

The chief interest which may attach to this article will lie in the fact, that the occurrences it describes are of very recent date, — having happened during the past few months, — and are susceptible of verification.

Further than this, it may be added, that the writer is a confirmed sceptic as to the so-called *doctrine of Spiritualism*. Indeed, a careful study of these phe-

nomena, witnessed by himself, has strengthened him in the belief, that to attribute their production to the spirits of the departed is ridiculous folly, delusion, and imposture.

Mary Carrick is an Irish girl, eighteen years of age, who came to this country in the month of May, 1867. She is very ignorant, like the most of her class, but quick to learn anything required. Previous to leaving her native land she had, for a short time, lived in a gentleman's family as a "maid of all work," and she has always been healthy with the exception of a severe attack of fever occurring a few months before she left home. By a correspondence with the gentleman in whose service she had lived in Ireland, we find that nothing remarkable was ever discovered concerning her, except that at one time she had been a somnambulist, but seemed to have recovered from her tendency to sleep-walking.

Immediately upon her arrival, she went to live with a very respectable family in one of the larger towns in Massachusetts. At this time she appeared to be in perfect health. She

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performed the duties required of her in a most acceptable manner, and nothing whatever in her appearance or behavior excited particular remark. She seldom left the house, and, at the time when the occurrences we are about to describe took place, she did not have the acquaintance of six persons outside the family. She had lived in this situation about six weeks, when, upon the 3d of July, the bells hanging in the kitchen and communicating with the outside doors and chambers commenced ringing in an unaccountable manner. This would occur at intervals of half an hour or longer, during the day and evening, but not during the night. It was at first attributed to the antics of rats upon the wires. An examination showed this to be impossible; though, to put the matter beyond doubt, the wires were detached from the bells; but the ringing went on as before. These bells hang near the ceiling of a room eleven feet high. They never rang unless the girl was in that room or the adjoining one, but were often seen and heard to ring when different members of the family were present in the room with the girl. The ringing was not a mere stroke of the bell, but there was a violent agitation of all the bells, such as might have been produced by a vigorous use of the bell-pulls, had they been connected. A careful examination by the writer and others showed that there was no mechanism or other appliance by which the ringing could be produced. A few days after the bell-ringing commenced frequent loud and startling raps were heard, which seemed to be on the walls, doors, or windows of the room where the girl might be at work. The noises thus produced were quite as loud as would ordinarily follow a smart application of the knuckles to any article of wood. They were heard by all the members of the family, and many others whom curiosity prompted to come in for the purpose of verifying, by their own senses, what they were slow to believe. These occurrences increased from day to day, and became a source of great annoyance. The girl,

ignorant as she was, and naturally superstitious, became very much excited; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be kept in a comparative state of calmness during her wakeful hours, while in her sleep at night she was continually raving. She wept very much, protested that she had no action in the occurrences, and begged of the family not to send her away, for she had not a single friend in the country to whom she could go, and none of her countrymen would take her in, for the matter had already become notorious, and they shunned her as they would the Evil One himself. Several applications were made by professed Spiritualists, offering to take the girl, and provide for her; but it was not deemed advisable to place her under such *questionable* supervision. It was finally decided to retain her, and try to endure the disagreeable phenomena which, as will be seen, were only the beginning of troubles.

It should be stated that the raps referred to followed the girl from room to room, and could be heard in her chamber at night, when she was found to be in a profound sleep. Thus had matters gone on for nearly three weeks, when occurrences of a more extraordinary character began to take place. Chairs were upset, crockery-ware thrown down, tables lifted and moved, and various kitchen utensils hurled about the room. No particular record of these occurrences was made until August 1st; after which time, and until the phenomena had entirely ceased, accurate daily memoranda were noted, from which some extracts are here taken.

"On the 5th of August, Mary was washing clothes, when a bench, having upon it two large tubs filled with water, was suddenly moved several inches. The lid of a copper wash-boiler was repeatedly thrown up, when the girl was not near enough to touch it. These occurrences were observed by different members of the family."

"August 6th, Mary was ironing. The table at which she worked continually lifted itself, and troubled her so much that she took her work to another table,

where the same operation was repeated, and her flat-iron, which she left for a moment, was thrown to the floor." This annoyance was always repeated whenever she worked at ironing, and more or less at other times. It was seen by all the members of the family and other persons. The writer saw the table thus lifted when neither the girl nor any other person was near enough to touch it. It has happened when a child nine years of age was sitting upon it, and also when persons have tried to hold it down. This *lifting* propensity seemed to communicate itself to everything movable. The covers to the wood-box and wash-boiler were constantly slamming. A heavy soapstone slab, one and a half inches thick, weighing forty-eight pounds, which formed the top of a case of drawers, was often affected in a similar manner.

"On the 6th of August, as Mary was putting away the 'tea things,' and about to place a metallic tray filled with dishes upon this slab, it suddenly flew up, and struck the bottom of the tray with such force as to upset the dishes upon it." This was seen by one of the family, and frequently occurred afterwards. The stone would also often be thrown up violently when Mary was at work at the sink near it. On the last occasion that this happened, August 25th, the writer was seated near to it, and watching for the movement, which had been repeated several times within an hour. Suddenly it raised itself, and fell with great force, breaking in two through the centre, Mary at the moment being in the act of wringing out her "dish-cloth." Soon after, one half of the same was thrown to the floor; and the fragments were then thrown out of the house on the ground, where they remained quiet. This peculiarly active stone, it should be added, had a few days previous been taken from its place, and laid upon the floor of a room adjoining, with a heavy bucket placed upon it; but, as the same movements continued, it was replaced in its position for the purpose of noticing the effect, and with the result before stated.

It had also, at one time, been fastened in its place by wooden clamps, which were forcibly torn away. It is moreover worthy of particular notice, that another soapstone slab, in which the copper wash-boiler is set, and which had become loosened from the brick-work, was split and thrown to the floor in like manner; showing that the force, whatever it may be, has a striking effect upon this kind of material. A piece of the same, weighing several pounds, was also thrown into the kitchen from the wash-room, no person being in the latter room at the time. A common cherry table, standing against the wall in the kitchen, often started out into the room, and at one time was hurled completely over upon its top.

"On the 20th of August the table movements occurred many times. On this day a large basket filled with clothes was thrown to the floor. A small board, used for scouring knives, hanging against the wall, was thrown quite across the kitchen. The doors were continually slamming unless locked or latched.

"August 26 and 27 were very *stirring* days, there being hardly a half-hour of quiet. The rappings (which occurred daily) were particularly vigorous on these days. The chairs, and other movables, were thrown about; a large wash-tub, filled with clothes soaking, was thrown from the wash-form to the floor, and emptied of its contents; a stool, having upon it a pail filled with water, moved itself along the floor; a porcelain-lined kettle, standing in the sink, was lifted over the side, and dropped upon the floor. The movable furniture in the girl's room was so much agitated, that, with the exception of the bedstead, it was all taken from the room for the sake of quiet."

The foregoing are a few only of the various phenomena occurring from the 3d to the 27th of August, there being but one day during the whole time when nothing of the kind took place. On the date last mentioned the girl was sent away for two days, to observe what the effect might be.

On the evening of the 29th she returned, and reported that she had not seen or heard anything unusual during her absence. It should also be remarked that the family experienced no trouble while she was away. But, within two hours after her return, the demonstrations again commenced.

It is needless to follow them further in detail. It is sufficient to say that similar scenes to those of the previous days and weeks were daily repeated from the date of her return until the night of September 12th, when her nervous system succumbed, and she was suddenly seized with a violent attack of hysteria. During the paroxysm, which continued two or three hours, she was in an unconscious state, and could be restrained upon her bed only by the combined strength of her attendants. After the subsidence of the paroxysm she slept quietly until morning. For several days she remained in a very excited state, and on the nights of the 15th and 17th there was a return of the paroxysm, but without a loss of consciousness. These attacks were not characterized by any very peculiar symptoms, excepting, perhaps, a very distressing sensation referred to the base of the brain. From time to time she would seize the hand of her attendant, and press it upon the back of her head, and at the same time complain of strange noises. She also had severe attacks of bleeding at the nose, which seemed in some measure to relieve her.

From the date of her prostration until her removal to an asylum, on the 18th, no phenomena occurred.

At the end of three weeks she was thought to be sufficiently recovered to return to her work; and pity for her condition, as well as a curiosity to observe if the phenomena would return, induced the family to receive her back to service again.

She returned in a very happy frame of mind, and comparatively calm; but it was noticed that she was quite nervous, and would start suddenly at any little noise at all resembling the rappings or movements of furniture which

had formerly so much annoyed her, and driven her to the verge of insanity. But none of the phenomena ever again occurred. She seemed very well, grew very fleshy, and performed her duties with alacrity. Being desirous of learning to read and write, a member of the family undertook the task of teaching her.

She proved a very apt scholar, and made remarkable progress. At times, however, she complained of great distress in her head; but nothing of a serious nature occurred until some six weeks after her return, when, on the night of the 28th of November, she had an attack of *sonnambulism*, it being the first instance of the kind since coming to this country. She arose and dressed herself, went to the room of her mistress, and asked permission to go out to clean the outside of the windows. Her condition was at once discovered, and she was with some difficulty induced to go back to bed. She remembered nothing of this in the morning. On the following and for five consecutive nights this was repeated. At about the same hour of the night she would get up, go down stairs, usually in her night-dress, with no light, and go about her work. She would sweep rooms, dust clothing, scour knives, go out of doors (cold weather as it was) and brush the steps, sit down in the darkness and study her reading and spelling lesson, and finally, in an hour or two, return to bed. On the fifth night, however, nature gave out, and she again passed into the condition of hysteria. She was again conveyed to the asylum, where she now remains, though she seems to have entirely recovered; and is there employed as a housemaid.

So much for the facts in this extraordinary case,—facts well attested and beyond contravention. As to a theory of the "moving cause" we have none. But we now proceed to give results of observations and experiments bearing upon the case, referring their explanation to those competent to give an opinion. At an early stage of the phenome-

na we sought to trace their production to electricity, and the results of some experiments seemed to give support to this theory. It has already been stated that the rappings were repeatedly heard in the girl's room by members of the family who went in after she was asleep. The noises seemed to be on the doors, and sometimes on the footboard of the bedstead, and at times, as they came very loud, she would start in her sleep, and scream as though in the utmost terror.

Conceiving the idea that the sounds might be produced electrically, the writer caused the bedstead to be perfectly insulated by placing the posts upon glass. The effect was all that could be desired. Although the raps continued to follow her all day from room to room and to her chamber at night, yet, so soon as she was fairly in bed, everything of the kind ceased. For six weeks or longer the bedstead was kept thus insulated; and no raps were ever heard, except once, when an examination showed the insulation to be destroyed, one of the posts having slipped off the glass. It was replaced with the same effect as before. Another experiment, similar to the one described, was tried. The cherry table in the kitchen before alluded to, at which Mary took her meals, was nearly always agitated when she sat down to eat. At such times, also, the rappings were very loud and frequent, troubling her so much that she had no desire to eat. On one or two occasions this was peculiarly the case, and a remedy for it was sought in insulation. The table and her chair were placed on glass, but before she was ready to sit the former suddenly jumped off the insulators, but was at once replaced, when she took her seat, and was able to finish her meal in peace, there being no movements and no raps. This was afterwards repeated with the same success. It was evident that, whatever force this might be, — whether electricity or not, — there did seem to be some sort of attraction between the girl and these inanimate objects of wood, stone, iron, and other ma-

terial which set them in motion whenever she was near them, and they were not insulated. In this connection it should be noticed that the movements of furniture, &c., seldom occurred in rooms with woollen carpets on the floors, but were mostly confined to rooms with bare floors or oil carpets and matting. The raps, also, were more frequent and louder in such rooms. In the daily journal which was kept the state of the weather each day was carefully noted, and for a time it was thought that the phenomena were much more frequent on a clear day than on a damp or sultry one; but a careful study of that record shows that some of the most marked and violent demonstrations actually occurred on very rainy days, though the latter were generally more quiet than days of fair weather. Thus it would seem that the phenomena, though appearing in some degree electrical, did not in all cases follow the known laws of electricity.

The writer has heretofore stated that he is a thorough sceptic concerning the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism. The same may be said of every member of this large family (ten persons) in which these things occurred. With the exception of the girl herself, no one of the household ever became in the least degree nervous, much less inclined to believe that the spirits of the departed had returned to earth only to make their presence known by means so palpably ridiculous.

But the Spiritualists, of whom there are many in the community where these occurrences took place, became very much exercised about the matter. The family were excessively annoyed at frequent applications from this class of persons for the privilege of coming in to witness the "manifestations," as they call them, and to see the girl. But not one of them was ever admitted, nor has the girl ever yet held any communication with a person of this character. Of Spiritualism she had never heard in the old country, and, when any one spoke of "mediums," she seemed to have an idea that they were something

dreadful to contemplate. But although no Spiritualists were invited to enlighten us, we did on three occasions hold "circles" among ourselves, being willing to *test* the matter.

At such times, seated around a large dining-table with the poor simple-hearted and terror-stricken girl in the midst, we in all seriousness went through the farce of inviting communications from the spirits present. Occasional raps were heard, questions were put, and the alphabet used, after the most approved manner of those *mysterious circles*, but without ever eliciting the first gleam of intelligence; and the conclusion was reached, that, if there *were* any spirits present, their education must have been sadly neglected while on the earth, and that no improvement had been made since they passed into the other world. But this folly was soon given up, having only resulted in highly exciting the girl, whose nervous system had now reached a terrible state. Day by day she became more and more excited, and rapidly lost flesh. She would complain of great distress in her head and of great noises in her ears. At times she would sink into a sort of lethargy bordering upon the "trance state." But she still kept about her work. One of the ladies of the house was in the habit of going to church to practise organ-playing, and sometimes took Mary to "blow," with which she was quite delighted, but the great difficulty at such times was to keep her awake, the music made her so sleepy; and this peculiarity was noticed, that, so long as the organ was played softly, she was wakeful, and performed her part at the "bellows," but, when the loud playing commenced, she invariably became sleepy, and the failing wind would soon give notice that she had sunk into slumber. At night, in her sleep, she would sing for hours together, although she had never been heard to sing in her wakeful moments, being in a very unhappy frame of mind.

We have spoken of her somnambulist habits. To this should be added

still another *accomplishment*, that of "clairvoyance."

The most marked instance of the latter was shown in a declaration by her, that a young lady member of the family, who had been absent in a distant city for several weeks, was sick. She seemed in great distress of mind about it, but was assured that she had just been heard from, and was quite well. But she would not be quieted, and declared that the young lady was ill, and suffering much from a very bad sore upon her hand. And this proved to be exactly as she had stated, and is only another evidence of this extraordinary power, of which science now allows the existence, though it cannot fully explain it. These things are mentioned here simply on account of the possible bearing they may have on the physiological aspect of this remarkable case.

The question may be asked, Why, during the long continuance of these strange phenomena, which occurred nearly every day for a period of ten weeks, was no scientific investigation instituted? We answer, that such a one was sought for by the family and others interested. At the end of four weeks from the commencement of the phenomena a plain statement of facts was made in writing, and submitted with proper indorsement to two of the learned professors of one of our educational institutions, with the request that some proper person might be sent to witness and experiment. To our surprise the communication was treated with contempt, and returned with the statement that we were being imposed upon; that such things could not take place save through the agency of some person; they advised constant watchfulness in order to discover the "trickery." As may be supposed, after meeting with such a rebuff, a second attempt to invoke the assistance of these wise men would not soon be made.

However, acting upon the only advice they did volunteer, "constant watchfulness" was maintained; the girl being watched in every available manner to

detect the tricks, if any were attempted. It is sufficient to say that the question of her honesty and innocence in the matter was put beyond a shadow of doubt. It was at this time that a daily journal of the occurrences was commenced, and continued so long as the phenomena lasted; and from this journal the instances noticed in these pages are taken.

In justice to another professor of the institution mentioned, it should be said, that, having incidentally heard of the case, he expressed a wish to have an investigation made, and directed two of his students to make arrangements to witness the phenomena; but unfortunately the proposition came too late, as, before the arrangements could be made, the phenomena had already ceased, and the girl was prostrated as before stated. A detailed statement was made, however, and submitted to this gentleman, containing a copy of the daily journal of events, to which he gave careful attention, and accorded to the writer two long interviews upon the subject. He seemed greatly interested, and did not deny the possibility of the phenomena at all, and regretted much their abrupt cessation, which precluded an investigation. It was hoped that, when the girl returned, there would be a recurrence of them, to afford this investigation, though the annoyance to the family was great. The fact that they did not return is as strange as that they ever occurred at all. Upon the girl's return, all the conditions appeared to be the same. As has been stated, her nervous condition was bad, and grew worse, until she was again prostrated; but there were none of the noises and movements as before. For the benefit of the incredulous, who may say that a knowledge on her part that an investigation was to be had prevented the repetition, it should be remarked, that such knowledge was kept from her, though she had known of the first application that was made to have the

matter looked into by scientific men, and sometimes asked when the "*sanc-tified*" men were coming to put a stop to the troubles.

No one can regret more than the writer that the application was so disdainfully treated; though an extenuation of the action of these men is found in the fact that they had previously been most egregiously humbugged by what they supposed to be cases similar to this. Still, we cannot but feel that perhaps the opportunity for a valuable addition to scientific discoveries was lost.

We believe that the day will come when such occurrences as are herein described will be as satisfactorily explained as are now the wonders of electricity. Whether it shall be soon or late depends upon the willingness of learned men to treat seriously phenomena which they now almost universally denounce as imposture and trickery, without having examined into them. That they are not of every-day occurrence does not argue that they do not occur. That they are usually so mixed up with the humbugging tricks of the so-called Spiritualists as to be difficult of elucidation we will allow; but when a case is presented of the character of the one under consideration, entirely free from surroundings calculated to produce distrust, we contend that it is a subject worthy the study of any man.

In closing we would say, that not from any wish to give notoriety to the case herein described has this article been written, but with the sincere hope and desire that, as time goes on, and other cases of a like nature occur, this record may be of some service for comparison, or perhaps may in itself induce competent men to undertake an explanation with which the world will be satisfied, and which may save from the pernicious doctrines of Spiritualism and from our insane asylums thousands who are now hopelessly drifting in that direction.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER X.

THE service came to an end ; the many lights were extinguished, and the congregation streamed out into the darkness and the storm. Marie Robbe came pressing against the crowd as Jeanne and her companion reached the church door, and seized Jeanne by the arm. "O Jeanne!" she burst forth, "make haste! make haste! there's a boat just off the bar, trying to get in; maybe it's thy father's boat,—and some of them say she is badly hurt, and some that she is driving on shore. Come, Jeanne, make haste! Let us push our way to the side door. How the clumsy people push one to death! Madame is a pagan cat to conduct herself with such haste in the church!"—this to a somewhat austere-looking *dévoté*, who was elbowing her way through the crowd, and who had pushed past Marie. "Why, indeed," she continued, angrily, for Marie was one of those persons whose emotions, when excited above a certain degree, always take the form of ill-humor,—"why thy father should have chosen last night for going out, when any one might have supposed there would be a storm, I can't tell; but some people trust to their good luck always, and then draw others into their scrapes! I wish my father had not been so foolish as to go!"

There was little to be made out of Marie's incoherent words; but Jeanne and her companion needed no urging, and the three women sped swiftly down towards the pier; Marie half sobbing with excitement and anger, but still, with the instinct of physical well-being paramount in the midst of her terror, wrapping a corner of Épiphanie's large cloak round her to protect her from the wind and rain.

As they reached the wharf they overtook a group of fishermen, some of whom, evidently but lately landed, were

recounting the story of their day's ill luck and the adventures of their coming in, to the others.

"Are there any boats out yet?" asked Jeanne, joining the men, who, like themselves, were going towards the pier.

"Yes, there is one out there," replied the man; "and it's a wonder if she gets in at all. We have just come ashore ourselves, and passed within fifty yards of her."

"Was she damaged any way, do you think?" asked Jeanne.

"One could n't say. She seemed to be holding off from shore, as well as we could make out, and not making for the harbor at all."

"Come," said Jeanne, quickening her pace, and followed by all the rest. "Did you know the boat?"

"One cannot see much such a night as this, though I suppose I know most of the craft on the coast for ten miles down. It was a well-sized sloop, and had an open row-boat in company. But one has as much to look after as one's own two eyes can manage, coming into this *maudit* harbor in fair weather, let alone a night like this."

"I'm a Pourville man," said another of the men, "and I've run down from Pourville to Dieppe these fourteen years, and I never saw blacker weather round the harbor's mouth than to-night!"

"There's one thing I can affirm," said the man Jeanne had at first addressed, "for I heard his voice as he shouted to the men in the little craft,—that François Milette was aboard the fishing-boat."

"Mais, mon Dieu," broke in Épiphanie, "c'est mon frère!"

"Ei, your brother!" exclaimed the Pourville man. "You are Épiphanie Couteleng, I suppose; I used to know your husband long ago. And François has had good luck as a fisherman?"

"Yes, grâce à Dieu," said Épiphanie, "this is the worst night he has ever been out in."

"For my part," said the man, "I think they'll get in well enough, if she's a stout boat, and well managed."

"It's my father's boat, sure enough," said Jeanne. "François Milette went out with him last night; but what the row-boat was I cannot tell." And she hurried on faster. The men broke into a jog-trot.

"Come on," said the man who had recognized Épiphanie, "next to getting in one's self, there's nothing better than towing in a neighbor!"

So they all came clattering along over the stones of the Pollet pier, which was already dotted with groups of people eagerly watching the black object dimly discernible in the darkness, as it rose and fell among the white-capped billows.

The tide was rising fast; the sea rolled up in huge black waves, that struck from time to time like thunderbolts against the stout masonry of the pier, and then springing upwards from the shock, a majestic column, thirty feet high, fell in a shower of spray. Jean Farge and a company of Polletais stood at a certain spot on the pier to which the rope was always thrown. The night was very dark. The wind roared fiercely round the end of the pier, the men held their caps tight on their heads, and the few women crouched under the shelter of the high parapet, as if fearing to be carried away bodily by the raging gusts of wind. All watched the light at the mast-head of the boat, as it swayed and rose and fell. The boat lay scarcely two hundred yards from the end of the pier. The tide was running in, hurried and torn by the wind that was beating dead on shore. The boat approached very slowly, by short tacks, so, as to keep her bow meeting the big waves, one of which, catching her broadside, was enough to founder her.

The great question was, whether she could safely pass the end of the Dieppe pier, throw her rope at the right mo-

ment, and sweep round into the narrow mouth of the harbor. It required, a strong and dexterous arm to hurl the heavy coil from the distance, whence, on account of the eddy at the harbor's mouth, it became necessary to steady the boat, and assist her by towing. This was a sufficiently nice matter in fair weather, but in the darkness, and with a wind and sea such as the present, the difficulties of entrance were tenfold. The news of the probability of its being Defère's boat spread rapidly through the crowd. The men shouted again and again; but the wind and the storm were too loud for their voices to reach the boat, and no reply came to either direction or inquiry. Jean Farge was talking to the Pourville fisherman who bore testimony to having heard François's voice on board the boat, as he himself rode into harbor. They were joined by another man.

"There's but a poor chance, I say," said the last comer. "I watched her for an hour before it grew dark, beating round, and trying to get into clear sea just off the Camp de César, but it was hard work."

"When the Newhaven steamer can't face the weather, but puts back into dock, there's but poor chance for a fishing-boat," said another.

"Defère will save the old boat if any man can, be sure of that," said Farge, who stood holding his hat down over his eyes, and peering through the darkness and driving rain at the unsteady light as it rose and fell. "See — see!" he called out suddenly, "she's coming on fast now — now she's down — no, there she is again — yes — yes, she's turned her bow — she's riding up — she's making straight for the harbor. Seven devils take this rain, but how it blinds one! Here she comes, — she's a boat after all! But she's wavering, — she's tacking, — she'll lose the drift, she will — she will! Heavenly saints!" he shrieked, wringing his hands wildly, "bring her in, bring her in." Then with a voice like a trumpet, he bawled, "The breakwater — look — out — for — the — breakwater!"

Slowly, slowly, the dark form of the boat approached, struggling and staggering in the fierce sea, and now she certainly was tacking and holding off. What was the meaning of it?

"Whist!" said the Pourville man, "they're calling, what is it?" All bent over the low parapet, and strained their hearing to catch the words. A clear voice from the boat rang out something; but the roar of the wind and waters howled above it, and the sound conveyed no meaning. "What was it? Listen again! Where's a trumpet? Diantre! They'll be too late if they don't come in a minute! Are they all mad?" shouted a dozen voices at once. But a sudden silence fell upon the crowd like a shock, for across the darkness of their perplexity and dismay a new intelligence shot like a meteor.

Jeanne had been during the last few minutes leaning with her elbows on the parapet, motionless and silent. When the cry from the boat reached her ears, buffeted by the storm as it was, so that the words to all others had lost their meaning, she suddenly sprang to her feet, cast off the encumbering arm of Épiphanie wound about her, and caught up a lantern from a sheltered corner where it had been placed for safety.

"Quick!" she cried, "to the end of the pier!" With a bound she was on the low parapet, and, running swiftly to the higher wall at the extreme end of the pier, she sprang upon that dizzy height above the surging sea, and, holding the lantern high above her head, she sent a cry over the water, shrill, clear, and vibrating, such as no wind on earth could whistle down, "A — la — lumière!" How it rang out, — that long-sustained cry! Despair, exultation, and passionate hope were the strength of it, and the very wind seemed to pause to listen!

A breathless pause, in which the girl's figure, blown by the tempestuous winds and drenched in spray, stood motionless with the light above her head, and then "whir!" and, like a dark snake, and hissing as it

sped, the rope came just above the lantern, showing how true had been the aim. With a shout it was caught by a hundred eager hands before it touched the ground. Shout after shout went up as the rope stretched and strained, and the long double line clattered along, chattering and laughing, some weeping in the wild excitement, some bawling congratulations to the men in the boat far below in the darkness, which they could not hear, and all pulling at the rope with a will.

Jeanne slipped down from the parapet, and joined the rest, taking her place at the rope. Épiphanie, laughing and weeping by turns, ran by her side.

"O Jeanne, dear Jeanne! They are in! They are in! Thou hast saved them! Marie bienfaisante, but it was well done!" And then, sobbing with joy and excitement, she fell to hushing the baby, who had awakened in this Babel, as was only natural he should. Jeanne said nothing. She felt as if she could have drawn the boat in, unaided by another hand. The wet straining rope was pressed against her warm beating heart; and she grasped it in her strong hands, and could have kissed it in tender ecstasy as Épiphanie did her baby.

"Who held the light?" shouted some one far down the line.

"Jeanne Defère, Jeanne Defère!" bawled a dozen voices in reply; but Jeanne hardly heard them. Everybody talked at once.

"The rope was too short," said one. "They could not reach the 'middle point,' and wanted us to meet them lower down the pier."

"Yes, yes, of course, that was what they were shouting about," said another man. "I knew how it was in a minute."

"Eh, neighbor!" called out a somewhat shrill-voiced Polletaise, "if you knew so well, why didn't you speak? You men always know where the rat lives, I observe, after you see the cat at the hole!"

"And the women know more about it than the cat herself, I believe," re-

plied the man with a laugh. "Why did n't I speak? Because a woman spoke before me. That was not strange however, — eh, Voisine Legros?"

"You are right," said the undaunted Polletaise. "It is not I who will contradict you when you say the men are slow. *Le bon Dieu* gave the men the stronger arm to make up for the want of wit."

"Many words and much wit do not always run together," replied the Dieppoise, who, finding it difficult satisfactorily to refute this theory of compensative justice, betook himself prudently to another view of the question. "You women, I observe, my good friend, will talk for a good hour over a thing I would not waste my breath on!"

"And you men, I observe, my good friend," returned the Polletaise, "are always bragging about being able to hold your tongues. And well it is, if some of you can be silent, and not show all the folly that is in you! Waste your breath! Ha, ha! you're the man, perhaps, that would not waste his breath on a candle, and burnt his fingers in snuffing it out! Hein!"

"He, he, he!" laughed the trebles in the crowd.

"With a Polletaise it is one's ears more than one's breath that one fears to lose," said another man, coming to the rescue of his fellow.

"Ho, ho, ho!" from the basses.

"And no great loss to you either, I should think," said the Polletaise, who, spurred by the derisive laughter of her opponents, and exhilarated by a fine inbred consciousness of her own resources, was becoming pleasantly excited in the contest, — "no great loss to you, while there is still a woman left to see and speak in your place, — as to-night, for example!"

"Ya-ho-ha-hu!" shouted the men from the boat below. That shout proclaimed that they were within the dockwaters, and the rope slackened gradually as the boat ran alongside the wharf. "Throw up the rope! Bring her up gently! Welcome to the old boat!" And the crowd closed round

the top of the perpendicular ladder which ran up the side of the dock wall from the boat below, and up which Defère and his companions were coming. One by one, they emerged from the darkness, and began to ascend, coming as they approached the top, into the light of the lantern held by Jean Farge.

"Here we are!" bawled Père Robbe, coming up in a crab-like fashion, sideways. "The old boat has had a nice night of it, — eh? The last boat in, are we? Well, the good saints have learned what *La Sainte Perpetua* is made of, and that she has good luck is an understood thing!" Père Robbe was followed more slowly by old Defère, with his waterproof hat tied down like a nightcap; then François Milette, and still two stood below. Another began to mount. Good saints! Pierre Lennet; and close behind him a dark head without covering, the hair drenched with water, — Gabriel! Jeanne bowed her head, but her heart was lifted up; not in exultation that to her quick senses and vigorous will they owed their lives, but that the cry of her heart, piercing the deeper gloom and storm of doubt and despair, had reached the Ruler of all storms and the Giver of all peace.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, my daughter, where art thou?" cried old Defère, peering amongst the crowd. Jeanne embraced her father, her heart aching with bliss, but said not a word.

"Here, here! lend a hand with these things," shouted Père Robbe, who had again descended to the boat after the first greetings were over, and who was now busy gathering together an incongruous heap, — baskets containing the provision for the fishing expedition, a lantern, nets, stone water-bottles, and what not. "Pierre! François! Diandre! are the men all deaf? Here, Gabriel Ducrés, lend a hand with this lantern and the tackle, and I'll bring up the baskets." And Gabriel began reluctantly to descend the ladder once more.

"Yes, here we are," said Pierre Lennet, giving his burly person a shake, as a water-dog does on reaching shore, —

"here we are, and a nice night we've had of it,—eh, Neighbor Defère? And who was the lass that held the lantern? We knew it was a woman; I aimed straight at her white cap; but, Madonna! it was the saving of us."

"Jeanne Defère! Jeanne Defère!" cried many voices. And then came a confusion of questions and answers and exclamations, and Pierre's loud voice sounding above all, recounting his adventures.

"But how came you there at all, Pierre Lennet?—and Gabriel Ducrés, too!—the good saints must have dropped them from the clouds."

"I don't know rightly yet how they came together," said old Defère. "We haven't had much time for talking; but if it had been the holy St. Jacques and his brother, I should n't have been more glad to see them than when they came alongside with that rope."

"Rope!" exclaimed several voices at once, "how was that?"

"Well, you see," said old Defère, "we ran out very well last night, and lay off about two miles from shore, but scarce a herring could we touch. They ran before us just as if the Devil were at their tails. The wind had got up a bit by that time, but the fish had given us the slip so often that we thought we would make another trial farther down the coast, and so drop into Treport if the weather grew worse. But little enough of Treport did we see. We knocked about for three hours, and found we could not make head against the wind, and so turned about and rode before it towards Dieppe. Such a wind! and to come up without a bit of warning! Behold us there as the day wears away. The sea washes over us every minute. After each wave I look up to see whether François and Jacques are not gone; but no, there we all are! A great wave comes that throws me on my face, the boat veers as the helm flies loose, and we catch a broadside from the sea that makes the old boat shiver and crack again, and I say to myself, as the water goes over me, 'Here is an end to thy fishing, Père

Defère, and thy days altogether. La Sainte Perpetua won't reach harbor; but at least thou wilt not have to leave the old boat,'—for I held on to the helm through all. But up we come again; the water sweeps off, and the boat rights herself. François and Jacques are both there, but the rope is gone. Eh, bien! where is our chance for getting into Dieppe to-night? So there we lie and beat about, and wait to see what the bon Dieu will do next, for our best is done. After an hour or more, we signal the men on shore, and they come out to us, bringing the rope; and who are they but Pierre and Gabriel! Madonna! how they worked! Cousin Gabriel there, he is no sailor, but he is of the right stuff to make one. A strong arm is a strong arm, and a stout heart is a stout heart, whether it's in a blouse or a sailor's jacket!"

"Ei," broke in Pierre Lennet, "thou wouldst not make a bad sailor, friend Gabriel! He worked like a skipper, to be sure, and has a voice for a long shout! It was his voice brought out the light, any way. Mais, bon patron, could not you hear us before? I gave a shout enough to reach Dover, and you no more answered than so many herrings."

The crowd pressed still round Defère, discussing eagerly the further story of his adventures. Pierre looked round through the crowd, dimly seen by the light of the lanterns. "La voilà!" he said, and made his way towards Jeanne, who stood a little apart from the rest.

She was standing near a pile of cordage, upon which some one had set a lantern, and by its light was busily engaged in wringing out the water from her father's seaman's coat, and the nets which had been brought up from the boat-hold. Épiphanie had seated herself on this heap of cordage, but, while the light of the lantern fell full upon Jeanne, Épiphanie's figure was entirely lost in shadow, the dark side being turned towards her. Jeanne did not look up from her work till Pierre laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"Bon soir, Jeanne; is thy cap any the worse for the rope?" he said.

"'T was a good aim," said Jeanne, smiling, and holding out her hand. "Didst thou know it was our boat, Pierre, when you two went out with the rope?"

"Not I," said Pierre. "I had gone up to the Établissement des Bains, just below the Camp de César, with two of our men (for after the steamer put back we had nothing to do), and we were standing in the shed there with half a dozen people who had collected watching the sloop. She was n't an eighth of a league from shore then."

"Did they signal?" asked Jeanne.

"Of course; and we soon found out it was the rope they had lost, and thy cousin Ducrés there and I went out."

"How came Gabriel to go with thee," asked Jeanne, stooping again towards the pile of wet nets, "when there were sailors there?"

"Because they would n't, les grands lâches! When I ran to haul down a boat (there are always safety-boats there for the bathers in the summer, and plenty of tackle) the man who owns the place cursed me for a fool, and said I should not have the boat, and talked and blasphemed so about the danger, that not a man of them would stir to help me. Suddenly, a young man comes forward, and says: 'I'm only a landsman, but I can row well enough, and I'm ready to go if you choose to take me, Pierre Lennet' (he knew me, it seemed, though I did n't know him). 'One can but be drowned at the worst,' he says. 'Come on,' said I, and we hauled the boat down gayly between us. Monsieur le Baigneur I knew dare n't prevent us taking it. A man gets no good character who refuses to help a boat in distress. C'est un garçon d'un cœur hardi, ton cousin!" continued Pierre, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb towards the direction of the boat; "and I never knew who it was till I heard thy father call him by his name."

Jeanne looked up, a sudden grateful radiance shining in her gray eyes.

"Thou hast done my father a good service, Pierre,—and me too. The good saints reward thee!"

"Thou hast done me some good turns too, Jeanne Defère," said Pierre, laying his hand upon the girl's shoulder, and looking kindly into her face. "But for thee, I should have been at the other end of the world, or perhaps at the bottom of the sea. But perhaps," he added, with an uneasy laugh, pushing his hand somewhat disconsolately through his hair, "it would have been better to have gone than stayed when one feels one's self always growing older, but no happier."

"Whist!" said Jeanne, giving him a smart rap with the back of her hand on the lips, "thou art always a fool, Pierre! Here is Épiphanie close to thee!" And, without waiting to see his surprise and confusion, she turned her back on him, and, in turning, came full upon Gabriel, standing with the lantern in his hand, and regarding her with eyes full of the bitterest rage and dismay. He was near enough to have seen all that passed between her and Pierre, though not to have heard what they had said.

"Cousin Gabriel!" said Jeanne, with the sudden conviction of what was in his mind, and of the force which the scene of the last few minutes must have lent to his suspicions,—"Gabriel!" and then she stopped. She had no wit to dissemble, and, finding herself suddenly with all the appearance of guilt upon her, she felt for the moment as if she were guilty, and stood powerless to say a word. She had thought to meet him so differently too!

But Gabriel knew nothing of this; he clutched the lantern till it rattled in his hard grip, and turned away. Jeanne sprang forward, and caught his arm; he looked at her for a moment, and then, shaking himself loose from her appealing hand, he strode on.

"Gamin!" said Jeanne, her perplexity and discomfiture suddenly blazing forth into red-hot anger at this exasperating dismissal of her overtures of conciliation; and she turned on her

heel. "Comme ils sont bêtes, — les hommes!" she said with a contemptuous stamp of her sabot. But her heart was sore and heavy, in spite of her anger, and the hot tears fell on her father's rough seaman's coat as she took it up. She had even forgotten Épiphanie. Throwing the coat over her arm, and obeying the call of her father, who stood ready to go, she took his hand in hers, and went on with the rest of the company into the town.

CHAPTER XI.

"SOME must meet and some must part, so runs the world away"; and when Jeanne turned and met Gabriel, — an encounter destined to increase the bitterness of their last parting by further strife, Pierre Lennet drew near to Épiphanie; and Épiphanie, who had heard Pierre's last words with Jeanne, shrunk half timidly into her corner, with a sure knowledge that this encounter between her and Pierre would be either a meeting or a parting for their lives.

Pierre, leaning up against the cordage, cast her into still deeper shade as he brought his broad shoulders between her and the light. Into this friendly shadow Épiphanie leaned with gathering confidence. She listened, with her head bent down towards the baby that lay sleeping in her arms, as Pierre, resting on his elbows, and stroking his tawny beard thoughtfully as he spoke, looked up into her face. It was not long that Pierre spoke, and Épiphanie listened; but when Jeanne took her father's hand, and the little knot of people began to move off, Épiphanie slid down from her high seat, and stood for a moment, as Pierre, taking her to his faithful heart, bent and kissed her on the lips. Then, with a laugh, he took the child from her arms, and walked on by her side, her sabots keeping up a merry and harmonious clack, as she endeavored to keep step with the rolling gait of her companion.

CHAPTER XII.

THE men stood consulting, before they separated for the night, about the next day. It was agreed that some one of them must run a boat down to Verangeville in the morning, if the storm had by that time abated, to fetch from thence a rudder that old Defère had lying at home, for his disabled fishing-boat, and so save the expense of getting a new one in Dieppe. Every day is of importance in the fishing-season, and every hour that La Sainte Perpetua lay by was so much lost to him in the profits for the year. Jean Farge offered the use of his boat for this purpose, on condition that she should start early in the morning and be back the next night. This was agreed to, and then came the question, who was to go, and who stay behind. Old Robbe had business to keep him in Dieppe all day, so it naturally fell to old Defère and François Milette, though *he* probably would have liked better to stay another day in Dieppe, in the company of Marie Robbe, who was to remain for several days longer at her uncle's, the ivory-carver. The rest of the company, including Jeanne, Épiphanie, and, possibly, Pierre, were to return by land, the next day. Gabriel Ducre's declared his intention of going to Arques on the morrow, to buy seed for the farm, — a journey he had put off from day to day, during the past week at Verangeville.

After these various plans were arranged, the whole company trooped along together; some dropping off at different points on the way, where were their lodgings for the night.

Épiphanie Milette and Jeanne and her father were to stay at the Farges in the Pollet, and François and Gabriel were to sleep at the house of a neighbor.

François left the others, at the end of the drawbridge that crosses the dock, to accompany Marie Robbe to the Rue de St. Remi, where lived her uncle, and where she was staying.

The rest of the company continued

their way across the bridge, and along the side of the dock. The wind blew hard in their faces, as they walked. Jean Farge went first, carrying the lantern, and talking to old Defère, who, with Jeanne, walked just behind.

Most of the houses, that run along the wharf-side in the Pollet, were closed for the night, but a light twinkled in the window of the Farge cottage, which, as I said, stood on the cliffside, raised above the other houses.

"The old woman is waiting for us," said Jean Farge. "Ha—hoi!" he shouted, as they turned and approached the steps worn in the cliffside. The light moved suddenly, the door opened, letting out a pleasant stream of hospitable light on the wet and weary company standing below.

"Here we are, mother," said Jean, "safe and sound, and hungry as gulls."

"Dieu merci!" said the old woman, "supper has been ready this hour or more. I kept the meat half cooked, though, not knowing when you'd come!"

Madame Farge had stood on those steps many a stormy night before, and looked out into the darkness at the sound of approaching footsteps; but each time Jean's voice, ringing out, just as it did to-night, had assured her that all was well, and set her anxious heart at rest.

"Come in, come in," said the old woman; "so you've had a bad night of it, eh, Neighbor Defère? Jeanne, ma fille, and Épiphanie Milette, blessed saints! how wet you are! Come to the fire, children, and warm yourselves. Pierre Lennet with the baby! Ah, the sweet child, how he sleeps! And Épiphanie trusted thee with him, Pierre! Why, she would not leave him with me, for all I could say! Take him up, Épiphanie, my child, and lay him in bed, and, if he wakes, I have a cup of warm milk ready for him at the fire. Pauvre petit! I've had my bowl of batter ready this half-hour, but not a galette have I made; for, of galettes, I say, unless they are as fresh as a six-o'clock daisy, they're not worth the eating."

"Have you room for me also?" said Pierre.

"Eh! always for good company, Pierre; here's a place for thee, between Jeanne and Épiphanie," said the old woman. "And Gabriel Duclés, where is he?" she continued; "has he not come up with you?"

"Good night!" called Gabriel, out of the darkness, where he stood, at the foot of the steps.

"Come up, Gabriel, come in!" shouted several voices together. "Here's supper ready, come up!"

"No, I'm going to Neighbor Legros's. François and I sleep there to-night. I don't want any supper."

"O, come in, Gabriel," said Pierre. "We are a merrier company here than at Neighbor Legros's"; and he took Gabriel by the arm, as if to compel him to come in. "Thou and I have been comrades all day, and I count this the best night of my life, and thou must share it with me. Come in!"

But Pierre's words had anything but a persuasive effect upon Gabriel, who wrenched himself loose, and stalked off into the darkness.

"Ma foi! he must be sleepy, indeed, if he is in such a hurry to go supperless to bed!" said Pierre, with a laugh. "Eh bien! Gabriel," he bawled after the receding figure, "Jeanne and I will drink thy share of cider, to thy good dreams!"

"It is because he does not want to keep them up at Neighbor Legros's, that he would not come in," said Épiphanie.

"Yes, yes," chimed in old Defère, "he is always careful and good-natured, that boy there!"

"And stout-hearted, too," added Pierre.

"In his disposition he resembles his blessed grandmother," said Madame Farge, with the melancholy cadence of one who speaks of the virtues of the departed.

"Well, well," said Jean Farge, to whom a regretful state of mind was not natural, "let us sit down to supper now, and not waste any more time in talking. Here's a supper for you!—

beefsteaks, and potatoes roasted in their jackets, and soup of crabs in which one might drown one's self from pure joy, and hot cakes, and a stew of onions to season all! A good supper, I say, for men who have seen nothing better than an uncooked herring all day!"

So they took their places round the table, and for a moment all heads bent reverently, as, with uplifted hands, the words of thanksgiving were said, and — shall we doubt it? — the Blessed blessed the meal.

The talk flowed on merrily, above the clatter of the knives and forks. Jean Farge, in the intervals between his mouthfuls of food, gave an account of the events of the night to his wife, who sat on a stool by the wide open fireplace baking the cakes that were placed smoking hot before the hungry guests every few minutes. The tins on the wall gleamed, and the little oil lamp hanging under the crucifix faded to a mere spark in the ruddy glow of the firelight that lit up the whole room. Jeanne helped the old woman with her cooking, set the cakes upon the table, cut slices from the big brown loaf, arranged them neatly on a dish, and served the table with a tact and forethought that, had she been de Fére, instead of Defère, and found herself in the circle of the system to which this apparently trifling change would have given her a right, would have made her a queen of social entertainment. With her brisk activity, her natural cheerfulness returned; she moved about the room with a quick, firm tread, attending to the wants of all with impartial zeal. She had the hot plate always ready for the old woman the moment the cakes were baked, and talked pleasantly to those at the table, as she stood by the fire filling the pitchers with hot cider from the kettle that stood on the hob, and whence issued an odorous steam, like the breath of sunny orchards in September.

"You must drink first, Jeanne, to sweeten the drink," said Pierre, whose glass she was filling with the warm and

fragrant cider; and he held it towards her.

"To your good appetite, Pierre Lennet," she said, raising the cup to her lips, and drinking its contents to the last drop. "So much for your empty gallantry," and she turned to fill the cup of old Robbe. Pierre burst into a loud laugh, and in the midst of his stentorian, "Ho, ho!" a tiny peal of infantine laughter sounded from above. Épiphanie, at the first note, sprang to her feet, and mounted the steep stairs that led from the room in which they sat to the one above. Pierre looked dismayed.

"Thou hast wakened the child, Pierre, with thy laughing," said Jean Farge, "and Épiphanie will scold for that. She's a different woman, when the child is concerned, for all she seems so quiet and timid. I believe" (lowering his voice solemnly and crossing himself as he spoke), — "I believe, she would walk alone over the cliffs to Pourville wood, on All-Souls' night, if it would do that child any good."

"Yes, yes," said Robbe, "that's just the way with some women. They are just like the gulls, that shriek, and seem as if they'd drop all their feathers through sheer fright, if you go near them in open sea, but who'll fly in your face, and fight till they're caught, if you trouble their nests."

In another moment, Épiphanie's was heard above, laughing and chattering with the child, who had evidently wakened in high good-humor, and ready for general entertainment. There was a sound of kissing and coaxing, and to every remonstrance a shrill reply of "En bas, en bas!" And presently Épiphanie's voice said somewhat apologetically at the top of the stairs.

"He wants to come down; and he is so quite, *quite* awake!"

"Bring him down, bring him down," cried several voices at once.

Then she appeared, carrying the little fellow wrapped in her cloak, his cheeks rosy with sleep, his curling hair about his eyes, which blinked, partly

before the blazing light and partly before the strange faces.

"Pauvre gars! It was my roaring that waked him," said Pierre, throwing himself back on his stool towards Épiphanie, as she passed behind him to the fire.

"No, no," she said, "his feet were cold with being out so long, and that made him restless. I'll just warm them, and give him a cupful of milk, and he'll soon sleep."

Pierre took the little soft white feet in his large brown hand. The warmth was pleasant, and the little fellow smiled upon him, half shy, half pleased. A tender light came into the mother's eyes. Her hand touched Pierre's lightly with a sudden caress, and, for a moment, he held the little foot and her hand in his strong grasp. Then Épiphanie, smiling, and with a happy blush on her cheek, went to the fire, and, seating herself on a low wooden stool, laid the child on her lap and fed him, while he, basking and smiling, spread his toes in the warm firelight, and gradually fell asleep.

"Come, Jeanne, eat your supper! you eat nothing; and those who serve have double fare, they say," said Jean Farge to Jeanne, who had pushed her plate away from her, and was sitting with her arms folded on the table before her.

"I'm not hungry," she said. "I've had a hard day, and I shall not eat till I have slept, I think." And she rose from the table.

When Pierre and old Robbe had gone, Jeanne persuaded Épiphanie to take the child up stairs, and go to bed herself, promising to come up directly after she had helped the old woman to put all in order after the supper. Jean Farge and his wife occupied a little room adjoining the kitchen, and old Defère slept on a shelf placed within a recess in the kitchen wall, after the fashion of a berth on shipboard.

The two young women were to share the little room above. When Jeanne went up the creaking stairs, creeping softly so as not to awaken the sleepers,

she found Épiphanie sleeping, and turned towards the child that nestled beside her, with a face not much less peaceful and innocent than his.

CHAPTER XIII.

JEANNE set the candle on the shelf below the little looking-glass, and, seating herself on a low stool, began to unwind the long braids of her hair, still damp from the spray and rain.

She was tired, body and mind; not healthily tired, but wearied with excitement, and sudden revulsions, and storms within. Her whole past life was changing, slipping out of her grasp; the thoughts of yesterday were no longer hers. She had embarked on a wild stream that bore her she knew not whither. The excitement of her anger towards Gabriel was over; anger was past, and love remained. The clear light that had risen out of the anguish of her despair, as she stood on the pier, had faded and gone, and left her in darkness, with the chill of disappointment, and with clouds of perplexity gathering about her. To have quarrelled, to have met again and parted in anger, after he had helped to save her father's boat! But she would see Gabriel, she would thank him, she *would* be at peace with him at least! And yet, if she met him again, they would probably quarrel. Ah! perhaps that was to be her fate, — that Gabriel and she could never more be at peace; but she would love him all her life!

She pushed her hair back from her cheeks, and, resting her chin on her two hands, looked straight before her, her eyes full of despondency. The tears gathered silently, and flowed over her cheeks faster and faster till the storm burst, and she bowed her head down on her knees, and tried to stifle the sobs that shook her whole body.

The sound, subdued as it was, disturbed Épiphanie in her light and happy slumber. She put out her hand instinctively over the child, and murmured some soft tones of love and

soothing. In another moment her eyes opened wide, and, rising hastily, she crossed the room before Jeanne could look up, and slid down on the floor beside her.

"O Jeanne, Jeanne, what ails thee? what is it?" she cried in a low voice, and wound her soft arms about her, and pressed her cheek to hers.

"Je suis malheureuse — malheureuse, to the bottom of my heart!" said Jeanne, shaking her head. Épiphanie was puzzled. Her own heart, quickened by its blissful contentment, responded acutely to the suffering of her friend; but she said nothing, only wound her arms closer, and whispered: "Jeannette, my Jeannette!" and waited with patient sympathy till Jeanne had exhausted the relief of tears, — that mute confession of a troubled heart, — and should seek the further relief of words. After a while the violence of her weeping subsided, and she raised her head.

"I have quarrelled with Gabriel, and we shall never be at peace again, — never, never, *never!*" she said, in a tone of vehement despair.

Épiphanie had not been Jeanne's friend all her life, and learned her thoughts and ways, without having had her own convictions on the subject of Gabriel Ducrés; but concerning him there had been no confidence between them, probably because there was none on the part of Jeanne to give. She talked continually of him without reserve, and with perfect simplicity and candor. Jeanne was different from the other village girls, each of whom had usually some special adherent among the young men, — a sort of temporary lover or permanent partner, whichever term may describe the dubious position best, — with whom she danced, walked home from vespers, and exchanged little gifts and tokens of regard. A *liaison* of this kind occasionally developed into a betrothal, but more frequently lasted only a few months, and was then dissolved, — one or both of the contracting parties desiring a change, or becoming tired of each other; and this

without the slightest reproach on the score of inconstancy.

Jeanne, as Épiphanie knew, had never admitted any of the village youths to this privileged position towards herself. She danced at all the merry-makings, treating the young men with equal favor; and, whatever might have been the thoughts or desires of the youths themselves, not one amongst them had ever been able to establish any tenderer relation than that of a *bonne amitié* between himself and Jeanne. But about Gabriel Ducrés Épiphanie felt there was something very different; he held an exceptional place in Jeanne's mind. She had known him all her life; she loved his mother with the full warmth of her heart; she was always happy and contented when with him, and always seemed to connect him insensibly with her own affairs. In short, he was *convenable*, and Épiphanie felt that there was something inevitable about Gabriel Ducrés when she pondered as to whom Jeanne would marry. So when Jeanne said, simply, that she was miserable, and had quarrelled with Gabriel, Épiphanie was not surprised, and merely said: "But how was it, Jeanne?"

"We quarrelled last night," said Jeanne, "because — he asked me to marry him, and I was all confused and disturbed, and said, — I know not what, — I thought we were so happy as we were, — and I said I meant always to marry a sailor. And at that he grew suddenly fierce and angry, and I was angry too, — and left him, and when I came back again he was gone. And that was the way that he came into Dieppe last night, instead of waiting till this morning, and coming with us."

"Ah!" said Épiphanie. "Thou saidst no, then!"

"Yes," said Jeanne; "I said what I felt then, and that was anger. But it is a long time since last night, Épiphanie, — it seems like a week to me, — and he has helped to save my father's boat too, — and — But to-night," she continued, with increasing energy, "when I would have thanked him, he was full of anger still, and turned from me. And

so we have quarrelled again, and he will go back to the Vallée d'Allon, and maybe marry some girl for anger; and God would punish such wickedness, and he would be miserable, and I should never have another happy day!"

"Our good God has many ways to bring things about," said Épiphanie, softly, but with great earnestness. Gabriel would not be so false-hearted as to ask any girl to marry him, when his heart was away from it; and God will not forsake thee, Jeanne, even as thou hast not forsaken me!" she continued, her voice trembling, not with weakness, but with the strength and passion of conviction. Jeanne looked at her, wondering whence came this sudden illumination. She was suddenly abashed before the earnest, radiant face. A great light was shining full on Épiphanie, and Jeanne felt it in a reflected glow upon her own heart. And is it not a great day for the wisest or the simplest, when, after years of sorrowful waiting, the power of renunciation having grown from the mere habit of disappointment, we find the sacrifice accepted, and, instead of resignation, as the fruit of our tears and prayers, behold the joy that we have striven to resign laid before our feet, with the very blessing of Heaven resting upon it?

So Jeanne, feeling dimly something of all this, opened her heart to her friend, and rehearsed the matter from the beginning, telling her about her last interviews with her cousin. When she came to the scene between herself and Gabriel, after she had parted with Pierre in the garden, and when Gabriel had made those surly remarks, and she had left him to eat his supper alone, Épiphanie asked: "But why wast thou angry when he asked about Pierre?"

"Because it was a secret. Pierre confided in me as a friend, and I was not going to talk of any one's affairs to another. And then Gabriel asked me questions that I did not know how to answer, without telling all. I cannot open my eyes wide, and say, 'Voilà

tout,' like Marie Robbe, and make people think they knew everything when they know nothing. I was vexed that Gabriel should be so curious, and — I could not help being angry."

"But he was angry only because he loves thee so well. Thou shouldst not have been so hasty, my Jeannette!" said Épiphanie.

"When is Gabriel going back to Verangeville?" asked she, after a pause.

"The day after to-morrow, I suppose," replied Jeanne. "He is going to Arques to-morrow morning to get the seed for the farm. He will start early in the morning, I know, for it is a long walk to Arques."

"And thou art going back to Verangeville to-morrow morning, Jeanne?"

"Yes," said Jeanne, with a sigh. "I am going with the rest. Thou art going also, Épiphanie, n'est-ce pas?"

"I — I don't know," said Épiphanie, hesitating. "About the coat I meant to get for the child, Jeanne: the storm to-day put everything out of my head, — I never stopped to see any stuffs, or to ask the prices in any of the shops. I thought I would not get it till Tous Saints; but I do not see why I should not get it now, if things are cheaper, as Madame Farge says they are. One can get a piece of stuff of last year, she says, for two thirds the price it would be later, when the cold weather sets in, and everybody is buying. Madame Farge has asked me to stay over to-morrow, and I thought — at least I think — it would be as well, Jeanne, not to go till to-morrow evening. I heard Nanette Planche say she and the new maid they have got at The Giraffe were going back to-morrow evening, and I can go with them," continued Épiphanie, looking at Jeanne, with her head turned thoughtfully to one side, as if she were weighing the question in all its lights.

"Yes, perhaps so," said Jeanne, "it may be best for thee to do so." She was a little disconcerted by this unlooked-for defection on the part of her friend, but tried not to show it. "I dare say thou art right. But let us get to bed now, for it must be late."

Épiphanie had meant to tell Jeanne, when they came to be together in their room at night, of her momentous talk with Pierre on the heap of cordage; but, as we have seen, Jeanne stayed down stairs awhile, and Épiphanie, wearied by her long day of fatigue and excitement, fell into a light slumber. The slight sound of Jeanne coming up the stairs had in part roused her, but she lay with closed eyes dreaming the pleasant dream that belongs to gradual awakening, till the sound of distress startled her into full consciousness. Then came their talk and a revelation of her friend's grief. A delicate sense made Épiphanie forbear to tell of her own happiness just when her joy would clash in such hard contrast with Jeanne's troubles.

"In the morning I will tell her," she said; "or, better still, I will wait till all these troubles are made straight. Marie de Bon Secours, *hé!p* me!"

So Épiphanie lay awake for very happiness, busy making plans for the disentangling of her friend's difficulties, long after Jeanne had fallen into the dull and dreamless sleep of a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANÇOIS MILETTE missed his supper on this eventful evening, and the way in which it happened was this. You must remember that he parted with the rest of the company at the end of the drawbridge, on his way up with Marie Robbe to her uncle's house. He came back to the Neighbor Legros's, where he and Gabriel were to stay the night, so late that he found the house closed, and all the household abed with the exception of Gabriel, who let him into the little, loft-like room at the back of the house, which was reached by an outside staircase, and which they were to share for their night's quarters.

They had waited supper a long while, Gabriel said, and at last concluded that François had gone up to Jean Farge's and joined the others, and,

thinking he could come in at what hour he pleased and reach his room by the outside staircase, Neighbor Legros had locked up the house, and all had gone to bed.

François laughed, and said he did not care for supper, threw himself down on the bed, and was soon asleep.

Now, if you will go back to the Rue St. Remi, and see what was happening there half an hour or so earlier, you will see how it came about that François was so late.

The Rue St. Remi is a narrow street that leads from the Grande Rue to the Plage. For a short distance it is a tolerable street, narrow, and paved with cobble-stones, it is true, but, for a side street that makes no pretensions, not so bad after all. But farther on comes the great flank of the church of St. Remi backing down upon it, and, the secular buildings following the lead of the church, the street is reduced to little more than an alley. For the Rue St. Remi, like a poor relation, in sharing the honors of a great name, has naturally to put up with many slights, not to say positive ill treatment, from its great connections.

Over the narrow archway of an entry that opens into the narrowest part of the Rue St. Remi stands a diamond-shaped case not unlike a coffin, containing the usual figure of the Madonna with her pink cheeks, large blue eyes gazing pensively at the pavement, and a string of yellow beads about her throat. At her feet hangs a rusty oil lamp. She is somewhat worn and weather-beaten, for there she has stood, summer and winter, rain and shine, for many a year, lighting up this dingy corner by night, and looking down upon the children playing in the street below, and the crowd that struggle out by the small side door of the church after service, with the same passive smile.

A strange object for reverence, this painted doll in coffin-like case! And yet there is something forever touching in the sight of this figure as one meets it in Catholic countries, — at the turn

of a quiet country road, in the solitude of a mountain pathway, at the rushing waters of a ford, and perhaps beyond all, when raised above the shoulders of the crowd in the noise and squalor of a city street, — this type of something innocent and pure and tender, set up to receive the passing homage of human hearts.

Just at this corner, where it is difficult to decide whether the Rue St. Remi is street or alley, lived Marie Robbe's uncle, the ivory-carver. The little black-framed bow-window, in which the ivory wares were exposed for sale, bulged itself out over the narrow sidewalk so that the passer was obliged to take three steps in the gutter, or to balance himself for that distance on the curbstone. Other windows in the street protrude themselves in the same aggressive manner; and for that reason I suppose it is that people usually walk down the middle of the Rue St. Remi on the big paving-stones, worn clean from the droppings of the overhanging runnels and spouts of the church.

About eleven o'clock on this eventful night of the storm, though the rain had ceased, the water was dropping from every point and spout and gable-end in Rue St. Remi. The Madonna's light burned brightly in its sheltered corner, lighting up a few feet of the pavement below, a sombre buttress of the old church, and also the figure of François Milette, leaning with his elbow on one knee as he rested his foot on the top step of the ivory-carver's house. On the top of the steps stood Marie Robbe, lounging against the door-post. They had been talking for some time, when François said: "If I have to go down to Verangeville to-morrow with the boat, there is one thing I can still do. I will come into Dieppe on Sunday, and take thee round to see the sights, — eh, Marie?"

"No, no, that won't do," said Marie, with some hesitation. "Most likely we shall all go to Arques on Sunday, and you might have your journey for nothing."

"Dame!"* said François, "and you won't be at home till next week. There's one thing I know, Marie, if I don't go into Dieppe on Sunday, I will go to Pourville to see my cousin and the children; it's better than staying at home."

"I would n't be in your place to walk home by the shore at nightfall," said she; "the fairy of Fallaise is out these nights."

"Eh bien! she may give me a fair greeting and a pleasant promise," said François; "she does n't like those who fear her, they say. And—" seeing Marie made no response—"I must do something on Sunday. I shall not care to go to the dancing after Vespers."

"And why not, indeed?" said Marie, with affected carelessness.

"Dost thou not know?" said François, taking the girl's hand that hung listlessly at her side; "if thou art not there, Marie, it gives me little pleasure to go to the dance."

"There are plenty of girls left."

"To be sure there are," said François, "and if I go with the others I shall have to dance. I could not stand and just look on, and take no part."

"Vraiment!" said Marie, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Why, all the girls would laugh at me, and say, 'There stands François Milette so lovesick that he cannot dance, because his own girl is away.' And there is no use in looking like a fool when it gives one no pleasure. But I can tell thee one thing, Marie; one goes through the dances as a ceremony when *she* is not there whom one alone desires to talk to and to be with. Eh, Marie, is it not so?" said François, earnestly, and looking wistfully up into her face.

"O, I don't take things in that way!" said Marie, with an impatient shake of the head; "one must not be so exact, but please one's self wherever one is."

"Certainly," rejoined François, "that

* For the sake of François's reputation as a young man of good feeling, I may venture to remind the reader that this word is much more harmless than its sound at first suggests, — that it may properly be translated by our own "marry" or "forsooth."

is all true; but when one cannot please one's self it is a different thing. If one has everything, — everything in the world except what one *wants*, — *ma foi!* what is that? And then to have to watch others amusing themselves when one has no pleasure one's self, is still worse! Now I shall be thinking all Sunday of thee, of what thou art doing, and who thou art with."

Marie showed signs of uneasiness as François said this. "Hush!" she said; "that is Aunt Madelon's voice; she is coming down stairs."

"Stop one moment," said François; "thou knowest, Marie, after dancing, every lad has the right to kiss his partner, following the custom of good manners. I shall kiss no girl next Sunday after the dance, but thou must give me the kiss now."

Marie laughed, and raised her hand to the little brass knocker. François sprang on to the steps, and caught her hand. "Don't knock, Marie, wait a moment!" But in the encounter of hands the knocker slipped, and fell softly, making a faint sound.

"Give me the kiss," said François, still holding her hand, "and I shall not then feel so discontented on Sunday; thou hast no right to refuse, because,

as I said, it is only according to custom."

"Aunt Madelon is coming; she has heard that knock," cried Marie, in evident trepidation, not wishing, for some reason, to be caught gossiping with François. "Let me go, François, let me go!" But François still persisted. "Then because we are parting, and I shall not see thee for so many days, — for adieu, Marie, at least for adieu!"

"Well, then, for *adieu*," said Marie, hastily, and holding up her cheek somewhat ungraciously. Aunt Madelon was already unbarring the door; at the same moment that she opened it François Milette sprang down the steps, and Marie turned.

"Here I am, Aunt Madelon," she said; "my father is going to stay down in the Pollet to-night. A neighbor brought me up, on his way home. Good night, François Milette, I thank you for your civility." And she turned into the house.

So François walked back along the deserted streets, whistling as he went, and thinking with a lighter heart on the journey of the morrow, and even of the joyless Sunday, since he had placed that little seal of amity upon the cheek of Marie, though it might be only "for *adieu*."

CONVIVIAL SONGS.

FOR some time past an impression seems to have been gaining ground among hilariously thirsty people who do not recognize the total-abstinence principle, that the liquors used by them are steadily deteriorating in quality. There is a flutter among the drinkers of Bourbon whiskey, who imagine that they can trace to that stimulant all the ailings and failings to which they find themselves gradually becoming subject. But they experience no amelioration of their condition when they forswear Bourbon and take to "Old Rye." In-

deed, they soon discover that the latter is, to all bad intents and purposes, pretty much the same as the former, if not worse. Then they betake themselves to foreign sources for their inspiration, and go to drinking the stuff that is dispensed over the bars of the public-houses as Scotch whiskey and London gin. By and by an article appears in some newspaper, or in pamphlet form, descriptive of the witching processes by which these liquors are compounded, and branding them as deleterious imitations of spirits, the names of which

have been mendaciously bestowed upon them. The tippler of Scotch whiskey is informed that to creosote, and nothing else, is he indebted for the entrancing, smoky flavor of the liquor he loves the more the faster it is killing him. Something is said about strychnine, or oil of vitriol, in connection with gin. Then the whiskey-drinkers consult with the gin-drinkers over mugs of ale, and they arrive at a conviction that malt liquors are the only safe ones, after all. Malt and muscle go together, say they; and, remembering how ancient an institution beer is, and how much the Anglo-Saxon race is indebted to it for pith and pluck, they adopt a resolution to give up spirits altogether, and drink nothing but beer. Presently there comes to them "one who knows," for he has been in the brewing business once himself. He is no longer interested in beer, however, and so he lets out the dread secrets of the vat, dwelling with malignant detail upon the *cocculus indicus* and other drugs used in the manufacture of malt liquors. Then a ghastly pallor overspreads the faces of the drinkers, and a foggy idea of the results of *cocculus indicus* upon the human vitals wraps them in its vapory pall. Ale ceases to have allurements for them; and, as lager-beer is only weak ale with rosin in it, that potation is quite out of the question. Somebody then prompts them with the notion that "generous wine" is the only proper beverage for gentlemen to drink, and they take at once to sherry. Over this fine tonic they become more garrulous and maudlin than ever. They dilate upon the unique flavor and quality of the wine of Xeres. They retail anecdotes connected with it. They narrate fictions about their own experiences of it when they were younger. And so they wax happy and grow pimply on their sherry, until a new panic dispels their confidence in it. A suit is brought by the government against certain parties for the alleged undervaluation of a quantity of so-called sherry wine. The revelations brought to light during the trial of this case are of a very startling

and conclusive character. It is proved by competent testimony that "the largest Spanish exporters send no real sherry to America, and but little to England"; and that a spurious stuff, made from grapes of the poorest quality, and doctored with various abominable drugs, is manufactured at Cadiz expressly for exportation. It is further stated in evidence, that one house alone, at Cadiz, sends three thousand butts of this stuff, annually, to the United States; and one witness, an employee of the house in question, testifies in relation to this compound, that "it is never used in Spain; the bulk of it is shipped to the United States." This is a terrible shock to our toppers, who have run through the gamut of drinks from whiskey to sherry. The discussion as to what is to be done next now arises among them, and every kind of suggestion—except, indeed, that of abstaining from the use of wine and ardent spirits altogether—is brought to bear upon the subject. An effort is then made to settle down upon the native American wines, with some of the cheaper of which they achieve a sort of cheerless inebriety for a while; but a suspicion of quackery soon arises about these, and finally the toppers become predestinarians, falling back upon their whiskeys and gins, in the tranquil belief that, as they were born to be poisoned, they have, at least, a right to be their own toxicologists.

One of the results of this loss of confidence in the liquors of the period is the decadence of bacchanalian melodies. Persons who keep pace with, and watch the progress of, social customs and pastimes must have observed that, for some years past, the drinking-song has been gradually going out of favor. No longer, now, is the vine celebrated vocally. The grape that clusters upon it draws no laudatory verses from the minstrel. "John Barleycorn" finds no bard in these dreary days of equivocal fluids. It must have been something very superior to Bourbon whiskey that inspired Burns to sing:—

"The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
But aye we 'll taste the barley-bree."

No man would be ridiculous enough,
now-a-days, to break out with:

"While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myself mellow:
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow."

How could a singer, harassed with a suspicion of the deadly Indian berry in his drink, sing thus so confidently of making himself mellow on it? The malt-drinker of the period in which we live swallows his beer under protest only, and nobody now ever thinks of addressing the soporific fusion in song. Like the gallant, who fondly imagined that he was serenading the fair object of his affections, while, in reality, he was twanging his mandoline to the colored servant-girl who peeped from the dim lattice, so with the singer who would now be absurd enough to lilt a complimentary strain to his tippie. He might troll forth his most dulcet notes in praise of the "regal purple stream," singing, as did the men of yore, —

"When it sparkles, the eyes of my love I behold,
Her smiles in the wine-cup eternally shine;
The soul that drinks deeply shall never grow cold,
For love ever dwells in a goblet of wine!" —

and be wasting his mellow phrases upon logwood or some other pernicious dye-stuff with which the imperial hue of the grape-juice is simulated. Or, should he haply attune his throat to "Cruiskeen Lawn," or to some other rollicking Irish song in praise of whiskey, practically he would be eulogizing creosote, or oil of vitriol, or anything else whatever in the combustion way short of nitro-glycerine. That pensive ditty, "I cannot sing the old song," might well be parodied, now, with application to the table-songs of the past, hardly an echo of which is ever to be heard in the "free-and-easies" to which the drinkers resort. I have before me, as I write, a book of the songs that are most popular in the various places of this kind which have grown, of late years, to be "institutions" in New York. In this *repertoire* there are but four drinking-songs. The

staple of it consists in such sentimental ditties as "Mother, I have heard sweet music"; and, "Her bright smile haunts me still." But, although Bacchus is no longer musical director of the free-and-easy, it is not therefore to be surmised that the libations poured out by his worshippers are less copious than formerly. Quite the reverse. The gentleman with the fluty voice, who mounts the platform beside the piano, and warbles, "Can I e'er forget the valley?" freshens his memories during the evening with unlimited potations of "Old Tom, hot," but he has no sentiment of commendation for that insidious beverage. The metal mugs of ale circulate as freely as ever, but there is a melancholy silence with regard to its qualities, and not a voice is there in the whole company to troll forth in manly confession, "I likes a drop of good beer, I does"; or, "Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale." These manly, if bibulous, effusions are superseded by such drivelling inanities as "Champagne Charley," and the morals of the community at large do not appear to be any the better for *that*.

In the Anacreontic songs of past generations love and liquor generally went merrily together, hand in hand. "Pretty Belle," by Tom Dibdin, opens thus: —

"True to my love and a bottle, this throttle
A pottle will merrily quaff."

That other Tom, known in epicurean philosophy by the surname of Moore, must have had love and wine on the brain, simultaneously, all the while. He was an arrant little *gourmet* too, and some of his florid images take a very odd and ludicrous character from this fact. See the opening verse of his "Bard's Legacy," for example: —

"When in death I shall calm recline,
O, bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night."

Here we have a flight of fancy quite

culinary enough to carry away on its aspiring pinions to realms of bliss the least enthusiastic of professional gastronomes. And it is matter for wonder, that, in this decline of the bacchanalian song, and in this period of a gastronomy so Apician and artistic, hymns to aliment have not oftener engaged the modern bard. In an old French "*Recueil de Chansons*" I find homage paid to the platter in a queer *chanson à manger*, which also is set to music for a bass voice, — a voice of which the lower register, being somewhat ventriloquial, is all the fitter for interpreting song inspired by the natural appetite for victuals. Taking the gist of this song, without any regard to the metre or construction of the original, I give here such version or paraphrase of it as may serve to convey its intention: —

- "Away with your songs about wine!
What I want is a strain gastronomic.
Why should bards always rant of the vine
While we've pot-herbs to gladden the stomach?
With the greens and the roots I'm at home;
And I hope that my bluntness you'll pardon,
When I say that no vineyard can bloom
Like the beds of a fat kitchen-garden.
- "And then, when the hunger is sharp,
And the mouth longs for something to shut on,
Do you think that I'd cavil or carp,
At a saddle of succulent mutton?
Or if, haply, there come to the pot
A turbot, a trout, or a salmon,
Why should n't I sing like the sot,
With such dainties to make epigram on?
- "In the wine-cup a demon there lurks
That the bibulous brain disarranges,
Strange freaks with the drinker it works,
Till at last to a wine-butt he changes.
But safe are the joys of the dish,
They ne'er to the wits put a stopper.
Then hurrah for the flesh, fowl, and fish,
And the pot-herbs that to them are proper!"

Whiskey has been for many generations at once the solace and the bane of the sociable Irishman, and really wonderful for audacity of assertion and incongruity of statement are the drinking-songs that rise to his teeming brain under the inspiration of his favorite stimulant, hot whiskey punch. Few better examples of this are to be found than that really quaint and pleasing old ditty, "*The Jug o' Punch*," the authorship of which I have not been able to trace: —

"As I was sitting in my room,
One pleasant evening in the month of June,
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And the tune he sang was a jug o' punch:
Tooraloo."

The statement in this stanza, regarding the convertibility of a tune and a jug of punch, is of a mystic and bewildering character, and to the practical Saxon mind seems to require explanation. Possibly the bard confounded the thrush with the nightingale, for he informs us that it was evening when the wonderful bird-song fell upon his ear, and one of the most touching strains in the lilt of the nightingale is the monosyllable "jug," reiterated many times in a passionate *staccato*. Another stanza of the song runs thus: —

"The 'mortal gods drink nectar wine,
And claret, too, is very fine;
But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,
For one good pull at a jug o' punch;
Tooraloo."

Ever faithful to his national beverage is the bard, as we see; and then the pathos with which he foreshadows in the last verse his final place of rest, and the simplicity of the arrangements he contemplates for marking appropriately the hallowed spot, have rarely been surpassed in song: —

"When I am dead, and in my grave,
No costly tombstone I will have,
I'll have a grave both wide and deep,
With a jug o' punch at my head and feet:
Tooraloo."

This famous old ditty has been sung to many different tunes, most of them of a gay or jingling character; but the air to which the words properly belong is a sweet and pathetic one, and the word "*tooraloo*," in the chorus, is repeated solemnly in four cadent bars, with a rest after each. Humor and pathos are extremes that ever meet; and the image of the singer's grave, with a steaming jug of punch at either end of it, is as likely to bring a tear as a smile from mellowed listeners, when the lines are sung by one who can enter into the feeling of his theme.

There is another song yet more incongruous than that just quoted, but inferior to it in pathos. I here give the opening stanza, which — happily or unhappily, just as the reader may think —

is the only one of some forty or fifty belonging to it that I can at present recall to mind. The abandon with which it rushes in *medias res* is remarkable.

"There were three Irish fair maids, lived in the Isle of Wight,
They drank from Monday morning till late on Saturday night,
They drank from Monday morning till their money was run out,
For they were three Irish fair maids, and they sent the punch about."

There may have been some subtle meaning intended by the poet in thus localizing these fair, though somewhat dissipated, exiles of Erin upon the Isle of Wight. Considering the habits of excessive conviviality attributed to them in the song, one might guess that their native isle had been scandalized by their orgies, and that they had been compelled to fly for refuge to the smaller one. Even there it seems that their credit was not good, because they were obliged to desist from drinking when "their money was run out," and were probably unable even to procure "a flask for Sunday," as is the usage of those irrepressible toppers for whom the excise law has terrors. It is probable, however, that the Isle of Wight was selected by the poet in accordance with that recklessness of assertion so often to be observed in Irish songs of this class. In Richard Milliken's "Groves of Blarney," for instance, we have a wizard glimpse of "the trout and salmon playing at backgammon"; and it would sadly puzzle one not acquainted with Irish character and modes of thinking, to conceive how an image so much at variance with the teachings of ichthyology could have been generated in the mind.

In their bacchanalian songs the Germans are as heavy and dense as in their drinking and metaphysics. There is a strong flavor of beer and tobacco about the staves chanted by the students in their great universities, though a certain scholarly character is imparted to many of them by couching the choruses or refrains in Latin. Some English songs of the jovial kind are also lightly touched by the macaronic muse; and I have old memories

of a capital college song, the refrain of which ran thus:—

"Plena pocula cernite, nonne aspernite,
Sprinkle the wings of old Time as he flies, —
Fill, fill, jolly fraternity,
Here's to the holly whose leaf never dies!"

For neatness of turn, though, and a certain refined feeling for thirst, the old French carousal songs are, perhaps, unrivalled. These it would be impossible to translate literally, without loss of epigram,—a quality in which they are often wonderfully subtle and artistic. Taking the idea of one of those contained in the repertory already mentioned, however, it may be thus rendered in English without altogether losing its bouquet:

"Says Maturin the miller
Unto his friend Gregoire,
'The brook my soul disquiets,
Its freaks afflict me sore.

"'To-day so low its ripple
That sleeping lies my mill;
No money, lad, no tippie,
So of the brook I swill.

"'To-night the rain may gather,
To-morrow the brook may grow;
And then my wheel shall turn,
And wine to my throat shall flow.'"

More plaintive than this is the following, the French original of which is set to an air of inexpressible despondency and gloom. It is a plaint that will go directly home to the heart of many a bar-room lounge, whose purse and credit have both deserted him in the hour of his need,—by which may be understood any hour whatever of the twenty-four.

"Prythee, vintner, hear my prayer;
No cash my lonely pockets bear,
But haply I of thee might borrow
One cup of sack to ease my sorrow.

"Ruthless vintner, you decline
Me to trust for cup of wine?
Ah, the woes of empty purse!
Ah, of quenchless thirst the curse!"

"Yet, O vintner, one small boon
Grant; since death must have me soon, —
At thy counter let me die,
Drinking all the heel-taps dry!"

These are some of the snatches of song that were inspired by the wines and liquors of other lands. Here, as I have already remarked, confidence in strong drink has long since departed, and hence we hear no more of songs in praise of it.

A TRIP TO ISCHIA.

THE island of Ischia, rising like a loftier Salamis at the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, is so unlike its opposite sentinel, Capri, that the landscape-painter, to whom the peculiarities of mountain forms are as familiar as to the geologist, would pronounce as readily on the diversity of its origin. The latter might say: "This island is Plutonic, that Neptunic"; and the former: "Here are long, finely broken outlines, and sharp, serrated summits; yonder, broad masses and sudden, bold escarpments"; but both would express the same fact in different dialects. The two islands are equidistant from the main-land; they occupy the same relative position to the bay and to the central Vesuvian peak; they are equally noble landmarks to the mariners coming from the Tyrrhene or the Ionian Sea. Here the resemblance ends. Capri is the resort of artists, Ischia of invalids. Tiberius and the Blue Grotto belong to the litany of travel; but Ischia—larger, richer, more accessible than Capri—has no such special attractions to commend it. It must be sought for its own sake.

The little steamer upon which I embarked at Naples was called the *Tifeo*, from Typhæus, the Titan who lies buried under Epomeo, like Enceladus under Etna. The decks were crowded; but every face was Italian, and every tongue uttered the broad, barbaric dialect of Southern Italy. Priests, peasant-women, small traders, sailors, and fishermen were mingled in a motley mass, setting their faces together in earnest gossip, and turning their backs upon sea, shore, and sky. As we passed Castell' dell' Ovo, the signs of the recent terrible land-slide on the rock of Pizzofalcone drew their attention for a minute; and I, too, looked with a shudder at the masses of rock under which I had lived, unsuspect-

ingly, until within three days of the catastrophe. The house wherein we had chosen quarters was crushed to atoms; and, although nearly a month had elapsed, the great pile of ruin was not yet cleared away.

Onward, over the bright blue sea,—past the shores of Posilipo, the marine villa of Lucullus, and the terraced steep, yonder, where the poet Silius Italicus kept sacred the tomb of his master, Virgil,—past the burnt-out crater of Nisida, and the high white houses of Pozzuoli, until the bay of Baia opens to the right, and we fetch a compass for the ancient Cape Misenum. How these names stir the blood! Yet my fellow-voyagers never lifted their eyes to the shores; and if they mentioned the names, it was, perhaps, to say, "I bought some pigs at Baia the other day," or, "What is land worth about Lake Avernus?" or, "Do you raise pumpkins at Cumæ?"

Between Cape Misenum and the island of Procida there is a strait two or three miles in width. The town of Procida rests on the water like a long white wedge, the but of which bears up the immense old fortress. Approaching from Naples, the whole island lies before the loftier Ischia like Imbros before Samothrace, and seems to belong to it, as ancient geographers declare that it once did. The town is like a seaport of the Grecian Archipelago, and, as seen from the water, one could not wish it cleaner or less irregular. Fronting the sea, it presents a crescent of tall white houses, broken with arched balconies, and deep, scattered windows, and stained with patches of gray and moss-green. Over the domed roofs rises here and there a palm. The castle to the left, on its rock, rejoices in its ancient strength, and seems to command the Bay of Gæta as well as that of Naples.

I tried to recall something of the

history of Procida, and struck in the middle of the thirteenth century on the famous Giovanni,—"John of Procida,"—before and after whom there was a blank. The island once belonged to him *in toto*, and must have been a goodly possession. I believe he lost it for a time, on account of the part which he took in the Sicilian Vespers. Meanwhile the steamer came to a stop in the little port, and boats crowded about the gangways. I determined to go the length of the island towards Ischia by land, and so scrambled down with the rest. An old Italian pointed to a house which was being repaired, and said to his neighbor, "Now what they are going to do to that house is beyond my intellect to guess." The masons were raising it another story, I thought; but the man said, "It can't be a *loggia*, it has an upper story already; and let anybody tell me if he knows, for my intellect just stands still when I look at it." The boatmen grinned, and said nothing.

I landed on a narrow quay, so filthy and malodorous that I made haste to accept the guidance of the first boy who offered his services. He led me into a street just as bad; but, as we mounted towards the castle, the aspect of the town improved. This is the only place in Italy where the holiday costume is Greek, and one might therefore expect to find faces of the Hellenic type; yet such are fewer than on Capri. The costume disappears more and more, and only on grand festas do the women appear in bodices embroidered with gold, and gowns edged with the ancient labyrinth pattern. They have splendid eyes, like all the islanders; but I saw no beauties in my rapid march across Procida.

After the view from the castle, there is really nothing of interest in the little town. The island is low and nearly level, so that the high walls which enclose the road shut out all view of its vineyards and gardens. The eastern shore, near which my path led, is formed by three neighboring craters, the rims of which are broken down on

the seaside, and boats anchor on the lava of the bottoms. The road was almost a continuous street, the suburb of Procida running into that of the large village of L' Olmo. A crowd of wayfarers went to and fro, and in all the open arches women sat spinning in the sun. There were no beggars; one of the women, indeed, called across the road to another, as I passed, "Ask him for a bajocco!" but the latter laughed, and turned her head aside. Although so little of the island was to be seen, there was no end to the pictures made by the windings of the road, the walls draped with fern and ivy, the deep arches of shade with bright, sunlit court-yards behind them, and the quaint terraces overhung with vines.

A walk of two miles brought me to the western shore, where the road descended to the fishing hamlet of Chiaiolella. The place seemed to be deserted; I walked between the silent old houses, and had nearly reached the beach, when a brown old mariner glided out from the shadow of a buttress, and followed me. Some boats lay on the sand in the little land-locked crater-bay; and presently three other men, who had been sleeping somewhere in the corners, came forward, scenting a fee. Of course they asked too much; but, to my surprise, they gradually abated the demand, although there was no competition. The old man said, very frankly, "If you give us a franc apiece, we shall only make ten sous, and we should like to earn a little more." We thereupon soon came to terms; two of them carried me into the boat, and we set off for Ischia.

Just beyond the last point of Procida rises the rocky island of Vivara, which is nothing but a fragment left from the ruin of a volcanic crater. Its one slanting side is covered with olive-trees, and a single house stands on the summit. The landing-place is a rocky shelf a yard or so in width, only accessible when the sea is quite smooth. The island belongs to Signor Scotti, of Procida, so the boatmen told me, but he is too shrewd to live upon it. As we

floated past it into the open strait, the Bay of Gæta opened grandly on the right, stretching away to the far Cape of Circe, beyond Terracina. In front Ischia, grand in its nearness, possessed the sea. One is here still in Odyssean waters. Here Homer once sailed, so sure as there ever was a Homer, and heard Typhœus groaning under Inarime. What Kinglake so finely says of the Troad is here equally true. The theories of scholars go to the winds; one learns to believe in Homer, no less than in Moses.

The picture of Ischia, from the sea, is superb. In front towers the castle, on a thrice bolder and broader wedge of rock than that of Procida; withdrawn behind it, as if for protection, the white crescent of the town sweeps along the water; garden-groves rise in the rear, then great, climbing slopes of vine, and, high over all, Monte Epomeo converges the broken outlines of the island, and binds them together in his knotted peak. The main features are grandly broad and simple, yet there is an exquisite grace and harmony in the minor forms of the landscape. As we ran under the shadows of the castle-rock, whereon the Marquis Pescara was born, my thoughts were involuntarily directed to two women, — his sister, the heroic Costanza, whose defence of the castle gave the governorship of Ischia to her family for two hundred and fifty years; and his wife, Vittoria Colonna. Her, however, we remember less as the Marchesa Pescara than as the friend of Michel Angelo, in whose arms she died. Theirs was the only friendship between man and woman, which the breath of that corrupt age did not dare to stain, — noble on both sides, and based on the taste and energy and intellect of both. Vittoria, of whom Ariosto says, —

“Vittoria è 'l nome; e ben conviensi a nata
Fra le vittorie,”

retired to this castle of Ischia to mourn her husband's death. Strange that her sorrow excites in us so little sympathy; while, at this distance of time, the picture of Michel Angelo after her death

gives us a pang. Moral, — it is better to be the friend of a great artist than the wife of a great general.

The landing at Ischia is as attractive as that at Procida is repulsive. The town comes down to the bright, sunny quay in a broad, clean street; the houses are massive, and suggestive of comfort, and there are glimpses of the richest gardens among them. “You must go to the *locanda nobile*,” said the sailors; and to make sure they went with me. It is, in fact, the only tolerable inn in the place; yet my first impression was not encouraging. The *locanda* consisted of a large hall, filled with mattresses, a single bare bedroom, and the landlord's private quarters. The only person I saw was a one-eyed youth, who came every five minutes, while I sat watching the splendid sunset illumination of the castle and sea, to ask, “Shall I make your soup with rice or macaroni?” “Will you have your fish fried or *in umido*?” Notwithstanding all this attention, it was a most meagre dinner which he finally served; and I longed for the flesh-pots of Capri. In spite of Murray, artists are not stoics, and where they go the fare is wont to be good. The English guide says, very complacently: “Such or such an hotel is third-rate, *patronized by artists!*” or, “The accommodations are poor; *but artists may find them sufficient!*” — as if “artists” had no finer habits of palate or nerves! When I contrasted Pagano's table in Capri with that of the *nobile locanda* of Ischia, I regretted that artists had not been staying at the latter.

In walking through the two cold and barren rooms of the hotel I had caught a glimpse, through an open door, of a man lying in bed, and an old Franciscan friar, in a brown gaberdine, hanging over him. Now, when my Lenten dinner (although it was Carnival) was finished, the *padrona* came to me, and said: “Won't you walk in and see Don Michele? He's in bed, sick, but he can talk, and it will pass away the time for him.”

“But the Frate —” here I hesitated, thinking of extreme unction.

"O, never mind the Frate," said the *padrona*; "Don Michele knows you are here, and he wants to have a talk with you."

The invalid landlord was a man of fifty, who lay in bed, groaning with a fearful lumbago, as he informed me. At the foot of the bed sat the old friar, gray-headed, with a snuffy upper lip, and an expression of amiable imbecility on his countenance. The one-eyed servant was the landlord's son; and there were two little daughters, one of whom, Filomena, carried the other, Maria Teresa. There was also a son, a sailor, absent in Egypt. "Four left out of twelve," said Don Michele; "but you notice there will soon be thirteen; so I shall have five, if the Lord wills."

"And so you are from America," he continued; "my son was there, but, whether in North or South, I don't know. They say there is cholera in Africa, and I hope the saints will protect him from it. Here on Ischia—as perhaps you don't know—we never had the cholera; we have a saint who keeps it away from the island. It was San Giuseppe della Croce, and nobody can tell how many miracles he has wrought for us. He left a miraculous plant,—it's inside the castle,—and there it grows to this day, with wonderful powers of healing; but no one dares to touch it. If you were to so much as break a leaf, all Ischia would rise in revolution."

"What a benefit for the island!" I remarked.

"Ah, you may well say that!" exclaimed Don Michele. "Here everything is good,—the fish, the wine, the people. There are no robbers among us,—no, indeed! You may go where you like, and without fear, as the Frate will tell you. This is my brother" (pointing to the friar). "I am affiliated with the Franciscans, and so he comes to keep me company."

The friar nodded, took a pinch of snuff, and smiled in the vague, silly way of a man who don't know what to say.

"I have met many of your brethren in the Holy Land," I said, to the latter.

"Gran Dio! you have been there?" both exclaimed.

I must need tell them of Jerusalem and Jericho, of Nazareth and Tiberias; but Don Michele soon came back to America. "You are one of the nobility, I suppose?" he said.

"What!" I answered, affecting a slight indignation; "don't you know that we have no nobility? All are equal before the law, and the poorest man may become the highest ruler, if he has the right degree of intelligence." (I was about to add, *and honesty*,—but checked myself in time.)

"Do you hear that?" cried Don Michele to the friar. "I call that a fine thing."

"Che bella cosa!" repeated the friar, as he took a fresh pinch of snuff.

"What good is your nobility?" I continued. "They monopolize the offices, they are poor and proud, and they won't work. The men who do the most for Italy are not nobles."

"True! true! listen to that!" said Don Michele. "And so, in America, all have an equal chance?"

"If you were living there," I answered, "your son, if he had talents, might become the Governor of a State, or a minister to a foreign court. Could he be that here, whatever might be his intellect?"

"Gran Dio! Che bella cosa!" said the friar.

"It is the balance of Astræa!" cried Don Michele, forgetting his lumbago, and sitting up in bed. I was rather astonished at this classical allusion; but it satisfied me that I was not improvidently wasting my eloquence; so I went on:—

"What is a title? Is a man any the more a man for having it? He may be a duke and a thief, and, if so, I put him far below an honest fisherman. Are there titles in heaven?" Here I turned to the friar.

"Behold! A noble,—a beautiful word!" cried the Don again. The friar lifted his hands to heaven, shook

his head in a melancholy way, and took another pinch of snuff.

We were in a fair way to establish the universal fraternal republic, when a knock at the door interrupted us. It was Don Michele's sister, accompanied by an old man, and a young one, with a handsome, but taciturn face.

"Ah, here is my *figliuccio*!" said Don Michele, beckoning forward the latter. "He will furnish a donkey, and guide you all over Ischia, — up to the top of Epomeo, to Fori', and Casamich'."

Now, I had particularly requested a young and jovial fellow, — not one of your silent guides, who always hurry you forward when you want to pause, and seem to consider you as a bad job, to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Giovanni's was not the face I desired, but Don Michele insisted stoutly that he was the very man for me; and so the arrangement was concluded.

I went to bed, feeling more like a guest of the family than a stranger; and, before sleeping, determined that I would make an experiment. The rule in Italy is, that the man who does not bargain in advance is inevitably cheated; here, however, it seemed that I had stumbled on an unsophisticated region. I would make no bargains, ask no mistrustful questions, and test the natural honesty of the people.

Mounted on the ass, and accompanied by Giovanni, I left the *locanda nobile* the next morning, to make the tour of the island. "Be sure and show him everything and tell him everything!" cried Don Michele, from his bed; whereat Giovanni, with a short "Yes!" which promised nothing to my ear, led the way out of the town.

We ascended the low hill on which the town is built, under high garden walls, overhung by the most luxuriant foliage of orange and olive. There were fine cypresses, — a tree rare in Southern Italy, — and occasional palms. We very soon emerged into the country, where Epomeo towered darkly above us, in the shadow of clouds which the sirocco had blown from the sea. The road was not blinded by

walls, as on Procida, but open and broad, winding forward between vineyards of astonishing growth. Here the threefold crops raised on the same soil, about Naples and Sorrento, would be impossible. In that rich volcanic earth wheat is only the *parterre* or ground-floor of cultivation. The thin shade of the olive, or the young leaves of vine, do not intercept sun enough to hinder its proper maturity; and thus oil or wine (or sometimes both) becomes a higher crop, a *bel é tage*; while the umbrella-pines, towering far above all, constitute an upper story for the production of lumber and firewood. Ischia has the same soil, but the vine, on account of the superior quality of its juice, is suffered to monopolize it. Stems of the thickness of a man's leg are trained back and forth on poles thirty feet high. The usual evergreen growths of this region, which make a mimicry of summer, have no place here; far and wide, high and low, the landscape is gray with vines and poles. I can only guess what a Bacchic labyrinth it must be in the season of vintage.

The few trees allowed to stand were generally fig or walnut. There are no orange-groves, as about Sorrento, for the reason that the wine of Ischia, being specially imported to mix with and give fire and temper to other Italian wines, is a very profitable production. The little island has a population of about thirty thousand, very few of whom are poor, like the inhabitants of Capri. During my trip I encountered but a single beggar, who was an old woman on crutches. Yet, although the fields were gray, the banks beside the road were bright with young grass, and gay with violets, anemones, and the golden blossoms of the broom.

On our left lay the long slopes of Monte Campagnano, which presents a rocky front to the sea. Between this mountain and Epomeo the road traversed a circular valley, nearly a mile in diameter, as superbly rich as any of the favored gardens of Syria. The aqueduct which brings water from the

mountains to the town of Ischia crosses it on lofty stone arches. Beyond this valley, the path entered a singular winding ravine, thirty or forty feet in depth, and barely wide enough for two asses to pass each other. Its walls of rock were completely hidden in mosses and ferns, and old oak-trees, with ivied trunks, threw their arms across it. The country people, in scarlet caps and velvet jackets, on their way to enjoy the *festa* (the Carnival) at the villages, greeted me with a friendly "*buon dì!*" I was constantly reminded of those exquisitely picturesque passes of Arcadia, which seem still to be the haunts of Pan and the Nymphs.

Bishop Berkeley, whose happiest summer (not even excepting that he passed at Newport) was spent on Ischia, must have frequently travelled that path; and, without having seen more of the island, I was quite willing to accept his eulogies of its scenery. I had some difficulty, however, in adjusting to the reality Jean Paul's imaginary description, which it is conventional to praise, in Germany. The mere enumeration of orange-trees, olives, rocks, chestnut woods, vines, and blue sea, blended into a glimmering whole, with no distinct outlines, does not constitute description of scenery. An author ventures upon dangerous ground, when he attempts to paint landscapes which he has never seen. Jean Paul had the clairvoyant faculty of the poet, and was sometimes able to "make out" (to use Charlotte Brontë's expression) Italian atmospheres and a tolerable dream of scenery; but he would have described Ischia very differently if he had ever visited the island.

Winding on and upward through the ravine, I emerged at last on the sunny hillside, whence there was a view of the sea beyond Monte Campagnano. A little farther, we reached the village of Barano, on the southeastern slope of Epomeo, — a deep gray gorge below it, and another village beyond, sparkling in the sun. The people were congregated on the little piazza, enjoying the day in the completest idleness. The

place was a picture in itself, and I should have stopped to sketch it, but Giovanni pointed to the clouds which were hovering over Epomeo, and predicted rain. So I pushed on to Moropano, the next village, the southern side of the island opening more clearly and broadly to view. A succession of vine-terraces mounted from the sea to a height of two thousand feet, ceasing only under the topmost crags. At intervals, however, the slopes were divided by tremendous fissures, worn hundreds of feet deep through the ashen soil and volcanic rock. Wherever a little platform of shelving soil had been left on the sides of the sheer walls, it was covered with a growth of oaks.

The road obliged me to cross the broadest of these chasms, and, after my donkey had once fallen on the steep path notched along the rock, I judged it safest to climb the opposite side on foot. A short distance farther we came to another fissure, as deep but much narrower, and resembling the cracks produced by an earthquake. The rocky walls were excavated into wine-cellar, the size of which, and of the tuns within, gave good token of the Ischian vintages. Out of the last crevice we climbed to the village of Fontana, the highest on the island. A review of the National Guards was held in a narrow open space before the church. There were perhaps forty men — fishermen and vine-growers — under arms, all with military caps, although only half a dozen had full uniforms. The officers fell back to make room for me, and I passed the company slowly in review, as I rode by on the donkey. The eyes were "right," as I commenced, but they moved around to left, curiously following me, while the heads remained straight. Gallant-looking fellows they were, nevertheless; and moreover, it was pleasant to see a militia system substituted for the former wholesale conscription.

At the end of the piazza, a dry laurel-bush, hanging over the door, denoted a wine-shop; and Giovanni and I emp-

ried a bottle of the Fontana vintage before going farther. I ordered a dinner to be ready on our return from Epomeo, and we then set out for the hermitage of San Nicola, on the very summit. In a ravine behind the village we met a man carrying almost a stack of straw on his head, his body so concealed by it that the mass seemed to be walking upon its own feet. It stopped on approaching us, and an unintelligible voice issued from it; but Giovanni understood the sounds.

"The hermit of San Nicola is sick," he said; "this is his brother."

"Then the hermit is alone on the mountain?" I asked.

"No, he is now in Fontana. When he gets sick, he comes down, and his brother goes up in his place, to keep the lamp a-burning."

We were obliged to skirt another fissure for some distance, and then took to the open side of the mountain, climbing between fields where the diminishing vines struggled to drive back the mountain gorse and heather. In half an hour the summit was gained, and I found myself in front of a singular, sulphur-colored peak, out of which a chapel and various chambers had been hewn. A man appeared, breathless with climbing after us, and proved to be the moving principle of the straw-stack. He unlocked a door in the peak, and allowed the donkey to enter; then, conducting me by a passage cut in the living rock, he led the way through, out of the opposite side, and by a flight of rude steps, around giddy corners, to a platform about six feet square, on the very topmost pinnacle of the island, 2,700 feet above the sea.

Epomeo was an active volcano until just before Vesuvius awakened, in A. D. 79; and as late as the year 1302 there was an eruption on Ischia, at the northern base of the mountain. But the summit now scarcely retains the crater form. The ancient sides are broken in, leaving four or five jagged peaks standing apart; and these, from the platform on which I stood, formed a dark, blasted foreground, shaped like

a star with irregular rays, between which I looked down and off on the island, the sea, and the Italian shores. The clouds, whose presence I had lamented during the ascent, now proved to be marvellous accessories. Swooping so low that their skirts touched me, they covered the whole vault of heaven, down to the sea horizon, with an impenetrable veil; yet, beyond their sphere, the sunshine poured full upon the water, which became a luminous under-sky, sending the reflected light *upward* on the island landscape. In all my experience, I have never beheld such a phenomenon. Looking southward, it was scarcely possible not to mistake the sea for the sky; and this illusion gave the mountain an immeasurable, an incredible, height. All the base of the island — the green shores and shining towns visible in deep arcs between the sulphury rocks of the crater — basked in dazzling sunshine; and the gleam was so intense and golden under the vast, dark roof of cloud, that I know not how to describe it. From the Cape of Circe to that of Palinurus, 200 miles of the main-land of Italy were full in view. Vesuvius may sweep a wider horizon, but the view from Epomeo, in its wondrous originality, is far more impressive.

When I descended from the dizzy pinnacle, I found Giovanni and the hermit's brother drying their shirts before a fire of brush. The latter, after receiving a fee for his services, begged for an additional fee for St. Nicholas. "What does St. Nicholas want with it?" I asked. "*You* will buy food and drink, I suppose, but the saint needs nothing." Giovanni turned away his head, and I saw that he was laughing.

"O, I can burn a lamp for the saint," was the answer.

Now, as St. Nicholas is the patron of children, sailors, and travellers, I might well have lit a lamp in his honor; but as I could not stay to see the oil purchased and the lamp lighted, with my own eyes, I did not consider that there was sufficient security in the hermit's brother for such an investment.

When I descended to Fontana the review was over, and several of the National Guards were refreshing themselves in the wine-shop. The black-bearded host, who looked like an affectionate bandit, announced that he had cooked a pig's liver for us, and straightway prepared a table in the shop beside the counter. There was but one plate, but Giovanni, who kept me company, ate directly from the dish. I have almost a Hebrew horror of fresh pork; but since that day I confess that a pig's liver, roasted on skewers, and flavored with the smoke of burning myrtle, is not a dish to be despised. Eggs and the good Ischian wine completed the repast; and had I not been foolish enough to look at the host as he wiped out the glasses with his unwashed fingers, I should have enjoyed it the more.

The other guests were very jolly, but I could comprehend little of their jargon when they spoke to each other. The dialect of Ischia is not only different from that of Capri, but varies on different sides of the island. Many words are identical with those used on Sardinia and Majorca; they have a clear, strong ring, which — barbaric as it may be — I sometimes prefer to the pure Italian. For instance, *freddo* (with a tender lingering on the double *d*) suggests to me a bracing, refreshing coolness, while in the Ischian *frett* one feels the sharp sting of frost. Filicaja's pathetic address to Italy,

"Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte!"

might also be applied to the language. The elision of the terminal vowels, which is almost universal in this part of Italy, roughens the language, certainly, but gives it a more masculine sound.

When the people spoke to me, they were more careful in the choice of words, and so made themselves intelligible. They were eager to talk and ask questions, and after one of them had broken the ice by pouring a bottle of wine into a glass, while he drank from the latter as fast as he poured, the

Captain of the Guard, with many apologies for the liberty, begged to know where I came from.

"Now tell me, if you please," he continued, "whether your country is Catholic or Protestant?"

"Neither," said I; "it is better than being either."

The people pricked up their ears, and stared. "How do you mean?" some one presently asked.

"All religions are free. Catholics and Protestants have equal rights; and that is best of all, — is it not?"

There was a unanimous response. "To be sure that is best of all!" they cried; "*avete ragione*."

"But," said the Captain, after a while, "what religion is your government?"

"None at all," I answered.

"I don't understand," said he; "surely it is a Christian government."

It was easy to explain my meaning, and I noticed that the village magistrate, who had entered the shop, listened intently. He was cautiously quiet, but I saw that the idea of a separation of Church and State was not distasteful to the people. From religion we turned to politics, and I gave them a rough sketch of our republican system. Moreover, as a professed friend of Italian nationality, I endeavored to sound them in regard to their views of the present crisis. This was more delicate ground; yet two or three spoke their minds with tolerable plainness, and with more judgment and moderation than I expected to find. On two points all seemed to be agreed, — that the people must be educated, and must have patience.

In the midst of the discussion a mendicant friar appeared, barefooted, and with a wallet on his shoulder. He was a man of thirty, of tall and stately figure, and with a singularly noble and refined countenance. He did not beg, but a few bajocchi were handed to him, and the landlord placed a loaf of bread on the counter. As he was passing me, without asking alms, I gave him some money, which he took with a slight

bow and the words, "Providence will requite you." Though so coarsely dressed, he was not one of those friars who seem to think filth necessary to their holy character. I have rarely seen a man whose features and bearing harmonized so ill with his vocation. He looked like a born teacher and leader; yet he was a useless beggar.

The rain, which had come up during dinner, now cleared away, and I resumed my journey. Giovanni, who had made one or two desperate efforts at jollity during the ascent of the mountain, was remarkably silent after the conversation in the inn, and I had no good of him thenceforth. A mistrustful Italian is like a tortoise; he shuts up his shell, and crow-bars can't open him. I have not the least doubt that Giovanni believed, in his dull way, in the temporal power of the Pope and the restoration of the Bourbons.

There were no more of the great volcanic fissures to be crossed. The road, made slippery by the rain, descended so rapidly that I was forced to walk during the remainder of the day's journey. It was a country of vines, less picturesque than I had already passed; but the sea and southwestern shore of the island were constantly in view. I first reached the little village of Serrara, on a projecting spur of Epomeo; then, after many steep and rugged descents, came upon the rich garden-plain of Panza. Here the surface of the island is nearly level, the vegetation is wonderfully luxuriant, and the large gray farm-houses have a stately and commanding air. In another hour, skirting the western base of Epomeo, the towers of Foria, my destination for the night, came into view. There were some signs of the Carnival in the lively streets, — here and there a mask, followed by shouting and delighted children; but the greater part of the inhabitants contented themselves with sitting on the doorsteps and exchanging jokes with their neighbors.

The guide-book says there is no inn in Foria. Don Michele, however, assured me that Signor Scotti kept a

locanda for travellers, and I can testify that the Don is right. I presume it is "noble," also, for the accommodations were like those in Ischia. On entering, I was received by a woman, who threw back her shoulders and lifted her head in such an independent way that I asked, "Are you the padrona?"

"No," she answered, laughing; "I'm the *modestica*; but that will do just as well." (She meant *domestica*, but I like her rendering of the word so well that I shall retain it.)

"Can you get me something for dinner?"

"Let us see," said she, counting upon her fingers: "fish, that's one; kid, that's two; potatoes, that's three; and — and — surely there's something else."

"That will do," said I; "and eggs?"

"*Sicuro!* Eggs? I should think so. And so that will suit your Excellency!"

Thereupon the *modestica* drew back her shoulders, threw out her chest, and, in a voice that half Foria might have heard, sang I know not what song of triumph as she descended to the kitchen. Signor Scotti, for whom a messenger had been sent, now arrived. He had but one eye, and I began to imagine that I was on the track of the Arabian Prince. After a few polite commonplaces, I noticed that he was growing uneasy, and said, "Pray, let me not keep you from the Carnival."

"Thanks to your Excellency," said he, rising; "my profession calls me, and with your leave I will withdraw." I supposed that he might be a city magistrate, but on questioning the *modestica*, when she came to announce dinner, I found that he was a barber.

I was conducted into a bedroom, in the floor of which the *modestica* opened a trap-door, and bade me descend a precipitous flight of steps into the kitchen. There the table was set, and I received my eggs and fish directly from the fire. The dessert was peculiar, consisting of raw stalks of anise, cut off at the root, very tough, and with a sick-

ly sweet flavor. Seeing that I rejected them, the *modestica* exclaimed, in a strident voice, —

“Eh? What would you have? They are beautiful, — they are superb! The gentry eat them, — nay, what do I know? — the King himself, and the Pope! Behold!” And with these words she snatched a stalk from the plate, and crunched it between two rows of teeth which it was a satisfaction to see.

Half an hour afterwards, as I was in the bedroom which had been given to my use, a horribly rough voice at my back exclaimed, “What do you want?”

I turned, and beheld an old woman as broad as she was short, — a woman with fierce eyes and a gray mustache on her upper lip.

“What do *you* want?” I rejoined.

She measured me from head to foot, gave a grunt, and said, “I’m the padrona here.”

I was a little surprised at this intrusion, and considerably more so, half an hour afterwards, as I sat smoking in the common room, at the visit of a gendarme, who demanded my passport. After explaining to him that the document had never before been required in free Italy, — that the law did not even oblige me to carry it with me, — I handed it to him.

He turned it up and down, and from side to side, with a puzzled air. “I can’t read it,” he said, at last.

“Of course you can’t,” I replied; “but there is no better passport in the world, and the Governor of Naples will tell you the same thing. Now,” I added, turning to the padrona, “if you have sent for this officer through any suspicion of me, I will pay for my dinner and go on to Casamicciola, where they know how to receive travellers.”

The old woman lifted up her hands, and called on the saints to witness that she did not mistrust me. The gendarme apologized for his intrusion, adding: “We are out of the way, here, and therefore I am commanded to do this duty. I cannot read your passport, but I can see that you are a *galantuomo*.”

This compliment obliged me to give him a cigar, after which I felt justified in taking a little revenge. “I am a republican,” I cried, “and a friend of the Italian Republicans! I don’t believe in the temporal power of the Pope! I esteem Garibaldi!”

“Who does n’t esteem him?” said the old woman, but with an expression as if she did n’t mean it. The gendarme twisted uneasily on his seat, but he had lighted my cigar, and did not feel free to leave.

I shall not here repeat my oration, which spared neither the Pope, nor Napoleon the Third, nor even Victor Emanuel. I was as fierce and reckless as Mazzini, and exhausted my stock of Italian in advocating freedom, education, the overthrow of priestly rule, and the abolition of the nobility. When I stopped to take breath, the gendarme made his escape, and the padrona’s subdued manner showed that she began to be afraid of me.

In the evening there was quite an assemblage in the room, — two Neapolitan engineers, a spruce young Forian, a widow with an unintelligible story of grievances, and the never-failing *modestica*, who took her seat on the sofa, and made her tongue heard whenever there was a pause. I grew so tired with striving to unravel their dialect, that I fell asleep in my chair, and nearly tumbled into the brazier of coals; but the chatter went on for hours after I was in bed.

In the heavenly morning that followed I walked about the town, which is a shipping port for wine. The quay was piled with tuns, purple-stained. The situation of the place, at the foot of Epomeo, with all the broad Tyrrhene sea to the westward, is very beautiful, and, as usual, a Franciscan monastery has usurped the finest position. No gardens can be richer than those in the rear, mingling with the vineyards that rise high on the mountain slopes.

After the *modestica* had given me half a tumbler of coffee and a crust of bread for my breakfast, I mounted the donkey, and set out for Casamicciola.

The road skirts the sea for a short distance, and then enters a wild dell, where I saw clumps of ilex for the first time on the island. After a mile of rugged, but very beautiful, scenery, the dell opened on the northern shore of Ischia, and I saw the bright town and sunny beach of Lacco below me. There was a sudden and surprising change in the character of the landscape. Dark, graceful carob-trees overhung the road; the near gardens were filled with almonds in light green leaf, and orange-trees covered with milky buds; but over them, afar and aloft, from the edge of the glittering sapphire to the sulphur-crags of the crowning peak, swept a broad, grand amphitheatre of villas, orchards, and vineyards. Gayly colored palaces sat on all the projecting spurs of Epomeo, rising above their piles of garden terraces; and, as I rode along the beach, the palms and cypresses in the gardens above me were exquisitely pencilled on the sky. Here everything spoke of old cultivation, of wealth and luxurious days.

In the main street of Lacco I met the gendarme of Foria, who took off his cocked hat with an air of respect, which, however, produced no effect on my donkey-man, Giovanni. We mounted silently to Casamicciola, which, as a noted watering-place, boasts of hotels with Neapolitan prices, if not comforts. I felt the need of one, and selected the Sentinella Grande on account of its lordly position. It was void of guests, and I was obliged to wait two hours for a moderate breakfast. The splendor of the day, the perfect beauty of the Ischian landscapes, and the soft humming of bees around the wall-flower blossoms, restored my lost power to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, and I had forgotten all about my breakfast when it was announced.

From Casamicciola it is little more than an hour's ride to Ischia, and my tour of the island lacked but that much of completion. The season had not commenced, and the marvellous healing fountains and baths were deserted; yet the array of stately villas, the lux-

ury of the gardens, and the broad, well-made roads, attested the popularity of the watering-place. Such scenery as surrounds it is not surpassed by any on the Bay of Naples. I looked longingly up at the sunny mountain-slopes and shadowed glens, as I rode away. What I had seen was but the promise, the hint, of a thousand charms which I had left unvisited.

On the way to Ischia I passed the harbor, which is a deep little crater connected with the sea by an artificial channel. Beside it lies the Casino Reale, with a magnificent park, uninhabited since the Bourbons left. Beyond it I crossed the lava-fields of 1302, which are still unsubdued. Here and there a house has been built, some pines have been planted, clumps of broom have taken root, and there are a few rough, almost hopeless, beginnings of fields. Having passed this dreary tract, the castle of Ischia suddenly rose in front, and the bright town received me. I parted from the taciturn Giovanni without tears, and was most cordially welcomed by Don Michele, his wife, the one-eyed son, and the Franciscan friar. The Don's lumbago was not much better, and the friar's upper lip, it seemed to me, was more snuffy than ever.

In the evening I heard what appeared to be a furious altercation. I recognized Don Michele's voice, threatening vengeance, at its highest pitch, while another voice, equally excited, and the screams of women, gave additional breath to the tempest. But when I asked my one-eyed servitor, "What in Heaven's name has happened?" he mildly answered, "O, it's only the uncle *discoursing* with papa!"

I arose at dawn, the next day, to take the steamer for Naples. The flaming jets of Vesuvius, even against the glowing morning sky, were visible from my window, twenty-five miles distant. I was preparing to bid farewell to Ischia with a feeling of profound satisfaction. My experiment had succeeded remarkably well. I had made no bargains in advance, and had not been overcharged

to the extent of more than five francs during the whole trip. But now came the one-eyed son, with a bill fifty per cent higher than at first, for the same accommodation. This, too, after I had promised to send my friends to the *locanda nobile*, and he had written some very grotesque cards, which I was to disseminate.

Don Michele was calling me to say good by. I went to his chamber, and laid the grotesque cards upon the bed. "Here!" I exclaimed; "I have no use for these. I shall recommend *no* friends of mine to this hotel. You ask another price *now* for the same service."

The Don's countenance fell. "But we kept the same room for you," he feebly urged.

"Of course you kept it," I said, "because you have no other, and nobody came to take it! This is not the balance of Astræa! You lament over the condition of Italy,—you say she has fallen behind the other nations of Europe,—and here is one of the causes! So long as you, and the people of whom you are one, are dishonest,—so long as you take advantage of strangers,—just so long will you lack the order, the security, the moral force which every people possess who are ashamed to descend to such petty arts of cheating!"

"*Ma — Signore!*" pleaded Don Michele.

"It is true!" I continued; "I, who am a friend of Italy, say it to you. You talk of corruption in high places,—be-

gin your reforms at home! Learn to practise common honesty; teach your children to do it; respect yourselves sufficiently to be above such meanness, and others will respect you. What were my fine, my beautiful words worth to you? I thought I was sowing seed on good ground—"

"Signore, Signore, hear me!" cried the Don.

"I have only one word more to say, and that is *Addio!* and not a *rivederci!* I am going, and I shall not come back again."

Don Michele jumped up in bed, but I was already at the door. I threw it open, closed it behind me, and dashed down the stairs. A faint cry of "*Signore!*" followed me.

In two minutes more I was on the pier, waiting for the steamer to come around the point from Casamicciola. The sweet morning air cooled my excitement, and disposed me to gentler thoughts. I fancied Don Michele in his bed, mortified and repentant, and almost regretted that I had not given him a last chance to right himself in my eyes. Moreover, reviewing the incidents of my trip, I was amused at the part which I had played in it. Without the least intent or premeditation, I had been a self-constituted missionary of religious freedom, education, and the Universal Republic. But does the reader suppose that I imagine any word thus uttered will take root, and bring forth fruit,—that any idea thus planted will propagate itself further?

No, indeed!

IDEAL PROPERTY.

THE nomenclature of common life and the nomenclature of common law have brought with them from an age without philosophy, a time when every house was defensible, when the king was the state, when the large landholders were *pares* and *comites*, from semi-barbarous times in fact, words and phrases denoting ownership and descriptive of the subject-matter owned. Property, in the law, is that which belongs to a man,—that which is his own,—that which is *proprium sibi*. And property in land is called *real* (royal, ultimately in the king, not actual, or of the true sort), while movable property is called personal, because it is attached to the individual, has once been separated from the soil, and has not been reattached with a very considerable degree of permanence. Thus a house built of stone or brick or wood, all the materials of which have been separated from land and reattached to it as firmly as their nature permits, is real property, but the mirrors and pictures fastened against the walls are not. Because of the ultimate royal interest in landed property, injury to real estate was formerly a higher offence than injury to the person or personality. But in a republic, where the liberty of the person is of a higher degree than in a monarchy, the sacredness of property goes outward from the person; and that which is most inseparable from the man—his personal liberty and rights of payment for labor—is of the highest order, and that which is most connected with society, of the lowest. The sacredness of landed property is still maintained by conservatives, and it is only slowly encroached on by doctrines of fixtures and the like. Formerly, all attachments to land were real estate; but now, temporary attachments, unknown to the ancients, are called fixtures, and are held to be personal property. It may be more labor to detach

some fixtures, such as elaborate gas chandeliers, or to remove a portable safe, than to detach some parts of the real estate, such as doors or windows; yet a door in a house is a different sort of property from a safe or a chandelier; and it is a far higher offence to break a door or window in order to steal, than to rob an open safe of millions. Singular as it may seem, there is a sort of property well known to all men,—by many hardly thought of as property at all,—of a higher nature than real estate, or fixtures, or any sort of movable property,—made property by a deeper principle, less destructible, more valuable, more compact, and in most instances so compact as to be absolutely invisible, intangible, inseparable from the person of its owner. And to this property we shall give the name of Ideal Property.

Before proceeding to the consideration of this, let us look, in the first instance, at the origin of the appropriation or sequestration, to one man, of that which in the early time belonged to no one, because it was the property of all.

A beneficent Creator arranged that man should have dominion over the earth, and gave it to him, with all its products and increments, to occupy, improve, and employ. And it is generally considered that the first occupant acquired a property in, or sequestered, what he occupied from the common stock, and individualized it, subject to the chances of reabsorption or change of individualization by superior force. Taking facts as they now exist, we shall see that the ultimate community of property is a permanent notion. The common burdens of society, the support of the poor, the protection of life and goods from foreign and domestic foes, legislation, and the transaction of all business which is the business of society, of the commonwealth, are at common charge, defrayed by taxation; and

in case of intestate and unheired decease, it is the commonwealth which inherits, be it king or state. Even in cases of testamentary disposition, this theory of community of property is silently, but almost universally, acknowledged by the rich, when they bequeath funds to public charities or foundations.

The universe is God's universe, because He created it. And what a man calls his property is his, because he has made it, created it, out of the materials he had. In the matter of land, if he allows it to be unproductive, he loses its value gradually by paying its tax, or the land itself by having it sold for arrears of tax. He cannot be allowed to prevent creation. The patriarch Abraham reclaimed his well of Abimelech "because he had made it." The miner, by the laws of all countries where mining is a leading business, holds title to a mine by doing work upon it, and owns the ore he has raised, and the metal he smelts from it, by the same principle, — that he has created the metal from the dust, and brought to the sight and the knowledge of man that which did not before exist within his sight and knowledge.

Upon this notion of property in his creations rests the doctrine of mechanics-lien and, ultimately, the doctrine of liens of all sorts. And upon this also rests the curious distinction of the law, that if one simply change the form of another's material, as to make shoes out of leather or boards out of logs, the property is not changed; but if one change the substance, as to make bread out of wheat, or oil out of olives, or paint a picture on canvas, the property is changed.

Upon this principle of property in his creations rests the right of man to ideal property.

Without debating how this purest and clearest creation of man, the ideal, is originated, or attempting to classify it according to its nature and causes, let us only think of it in its manifestations, and classify our ideal property into four sorts, — reputation or good-will, trade-mark, copies, and inventions.

The consideration with which a man is regarded by his fellows has always been held to be one of his most sacred properties. In times of chivalry, it was for this, in the main, that noble life was risked and taken. But the cliques of chivalry advanced towards the societies of to-day and the society of the future; and society, acting in accordance with general consent and right reason, with a clearer idea of its function and duty, has replaced, by better means and with surer results, the individual redress of wrongs, and forbidden the injured party to be at once complainant, tribunal, and sheriff, *actor*, *judex*, and *licitor*; has decreed that these functions shall be exercised by public servants acting under fixed rules; and under the limits of these rules, and through its servants, has assumed the right of judging of the wrong done and the duty of punishing it; and this has originated the actions of libel and slander.

Good-will is exoteric, while reputation is esoteric. It is that business reputation which induces the public to concur for the profit of an individual. It is a concrete form of reputation, subject to commercial valuation; and is, in fact, the reputation of an individual mingled with, and undistinguishable from, the business he does and the goods he deals in, and affecting the public to such an extent that they prefer him to others of the same calling.

Yet even good-will is essentially ideal, as will be seen by a consideration of the best existing illustration of it, — a newspaper property. The Boston Post or Advertiser, the New York Herald or Tribune, are hardly even names; for in thirty days' time the name of the paper could be changed, and its readers would ask for it as well by the new name as the old. They do not sell because of their editors, for these often change, and but few readers know who the real writers and managers of them are. They are not a subscription list, for that is constantly changing; and, in each case, the subscription list is largely composed of

dealers who sell to a miscellaneous public. They are certainly not either offices or type or material or advertisements, or anything of the sort; for a complete annihilation of all the visible and tangible appendages and necessities of the newspaper business by fire could not destroy the property, since next day all the advertisements, the memoranda of which were lost, would come in; a contract would be made to print again, and, on the morning after the loss, the paper would be published. The newspaper is good-will simply, and is an estate. The profit of a column in the London Times was thought a fit and large dowry for a lady of rank and fashion; and many large fortunes have been made in this country from the business, as well as a comfortable support for hosts of honest and hard-working men.

A form of ideal property more concrete still, and in which the public interest is more directly concerned than in good-will, is the trade-mark. The line between good-will and trade-mark is as indefinite as that between two colors of the solar spectrum. They insensibly melt into each other. The habit of the travelling public to use a certain tavern is good-will. The special marks and devices of spool-cotton are trade-marks clearly. But the right to use a firm name in a given business is both. Consequently the decisions of the courts have frequently spoken of incidents of good-will as incidents of trade-marks, and *vice versa*. The law of trade-mark seems to be that the creator of it is secured in its exclusive use, because it assures the public from fraud or deception in their purchases by a designation and insurance of quality. And hence it has been held, that if the trade-mark attempts to describe, and describes falsely, the commodity to which it is attached, it is not entitled to protection; and also that a trade-mark must have been used long enough to acquaint the public with the quality of goods it insures and designates, and must be still in use for such purpose at the time it is infringed.

We now come to property in copies. This phrase is chosen by design, instead of the word "copyright"; because the latter word has been complicated by statute, and denotes only a limited sort of copy property, established for the benefit of society for a term of years, for the purpose of avoiding complications which might arise were copyright without limit, as trade-mark or good-will may be. And as, in its own opinion at least, the public receives a larger reciprocal benefit in the matter of trade-mark and good-will than in the matter of intellectual publications, — in the one case the return being, as it were, æsthetic, in the other economic, — the copyright law of statute has been substituted for the perpetual ownership of copies of common right, arising from the creation of the author. It has only been within the last few years, indeed, that it has been finally determined that the statute security after publication, or multiplication and exposure for sale in open market, abolished the exclusive and enduring right of the author or his assigns to control, after such publication, the dissemination of his intellectual work. There still remains to him the exclusive right to control the time, place, and manner of publication; the exclusive right to use in every manner which is not publication, or multiplication and exposure for sale, his production. If it be a play, he can license its representation to one, and forbid it to another. If it be a piece of music, he can authorize one body of musicians to play it in public, and refuse this right to others. If it be a lecture, he can deliver it where he please, and no one can take notes of it to print or to lecture from. If it be an engraving or picture, he can have it multiplied, and can dispose of the prints by gift as he please; — and no one can print it for sale, or even describe it in a catalogue, without consent.

And it is the misfortune of the statute of copyright, that it has taken away the foreign author's right to control after publication, in countries not his own, that which the Legislature of

Massachusetts declared in 1783 was a property than which none was "more peculiarly a man's own," and the control of which was "a natural right of all men"; and has also led, as we have lately seen, artists to doubt whether they could protect themselves against the universal unauthorized publication of their pictures by chromo-lithography; a right which upon the doctrine of the law of publication as applied to lectures, plays, music, and etchings the artist must possess, until by his own consent copies of his picture were multiplied and sold in open market.

The rule of exclusive property in creation holds good with regard to invention. That arrangement of words which formulates thought is literary creation. It is entirely independent of the paper on which, or the ink in which, it is written, or the breath with which it is spoken; and it is very analogous to the arrangement of bits of metal of various forms and sizes, with which a dynamic idea is formulated in machinery. And, in each case, the act of creation is one of selection and formulation alone. The steam-engine is complete as a creation when it is drawn on paper; the employment of diamonds for drill points is complete as a creation when conceived. The motor does not exist, it is true, nor the drill; but from the drawing or the description a man of ordinary skill as a mechanic can make the machine.

Having seen, then, that the right to the enjoyment of all kinds of ideal property inheres in the originator or creator of it, and is a natural right of man, let us consider next to what means he must resort to compel the recognition of his rights by society.

Every man makes his own reputation. It results naturally from his action towards his fellow-man. So also with regard to the good-will of his business, and the designative authority of his trade-mark. And the judicial power — that branch of society whose duty it is to establish rights against society or the individual, or redress wrongs of society or the individual — will, on proper

application, assert, against all assailants, an exclusive usufructory property in the person to the reputation he has established, the good-will he has built up, or the trade-mark to which he has given a designation and authority. The property inheres from its creation in the creator, and is defended by society upon complaint of infringement, so long as it be in use.

In the more embodied forms of ideal property, where spiritual force is formulated in sound or substance, there has been, for reasons satisfactory to society, and founded on general utility, a separation of rights into rights before publication, which are vested by creation and are protected whenever desired, and rights after publication, which, though natural, are secured only by certain formalities, and by entering into a contract with society to abandon them to the public after a specified time. There would constantly arise in any attempt to assert rights after publication, without the statute, the complication that now arises at times when rights before publication are asserted. It would always be said, as in a recent case relative to the play of "Our American Cousin," that the plaintiff had abandoned his exclusive rights to the public, and the expense and tediousness of litigation would be increased. In the matter of invention, non-user and abandonment would always be insisted on to defeat the right of the inventor; and, in both instances, endeavors would be made to show that the idea had been conceived and formulated before by others. To avoid these difficulties, a registration of the formula or method of formulating has been prescribed, to be made in a solemn manner, in a public office; in return for which a public officer gives a certificate of protection for a definite term; and it is only upon this proof of contract with the public that a court of law will act against violators of the secured right.

Of course, if the holder of the certificate is not the creator or his assign, he has no right to secure; and so the certificate is waste paper. In most cases

of copies, the certificate is called a copyright, and in case of invention a patent.

In ideal property of mixed æsthetic and economic character, such as designs, engravings, pictures, and the like, it may be a copyright or a patent, according as its æsthetic or economic character predominates. A map, however, which is purely economic, is, because of its method of making, a subject of copyright; and a statue, because it is more nearly classed as a design, like a carpet pattern or a cooking-stove casting, than as a book like a map or a chart, is subject of patent.

This registration and receipt of a certificate, in every country but America, is all that is required for inventions. Here, however, in the year 1836 the National Legislature decided that government should take upon itself to adjudicate in advance upon all inventions, and decide whether they were new and useful; at the same time, however, refusing to make the patent issued conclusive evidence of a right to recover against an infringer. Why this rule was adopted, how it could have been imagined possible that a body of *savans* could be assembled in Washington, kept constantly informed of all that was going on in the world, with the knowledge of the past and present all at command, and judging competently as to novelty in fact and the utility of the novelty in practice, is inconceivable. In trials of patent cases, where the defence is lack of novelty, a devotion and investigation of months is often given by specialist experts; the reasoning faculties of the most highly educated reasoners, the bar, are taxed often for years to decide these questions; and the amount of money expended in the preparation for a hearing in court on a simple question of novelty or utility is always large, and often reaches to tens, and at times hundreds, of thousands of dollars. The annual salary of one of the junior counsel in the great India-rubber controversy was larger than that paid to the Attorney-General or Chief-Justice of the United States;

and the fees of the leaders, for their occasional counsel and labor in court, were even more magnificent. Money enough has been expended in this country, in patent suits, to pay a great share of the national debt; and it is not probable that the system of preliminary examination at the Patent Office has decreased this sum at all. A great invention always meets its opponents and infringers; the cost of overcoming prejudice and opposition is, of course, greater the more radical and advantageous the improvement or innovation; and it is the controversy attending infringement which induces the world to consider and adopt.

A valuable invention ought to be litigated to introduce it; and no invention not valuable is ever litigated. The preliminary examination is of no value as preventing litigation, and would be hurtful if it did.

Were it possible to obtain a complete knowledge of the work, published and unpublished, before the world and in the closet, of all students, a preliminary examination might insure novelty. It cannot do this; and, of course, without experiment or a perfect knowledge of principles and a perfect reasoning faculty, utility cannot be insured.

What results, then, from the system of examination? A sort of pinchbeck assurance of novelty and utility, giving to the proprietor of an invention of comparatively small value a *quasi* government indorsement, influencing purchasers to better offers of price. It helps the charlatan and hinders the *savant*. It is a cheap repute and brass-farthing celebrity, that the United States boasts of, when it plumes itself on the progress of invention shown by the number of patents issued.

Invention is conception and formulation of a dynamic idea. To discover the identity of formulas in language requires a linguist, a philologist, a man of letters. To discover the identity of dynamic formulas requires an investigation the more profound, as the ability to estimate force and its applications and channels is more rare than the ability to

consider facts and figures and words. The United States can never afford to pay in money a first-class salary for highly educated labor ; or, at any rate, it does not do so. A large steamboat line pays its superintending and constructing engineer ten thousand dollars a year or more. A first-class factory pays at the same rate for its manufacturing agent. Brains have a market value, and the United States tries to purchase cheap, and in many instances gets a low order of talent. The salaries of Patent Office examiners range from eighteen hundred to three thousand dollars. Now the duty done by examiners in the Patent Office is that of dynamic criticism. A literary reviewer's duty is criticism of thought. No leading magazine could exist whose criticisms were simply verbal ; and no dynamic criticism is of value, that does not consider the dynamic idea, as well as its formula. Yet an examination of the list of published patents will show that the large majority of inventions patented are only dynamic formulas, and very many of them are only old formulas put into equivalent terms, — mere translations, as it were, into different dialects or languages.

It is a current notion that invention is the result of lucky hits. But it is no more proper to think of luck in invention than in literature. Organization or capacity is the only luck in either case. Education, generally of a special sort, has built the habit of thought which in the one case makes a successful book, in the other a successful machine. Invention is the literature of dynamics ; and is as impossible without training as literary work. And the same habits of observation and ability for deductive reasoning are requisite as in the law or in medicine. A successful inventor is always, consciously or unconsciously, a logician. This training or education, this logical work, then, combined with the criticism which the inventor himself would consider necessary to make, or have made, by competent friends, upon his conception and its embodiment, in order that he might warrant his work, and secure the greatest profit from it,

would be a far greater security than a government examination as at present. All great inventors and most of the lesser are specialists, and in their own lines consider rightly that they know more than the Patent Office. What we want, then, is a change in the patent law to make a patent evidence only of registration and of the inventor's opinion regarding its novelty and utility, and to this extent a patent should make a *prima facie* case for the patentee. Next the patent should be issued without Government examination or guaranty, upon the relation of the inventor, and should so state. And, thirdly, the patentee in his specification should be allowed to state his invention, either by distinguishing what is old or asserting what is new, and not, as at present, simply asserting what is new. Fourthly, the patent should always be favorably construed for the patentee, *quo res magis valeat quam pereat*, and reissues should be abolished.

In this way invention would be assimilated more nearly with other ideal property ; the requirements of the public in registration would be attained ; property of the highest order, that which advances the economies of the world, would be secured as readily as æsthetic property, or that which instructs or amuses the mind, and the public be as much or more benefited than at present.

There sometimes arises a controversy as to who is the true inventor. If two people study on the same subject, reason on the same facts, they must, if they study or reason correctly, come to similar conclusions. In formulating the conclusion, they will present it in different terms. One may say specific gravity instead of atomic weight, specific heat instead of insusceptibility to heat. One may prescribe an eccentric instead of a crank, a slotted yoke in lieu of a connecting-rod. In solving the problem of placing marine engines below the water-line, the Princeton had pendulum engines ; the Barwon, steeple ; and almost every conceivable form of engine has since been used. Now, from what we

have already seen with regard to other property than the ideal, the reasonable demand of the public for the use of the invention must be supplied ; and if an inventor simply formulates on paper, or conceives a notion without putting it to practical employment, he is not so well entitled to protection as the man who actually builds the working machine from his own conceptions, and runs it, and offers it for sale. The world has an interest in progress, and he who can help, and does not, will not be allowed to prevent the work and help of those who can and do. The law has hardly gone so far as this ; but, before it is settled on the basis of right reason, it will.

True liberty of the person within the law is the basis of our government. The ownership of body and soul is the foundation of liberty. The closer to the person the more sacred the property. Repute, good-will, trade-mark, property in copy, invention, all flow out from the person to the public ; and the maintenance of their creator's property in them, and his exclusive control over them by act and deed, is only less important to the establishment of that personal and individual royalty or kingdom of each member of society which forms the true foundation of a free government, than liberty of religious and intellectual thought and speech, and the right of each man to control his own manual labor.

Unless the end and aim of republican government is to make a society of kings and queens, — acknowledged as such in all countries ; held as natural equals everywhere by the highest class-

es, because of their grand humanity and essential spiritual force, — a republic is no better than a monarchy. Unless it succeeds in making a goodly number of them, it is not so good as an aristocracy ; and, if it do not progress upward, it will surely go downward. One step to the establishment of intelligent kingdom is established sanctity of ideal property, an education into the belief that the nearer the soul of man the better the property ; and, the better the quality of property near his soul, the less earthly is his soul likely to be.

NOTE. — That which is here stated as the law of copy as distinct from copyright will probably be disputed by many lawyers, but it results inevitably from the dicta and decisions of both English and American courts. A *résumé*, more or less thorough, of the whole matter may be found in 4 House of Lords Cases, in an elaborate opinion of Judge Cadwallader of Pennsylvania, reported in 9 American Law Register, and in an opinion of Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, reported in the 15 Gray's Reports. Cadwallader's opinion contains absolutely all the learning on the subject, but it is not so compactly arranged as Hoar's. The comedy of "Our American Cousin" is the subject-matter of most of the American decisions ; and the research and acumen of the plaintiff's counsel in the cases, Mr. William D. Booth, of New York, have mainly produced a crystallization of the law of copy in America, so that to-day it is much more compact and definite here than in England.

TO C. S.

AS the aroma thou hast bravely sung
 Floats round some treasure of thy mother tongue,
 And memory lures thee from the page awhile,
 Let my fond greeting win a passing smile!

Though vanish landmarks of the hallowed past,
 And few now linger where their lot was cast,
 While kindred migrate like the tribes of old,
 And children wander from the parent fold,
 As if the world were one vast camp,—ne'er still,
 Whose fragile tents are reared and struck at will,—
 True as the oak to that one spot of earth
 Which gives its strength and leafy honors birth,
 Thy loyal soul no other prospect craves
 Than the old hearthstone and the household graves!

Enough for thee to feel the Sabbath air,
 With touch benign, dispel the clouds of care;
 To meet the twilight,—harbinger of rest,
 With genial converse of some friendly guest,
 Or, thoughtful, watch the golden sunset play
 On the broad waters of thy native bay;
 In vain the starry pennons flaunting there,
 Wooed thee to older lands, and climes more fair;
 Content with paths thy infant gambols knew,
 The grasp of hands to early friendship true;
 Nor for life's charm and blessing fain to roam
 From their pure source,—the atmosphere of home.

Though crowds profane the old sequestered way
 Where patient kine once homeward loved to stray,
 And lofty structures now usurp the place
 Our fathers' modest homesteads used to grace,—
 Though the frank aspect and benignant mien
 My grandsire wore are there no longer seen,—
 Gone with his dwelling, on whose southern wall
 Was left the impress of the Briton's ball,
 Beneath whose arbor, on the garden side,
 Plashed the low eddies of the lapsing tide;—
 Where streets encroach upon the sea's domain,
 And Fashion triumphs o'er the watery plain,—
 Gone with his sunny threshold's ample floor,
 Where children played, and neighbors flocked of yore,
 While doves his daily largess came to greet,
 And, fearless, pecked the kernels at his feet;
 Still thou art there; thy kindred memories twine
 Round the old haunts of love's deserted shrine:

Oft have I followed with youth's votive eye
Thy step elastic as it flitted by;
First of the living bards my boyhood knew,
Who from the heart his inspiration drew,
Untrained in schools of academic fame,
And with no title but a freeman's name.

Amid the frauds and follies of the mart,
With cheering presence and intrepid heart,
Above the lust of gain, yet prompt to wield
O'er humblest trusts thine honor's faithful shield;
While, like the law that circling planets hold
Each to the orbit that it ranged of old,
Thy bright allegiance rounded, year by year,
The daily circuit of thy duty's sphere.
And when the sterile task at length was o'er,
And thou wert free on Fancy's wing to soar,
With freshened zest how eager thou didst turn
Unto the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn!"
Not the vague dreams of transcendental lore,
Nor cold mosaics from a classic shore, —
But the deep wells of "English undefiled,"
From Rydal's seer to Avon's peerless child.

Not thine the subtile fantasies of song
That to the minstrels of to-day belong,
But the chaste fervor of an earlier time,
When crystal grace informed the earnest rhyme:
Though coy thy muse, how buoyant is her flight!
Affection's tribute, art's serene delight;
Whether she trace the myriad lures that bind
The vagrant passion of the curious mind, —
Exalt thy country, mourn thy cherished dead,
Or weave a garland for dear Shakespeare's head.

Peace to thy age! its tranquil joys prolong!
The ripe contentment of a child of Song;
By faith upheld, by filial love enshrined,
By wisdom guarded, and by taste refined.

OUT ON THE REEF.

DURING a portion of the war the head-quarters of our regiment, the Second United States Colored Infantry, were at Key West, Florida. The post is an exceedingly important one, and the southernmost point over which the flag of the Union flies. From the piazza of the Light-House Barracks, the highest position on the island, there is a noble view of the ocean, the great Gulf Stream—bearing on its bosom the exhaustless commerce of the Gulf—sweeping by almost at the beholder's feet. There, all the sunny days, may be seen a silent procession of great ships, slowly and gravely passing, seemingly hung in mid air, so blue and clear is the water. Pleasant as is the view from the land to the voyager who was, perhaps, shivering at New York in mid-winter, less than five days before, the sight of the tropical palms and golden orange-trees as he enters the sunny harbor is even more captivating.

Comfortably quartered were we at Fort Taylor and at various barracks on the island, and vigorously did we drill during the spring of our arrival in 1864. At that time we hardly knew what we could do ourselves; and the islanders, to whom the appearance in line of battle of nine hundred black men with shining muskets, brass buttons, and white gloves, was a novel, if not an unconstitutional sight, had not the dimmest idea. The people of Key West, one of the largest communities in Florida, and having a fair share of fashionable slaveholding society, unlike the inhabitants of the rest of the State, were loyal. Fort Taylor is located at Key West, and its guns command the town. At the outbreak of the war the Crusader lay off the harbor. So, as I said, they were loyal. In few places was the error of secession more plainly seen. Nevertheless, as a people they are not pre-eminently distinguished for intellectual activity. Were the place to be de-

stroyed by a tornado, as has once or twice been threatened, the arts would not be lost. Even metaphorically there would not be "an eye plucked out of Greece." It has, however, its advantages. It would still be as eligible a place to be wrecked upon as any in the Gulf, and its inhabitants would generously restore to the shipwrecked as large a proportion of their own property as any engaged in similar occupations,—and more. They are not prompt in receiving impressions; especially are they not in advance of the age in regard to anti-slavery. Their principal street is not called Wilberforce, nor is their chief hotel the Clarkson House. It is even questionable whether an institution so little radical as Sir T. Fowell Buxton's brewery would ever have been tolerated there. After we had been quietly ensconced in the fort and barracks and parading their streets several months, the idea occurred to a number of the more intelligent, that the island was actually garrisoned by colored troops. The rumor spread, and ultimately gained a general credence. It was, I think, the shop-keepers who discovered it first. Trade is sharp-sighted. No portion of the obnoxious hue of the colored soldier's skin was found by experience to adhere to his greenbacks. We never became the rage, however, officers or men. There, as elsewhere, the courteous received us civilly. We lived under the cold shadow of the displeasure of others, which in a hot climate was not very uncomfortable, after all.

Then followed the summer of 1864, in which the yellow fever, mercifully stayed from New Orleans, raged at Key West. The kindness and attention we then received were not confined to the technically loyal. Very few of the unacclimated escaped the disease; and, from the commanding general down, the loss of life was lamentable. In our own regiment, among the men, (though they were

originally from Virginia and Maryland,) the disease was comparatively harmless ; but, of all the officers of the regiment who were stationed there, we lost over one half. Beginning with our noble colonel, — I have n't the heart to recall the list, — we buried them one after another with the honors of war ; and finally, between deaths and the furloughs of the convalescent, we had hardly enough remaining to follow our honored comrades to a soldier's grave. Educated and true-hearted gentlemen were they for the most part. If noble devotion, even unto death, in a just cause, be chivalric, then these generous youths, even in dying, have won their spurs.

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust ;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

It was during this, terrible season, when ships refused to stop, — when day after day we could see them passing, yet almost unwilling to receive the mails from the little pilot-boat that plied in and out the harbor, — when even the ships of war, whose usual station was close to the island, lay off at Sand Key Light grim and silent, but clustered together as if for sympathy while keeping watch over us as over condemned criminals, — that several of the officers of the garrison, in hope of relief and change from the sad monotony, concluded to pass a few days upon the reef in hunting and fishing. We kept up stout hearts and whatever of cheerfulness we could. The requisite arrangements having been made the day before, we assembled at the Cove at early daybreak, and found our pretty little schooner with everything apparently in readiness.

The great Florida reef stretches round the southern extremity of the peninsula, from the vicinity of Key Biscayne to the Dry Tortugas, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. It is of varying breadth, from twenty to thirty miles in many parts, and throughout the greater portion of its extent the water is very shallow, the reef frequently coming to the surface

and forming small islands, or keys, as they are commonly called. Nearly all these keys are uninhabitable from lack of fresh water, though they are usually covered with luxuriant vegetation very attractive to the eye. This great reef, together with the peninsula, of which it seems to form the outlying guard, is the work of coral zoöphytes which for ages have here multiplied and died. They are of many different kinds, adapted to the part they have to perform in reef-building ; and as they approach the surface of the water their work becomes of a lighter and more fantastic form, beautifully imitating and rivalling various kinds of vegetation. These charming groves are filled with many rare and curious forms of animal life. We eagerly looked forward to a trip over the quiet waters, which promised so much of novel and fascinating interest. Our crew, consisting of but one man, might at first sight have appeared rather disproportioned to the officers ; but William, a private of Company A, was a thorough sailor and a host in himself.

"Shove off!" said the Doctor, — who by virtue of a cheerful, confident disposition, and of knowing least about the management of a boat, naturally assumed command, — and off we went, heading for a little key a few miles distant, where we hoped to obtain crawfish for bait.

It was a delightful morning, the air fresh and cool, and the water of that peculiar pale green tinge which it has on the coral beds, — so clear that its depth to the eye is lessened amazingly. The boat was well-found, except that we had no anchor ; a heavy round shot thrust into a pillow-case was all that ingenuity suggested when the lack at the last moment was discovered. Though it was ludicrously inadequate as an anchor, yet the confident and cheerful tone of the Doctor, who with brisk alacrity pronounced it all-sufficient, seemed somehow to give it several hundred pounds of additional weight, and William, who wished for a better substitute, was promptly overruled.

Now the Doctor, besides being a very skilful surgeon and most genial companion, was learned, at least theoretically, in ships. He knew all about tri-remes and quadri-remes, and could locate the *aphlaston* in ancient, or Samson's-post in modern vessels. Snows, pinks, and caracks, galleons and gallivats, were all familiar to him. His library contained Cooper and Marryat, and he had read "Tom Cringle's Log," and "Sindbad the Sailor"; and though he lived in a Mediterranean State, where no ships ever come except of the sort which "touched upon the deserts of Bohemia," — built by the poets, and lightly freighted with their fancies, — yet he had made a voyage from New York to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Key West, upon each of which occasions he would doubtless have taken the management of the vessel into his own hands, had not an untimely seasickness, by confining him to his state-room, seemed to limit his usefulness in this regard.

No such obstacle now presented itself. His orders, which had a genuine salt-water flavor about them, were generally understood by William, and executed with as much of literal exactness as the nature of the case would allow; causing us thereby to present so singular an appearance, that we attracted attention on a neighboring man-of-war, and even caused an officer to ascend a few ratlines for a better look with a glass. This act the Doctor attributed to watchfulness that no contraband traffic should go on in the harbor, and predicted that, as soon as the glass revealed the uniforms of United States officers, there would be no trouble. He was justified by the event; the glass was soon shut, and the man descended. This settled the Doctor's supremacy in the boat. The Major, once or twice disturbed by an occasional incoming wave, in a nap which at that hour of the day he had absurdly undertaken to woo, seemed to accept the accident as one of the inevitable discomforts of the sea, and no longer seconded by any mark of approbation my mild sugges-

tions to the Doctor. Thenceforth my only allies were the big round eyes of William, protruding abnormally from their sockets.

We soon reached the key for which we were bound, and William, with grains in hand, announced himself ready to spear any crawfish which might appear. "Crawfish?" said the Doctor, with an incredulous smile, and that inflexion of voice which would be represented on paper by half a dozen marks of interrogation. "Impossible! Water particularly salt and briny," said he, tasting it, "due to excessive evaporation. There are no crawfish here. Crawfish, more elegantly crayfish, are of the macrourous *crustacea*, belong to the genus *astacus*, and are found in fresh-water streams. Among other peculiarities —" At that moment William, having struck a particularly fine crawfish, drew him quickly into the boat, and called loudly to the Doctor to free the grains, as he saw another. With distinguished good sense, the Doctor immediately complied, though it involved a sudden "solution of continuity" in his remarks, and joined cheerfully in the roar which followed at his expense. Even William's eyes glistened, though life on a Virginia plantation had taught him better than to laugh in the face of his betters. He went on, however, spearing right and left, while the Doctor recommenced the discussion of the subject, vehemently sustaining his own opinion with words of sesquipedalian length, which he pronounced with a surprising fluency; and then, to our surprise, produced an opportune copy of Webster's Dictionary, which sustained him to the letter. Then arose a hot discussion as to whether Webster's Dictionary or the Florida fishermen were the better authority upon crawfish, and the Doctor, rising from his place to emphasize some of his conclusions, I slipped into it, and thus, taking charge of the tiller, usurped command of the boat.

With a brisk wind in our quarter, we flew along over the reef, the little vessel gracefully riding the waves, which, far and near, were crested with foam,

and from which the wind every now and then blew the spray merrily into our faces. For several successive hours we ran thus, following the sinuosities of the channel, or boldly striking across the open reef when the depth of water permitted, and frequently coming in sight of wooded islets or sandy keys variously scattered on our right and left. About noon we saw a large key, whose luxuriant foliage rose sharply defined against the sky, and towards which the white-capped waves were chasing each other tumultuously. Running almost before the wind as we rapidly approached it, we looked in vain for any appearance of land. What had before appeared as a dense and continuous wood opened into islets of mangroves growing immediately out of the water, the island itself being everywhere pierced and veined by the sea. Then, as we entered its sylvan gates, which opened to receive us, appeared a charming scene, and one rarely to be enjoyed elsewhere. Hardly a vestige of land was to be seen, while, as we advanced, wooded avenues, arched and festooned, opened on either hand, into which the fresh sea rolled, dying gradually in gentle undulations, while far in their recesses could be seen smooth and quiet water, dark with overhanging shadows. Through the principal highways of this singular place—the Venice of the woods—rolled tranquil bankless rivers, on which we were steadily borne by the tide, though the wind was almost entirely shut out. Though silent, this sylvan city was full of life from basement to airy chamber and leafy dome. For a long time, I leaned over the boat and watched the inhabitants as we slowly moved along. Fish were passing and repassing as though intent on affairs or pleasure. Are there no social distinctions beneath the waters? I thought I could distinguish the sharp and eager, the bedizened fop, and the quiet father of a family, who, though soaked in water, evidently felt as comfortable as Clarence in his butt of Malmsey. Round the root of an old tree, the hereditary possession, per-

haps, of father and son, were gathered a knot of the well-to-do; while occasionally there darted out from obscurity one as if solicitous of custom or eager for news. Political processions were out, and excitement evidently ran high. Troops of supporters followed their favorite leaders; while, balanced in the water, a little aloof from the crowd, was a meditative fellow, perhaps a politician by trade, his fins moving uneasily to and fro, an eager observer of the contest, but hardly decided on which side to range himself.

While this animated scene appeared below, our boat, a creature of both elements, was passing through squares and streets and avenues, awaking no small commotion among the inhabitants of the groves. As I said, no land was visible on the surface; the trees grew directly out of the water. Like the banian-tree, the mangrove throws down shoots from its branches, which take root beneath the shallow water of the reef, and thus aid essentially in its growth. Here and there in the interior of some of the thickest clumps of this water-logged town, where the land rose a few inches from the surface, stood larger trees, lifting themselves above their companions, and on some dead limb, the watch-tower of the feathered inhabitants, whether for foes without or food within, was gathered a heterogeneous company of cranes, pelicans, and all long-legged and web-footed fowls. There they sat in solemn silence, until alarmed by our approach, or by a chance shot that brought down one of their number, when with an air of startled dignity they would fly uneasily away. Several which we shot we were unable to secure, owing to the density of the undergrowth and the want of footing; their leafy fortresses being a perfect protection from the dishonor of capture, if not from the peril of sudden death. Occasionally one of the birds would come sweeping round the curve, following the course of the watery way in search of fish, until, seeing us, it would rise reluctantly, and take itself off.

Meanwhile, we stood in the bow of the boat and on either side, and as the game flew, we shot right and left, frequently bringing down our birds and oftener missing them, as their startled and unexpected rush disturbed the aim. At times, swept steadily onward by the tide, we would turn a bend, and come unexpectedly upon a Central Park of the city, the lazy and dignified inhabitants of which disdained to move until the noise of the guns, breaking the stillness and reverberating from side to side in unaccustomed sounds, frightened them away in respectable alarm.

Such hunting is glorious. No skulking nor hiding, decoys nor ambushades. No elaborate drives of the game, in which an army of dependants does the work and the languid fowler lazily reaps the benefit, — a species of royal road to hunting in which the flavor of *L. s. d.* must be far too apparent in the game for most republican tastes; but a fresh and novel plunge at once into the mysterious heart of Nature and her long-kept preserves, unvisited and undisturbed save by here and there her special favorites.

Not infrequently a young crane, already prominent by reason of its white plumage contrasting with the gray branches and shallow nest of sticks in which it stood, would squawk discordant notes of stupid alarm, as if especially anxious to court capture, and would sit or stand upon the nest until taken off by hand, striking with its long bill as we approached. The cranes are good eating, and afford each several pounds of excellent meat, despite their famished appearance. The young pelicans, however, though similarly situated, and if possible more discordant, we did not disturb: they are too filthy to be eaten. So exhilarating and full of attraction was our sport, that time slipped away unheeded; and it was not until the lengthening shadows had settled darkly on the secluded and watery pathways, that we emerged into the daylight, and found the sun still shining, though within an hour of setting.

Since daybreak we had eaten nothing but a little hard-tack, nor had felt the need of food in our unusual excitement. We had birds enough for a party of many times our number, even with appetites as sharp as our own. No land offering on which to camp in all the expanse of the submerged island we had left, we bore away for a sandy and wooded point a few miles distant, where a white beach, dimly glistening in the feeble rays of the declining sun, promised us a resting-place.

Though the waves tumbled in on the beach with considerable force, we ran head on, and were landed dry-shod on the shoulders of the faithful William. A fire was soon kindled, and coffee boiling, and a most odoriferous and savory steam began to rise from the bird-*furloo*, — a compound of various appetizing ingredients well known upon the reef, which made our previously sharp appetites still more impatient. One of the party going down to the boat, which lay at some little distance in the surf, in search of seasoning or condiment which had been left, a low shout and a heavy splash soon announced that he had managed to fall clumsily into the water. He was soon fished out, however, with little damage, and joined at first so obstreperously in the laugh, that his merriment was at once perceived to be forced. Finding at length that his little artifice was detected, the shivering wretch began to grow rapidly angry at what appeared to him the prolonged and unseasonable mirth of the party; his broad visage subsided into a faint watery smile, preparatory to coming wrath, when suddenly a sense of his ridiculous position dawning upon him, he burst into a hearty laugh of unmistakable sincerity.

The coffee was soon served, and was found potent; the *furloo* was unsurpassed; the drenched member of the party was luxuriously placed in the thickest smoke of the fire, and good feeling prevailed. The joke well sent and well received enlivened the meal. Let me add, however, dear reader, that, unless you are constitutionally good-

natured, you had best not fall overboard on an empty stomach. While your mouth is full of salt water, and your hair of sand, while your back aches and discomfited dignity cries aloud, the tendency to mirth is not irresistible. I regret to be obliged to speak from personal knowledge.

The place of our encampment was an island like the rest, though the land was higher, and in some places rose into very respectable little ridges or hillocks crowned with various trees; and, what was very remarkable, though we searched it over in the morning for fresh water, and could not find a drop nor the signs of any, yet there was a great multitude of raccoons, and perhaps other small animals, stepping lightly about us all night. One of the former was knocked over by the Major, who, noticing William's eyes eagerly fixed upon it, gave it to him. He received it with pleasure, and roasted it with some eagerness, but I noticed that he ate little, in spite of his long fast and hard work, and that he soon retired, wrapping himself in his blanket. What thoughts of a far-off Virginia cabin, of wife and dusky offspring waiting there with the sublime patience of their race for the "Coming of the Kingdom" and for the return of the husband and father, may have been excited in the honest fellow by the unexpected sight of this animal so familiar in the Virginia woods, I know not; yet, waking long after we had been asleep, I heard William's voice, indistinct yet plaintive, coming from the depths of his blanket, and I knew that he was at prayer. A faithful soldier he was, and stout-hearted as the immortal Cæsar, as events subsequently proved. I had enlisted him at Norfolk, and since then he had attached himself constantly to me.

No rattling reveille awoke us. Lying on my back, while our early breakfast was preparing, I watched the first gray coming of the dawn, and the fading of the quiet stars so near to us all night, and then the empurpled clouds, radiant with promise of the day. We rose refreshed, and breakfasted like men.

Our boat had been stranded in the night, and the incoming tide had not yet reached it. So we walked for half an hour on the beach, and found it covered with tracks of animals which all night long had visited it in search of food; now that day had come, flocks of birds—snipe, curlew, and the like, diminished but faithful copies all of their long-legged cousins of the day before—thronged the shore, bobbing up and down in the sunlight, in the most animated manner. The Major, who was the life and soul of the party as a sportsman, had here the opportunity to gratify another of his passions in gathering sea-mosses, or *algæ*, of which he already had a splendid collection. In the warm waters of the Gulf these mosses appear in brighter and gayer colors than their more sober kindred of the North. So delicate and lovely in form and color are they, that, when carefully arranged and pressed, it is impossible to distinguish them from the most exquisite productions of the pencil, and one wonders by what subtle alchemy the sun's rays painted their vivid hues in the dark cold bosom of the ocean.

The tide being up, we at length embarked, and were borne rapidly on the flood towards our favorite fishing-ground. Here, as elsewhere on many parts of the reef, the water was dotted at the distance of a few miles in various directions with little emerald islands compact of dark green foliage, and offering a striking contrast to the water, out of which they abruptly rose. Occasionally they formed a long arm or semicircle, in which perchance would be seen the white sails of a sponger from Key West. The business of sponging is carried on by a peculiar class of the population called "Conchs," originally from the Bahamas, and said by some to be the descendants of North Carolina or other Tories, who fled to British protection during the Revolutionary War. They are very ignorant, have manners and customs peculiar to themselves, and reside in a distinct part of the island. They were

formerly much looked down upon by the more wealthy ; but, as they have not a few good traits, the prejudice against them is sensibly dying out. The arrival of a colored regiment at Key West, by giving the good people a more immediate object of disgust, helped the Conchs measurably in this regard ; though I am sorry to say they did not appear to appreciate it. During the war they were rebel almost to a man, though few of them did sanguinary deeds in arms. They preferred sponging, which is more profitable ; and fishing, which is safer. While active hostilities lasted, they were forbidden to frequent the coast of the main-land, but at the close of the war they reaped large profits from the accumulations of previous years. The shallow waters of the reef everywhere reveal sponges at the bottom, and they are thrown upon all the beaches ; but the finer qualities are not readily obtained. These Conchs do not like to be followed when gathering sponges, and will desert a neighborhood that is too much frequented.

On leaving the place of our last night's encampment, the Doctor had, as a matter of course, again assumed the command, and whether his wild steering gave the impression that we were going to run down to them, or from general shyness, one or two spongers which had been in sight about half an hour gradually edged away, and soon disappeared behind the intervening islands.

While running through the channels with which the reef is seamed, we would troll for fish ; cutting our bait from the rind of pork in rude imitation of a small fish, and so fastening it on the hook as to cause the line to turn in the direction of the twist. Without this precaution the strongest lines would soon be ruined. The sport was excellent. Every few minutes the loop which is left in the line to show when a fish bites would be suddenly and violently drawn out, and a vigorous pull by the hand would discover a clean active fish shooting through the water at a great

rate, generally on the surface or just below it, and at as large an angle with the course of the boat as the line would allow, darting hither and thither in its vigorous efforts to escape. Commonly it would prove to be a Spanish mackerel, jackfish, or kingfish, — all splendid fish, vigorous, muscular, and symmetrical, for none other could catch the bait, which fairly flies along the surface of the water. As soon as caught, the fish were transferred to the well, with which our own, in common with most of the Key West boats, was provided. However good for the huntsman the wilds of Florida may be, its waters are the paradise of the fisherman, for they are fairly alive with the most choice and beautiful of the finny tribe. Very many of the Northern kinds are here found, and others not inferior. Finer fish than those caught in the Gulf I have seldom seen. Their number and variety are incredible. From the largest and most misshapen monsters that roam the deep down to the tiniest and most delicate creations, these favored waters are prolific in them. On many parts of the coast they will jump into a boat in large quantities if a light be displayed at night ; and, with a seine, a daily supply for an army corps could be secured at the mouth of the Calloosichatchee, where a part of our regiment was stationed.

In crossing the reef, where the water is in many places so clear that the bottom is seen with almost microscopic distinctness, the voracious barracuda, the rakish gar, and many other strange varieties, attract attention ; while occasionally a huge turtle may be seen asleep on the water, and looking at a little distance like a projecting rock. In the "coral grove" of Florida, however,

"The purple mullet and goldfish rove"

only in the imagination of the poet, if at all. One kind, an immense flat fish, has a remarkable projection or elongation of the spine, making a flexible appendage several feet in length, which is commonly supposed to be armed with a sting, and is capable of being thrown

about in manner not a little suggestive to the cautious. The fish is commonly called a *stingeree*, but doubtless its proper name is sting-ray.

As we shot out from the open water of the reef, and ran behind the islands cosily locking in a sunny little bay, whose smooth white sandy bottom was carpeted here and there with patches of green, spreading corals, and fanlike sponges, two of these huge fish, seemingly side by side, and almost stationary as they lay near the bottom, like patches of vegetation, appeared almost under our bows, yet a little too far to be reached with the grains, in the hands of the ever-ready and expectant William. They did not move, however, as we passed, and with unanimous consent the boat was put about. Our headway had carried us some distance, and when, under the management of the Doctor, the boat was at length turned the other way, they were no longer in sight; but they soon reappeared, in nearly their old position. As we rapidly neared them, William stood up in the bow with the grains poised in his stalwart hand, when suddenly something darkened for an instant the space between me and the sun, and an enormous shark was seen playing backward and forward in the clear water but a few rods from the boat, with such inconceivable rapidity that it was not without difficulty that his motions were followed by the startled eye. He was fairly to be seen, however, his dorsal fin cutting the surface of the shallow water as he passed and repassed with almost the lightness and freedom of a shadow. At this moment William planted the grains firmly in the back of one of the sluggish monsters of which we were in pursuit, which immediately started off with great power; a nervous motion of the helm caused a quick change in the direction of the boat, the line *taughtened* violently in William's hands, and over he went on the side next the shark, which, with the rapidity of a flash, changed its direction, and darted towards the boat. No speed could avail, but our loud and vigorous

cries startled the ferocious though cowardly monster, and when within about thirty feet, he sheered and passed, returning again upon his track immediately. William knew his danger, and rapidly drawing himself on board with the line which was fast to the boat, and which he fortunately held in his hands, he kicked and splashed lustily. In a moment the Major's powerful grasp had him firmly by the collar, and he was hauled safely into the boat; while the shark, reluctant to lose his prey, again passed and repassed, nearer than before. Finally, balked, but not discouraged, it swept in cruel and rapid circles about us. It was all over in a minute or two, but exciting while it lasted. The ravenous thing seemed more like an incarnate fiend than a fish, it passed so rapidly, and yet so noiselessly, about us. While this was passing, the boiling water and constant plunges of the boat showed that the *stingeree* was making violent efforts to escape; and during the excitement, the boat having broached to, a sudden jerk drew out the grains, and he was off. The shark hung about us for some time, but we finally lost sight of him in deep water. No fish is more common on the reef than the sharks, but they are generally not of the kind called man-eaters; and though I have often seen them twelve and fourteen feet long, I have never known any person bitten by them. This one had doubtless followed us in from deep water, attracted by bits of pork or other refuse thrown overboard, and must, judging from his audacity, have been nearly famished.

In the channels and on the outer edges of the reef, which are everywhere abrupt, the fishing for quite large fish is excellent. Moored at length by the side of a little sandy key, we threw over our lines in water fifty or sixty feet deep, and many an active fish stoutly struggling to escape rewarded our exertions. Of strange and infrequent kinds were these, which seldom leave their gloomy caverns on any voluntary errand to the surface. Occasionally one would be brought up from the depths of the

"sunless sea," pulling and shooting violently about, only, as he saw the unwelcome light, to snap the hook and quickly disappear. Now and then a voracious pull, quiet but with almost the reserved force of a steam-engine, and a broken hook or line would testify to the existence of monsters below to which hooks and lines, however strong, were embarrassments scarcely felt.

Hours of exciting and active sport followed, until early in the afternoon, having secured as many fish as we could conveniently carry and preserve, and wearied with the labor, we drew in our lines.

We had passed in the morning a large key, higher than the others, from which with the glass smoke could be seen rising as if from habitations; and it was decided to run down there and dine. An hour or two brought us to a strait or land-locked bay between two islands. Rocks protected the entrance, while far up the bay—and a pleasant vista it was—could be seen a cottage and signs of cultivation. Not wishing to disturb the inmates by an inroad of hungry visitors, we landed, and, after due preparation, dined sumptuously on as excellent fish and game as ever tempted an epicure. The wind had died away outside, and where we were hardly a breath disturbed the atmosphere; but though warm, it was not oppressive. The Major and the Doctor, having finished their post-prandial cigars, had, after a day of active and exciting sport, yielded to the drowsy influences of the hour. Stretched at full length in the comfortable shade, I watched the last blue whiffs of my own cigar, fragrant to the last, as they slowly rose in graceful curls on the still air until lost in the spreading branches of the evergreens above, and was preparing to follow the example of my comrades, when suddenly there came round the point, and heading up the bay, a light canoe, or *kooner* as it is called on the reef, hollered from a single tree. As it swept rapidly and not ungracefully by,—was it vision or some yet finer sense which

told me there was a young and pretty woman in it? Under her dexterous paddle the distance quickly increased between us when we were perceived, and she soon disappeared behind intervening trees. Just at this point, so suitable for an agreeable reverie, and so inauspicious for violent noises, a "barbaric yawp," which would have delighted the energetic author of "Leaves of Grass," forced itself upon my unwilling ear. I looked and beheld the Doctor, so lately stertorous and prone, upright, and in a state of violent physical agitation. He was dancing up and down on an old log in the most incomprehensible manner, shaking his hand, and ever and anon grinding something under his heel in the most energetic way imaginable. I ran hastily towards him, and perceived a kind of paste thinly spread out on the log; this the Doctor assured me represented the body of a scorpion which a few minutes before was full of life and vigor; and he exhibited ruefully a wound in the hand which he had received, having probably rolled on the animal in his sleep. Such wounds, though painful, are seldom or never fatal, and if attended to in time are commonly not serious. Here William promptly came forward and plentifully covered the place with tobacco-juice, which acted as an excellent alexipharmic, perhaps as good as any the Doctor himself could apply, and the pain began to abate. As a further means of distracting the Doctor's attention, I related what I had seen in the canoe with all the little embellishments which the truth would allow, and it was unanimously voted to know more of the matter.

The bay was a pleasant little *cul-de-sac*, densely wooded on the low shores, rising, however, into some little elevation a short distance from the water. At the lower end, on a little knoll, a few acres were cleared, on which was a cottage shaded by a number of coconut-trees, ordinarily rare on the reef, and surrounded by various shrubs and plants of tropical or semi-tropical vari-

eties, not a few of which seemed as much for ornament as use. At the landing lay the canoe which had recently passed us, and a larger boat with mast and sails, both of them in good order, and the canoe cushioned. A well-worn path, bordered with spreading cactuses, led from the landing to the cottage, of which the surroundings were neat and comfortable.

Almost on our arrival we were greeted by the proprietor—a well-looking man of somewhat past middle age—with a courtesy which we did not anticipate. He spoke English with a strong accent, as though a foreigner. The undress uniform which we wore did not seem unfamiliar to him, nor unpleasant. After acquainting him with our position, we were invited to the house, the principal room of which was comfortably and even neatly furnished. A pleasant perfume of flowers came in at the open window. A crucifix hung prominently on the wall, while opposite to it were a couple of London-made fowling-pieces, and in the corner a German yager, which we had an opportunity subsequently to examine. A considerable number of old-fashioned and substantially bound books were on shelves, while upon a dark, richly carved and ancient piece of furniture—something like a wooden *escritoire*, and much superior to the rest of the furniture—lay a handsomely inlaid guitar with a broken string.

Our host soon showed himself a well-informed and dignified gentleman. A remark of the Major upon the foreign make of the guns brought out the fact that he had travelled extensively; and he was apparently familiar with several of the European capitals. He politely furnished us with tobacco and pipes, two of which were of meerschaum, dark with age and elaborately carved. He was evidently from the North of Europe; and from remarks he let drop in the course of a friendly, and to us interesting conversation, we learned that he was born a Protestant, but had become a Catholic from choice; that he had formerly been in the service of some

Northern power,—probably in the navy, for he had visited many parts of the world, and had evidently lived a roving life, and one full of vicissitude. He seemed to have lived a number of years where he was, in almost complete solitude; but he informed us that he should soon remove, and he evidently had little of the churlishness of most hermits. The books that we saw were largely devotional, or, at least, theological, in their character; and amongst others I noticed an old copy of the “Centuries of Magdeburg” in good binding and preservation. They were mainly in French, some few in other languages, but rarely one in English. He informed us that game was not uncommon in the neighborhood, and fish were to be had everywhere. As he obligingly accompanied us to the boat, he made one or two inquiries as to the progress of the war, though apparently less from interest than as a matter of courtesy to us. On the way he pointed out two tame pelicans which he had taught to fish for him as he had seen these birds trained in China. In assisting us to shove off the boat, which had become stranded, he displayed a large, muscular arm, curiously marked and tattooed,—forming, perhaps, an illustrated history of his life, if it could be read.

No sooner were we afloat than speculation raged as to this mysterious stranger located in the wilderness. Everything probable from a pirate to a prince was discussed and rejected, though it was unanimously agreed that he was a very courteous gentleman. But upon the Lady of the Isle, whom none of us had seen, we could not so well harmonize. It was, however, finally settled by the majority, that she must be young and wondrously fair, the owner of the guitar which we had seen, and of course a charming performer on it. “Little Gretchen,” said one, “shall have some new guitar-strings, and I’ll send her one or two of my German songs. I don’t doubt she sings delightfully in German. Fact is, I mean to cultivate the old gentleman’s acquaintance.”

"Gretchen, indeed!" quoth another, fresh in whose mind were pleasant memories of the dark-haired daughters of a neighboring sunny clime; "why not call her Olga at once? Do you take the girl for a Tartar? Who ever heard of a lady playing the guitar under palm-trees with such a name as Gretchen? It's worse than an east-wind. Call her Juanita, or something soft and pretty. As for your Scandinavian, or even German gutturals, they are barbarously unfit for music. You can see that her father brought her here as much to have her out of the way of hearing such sounds as to get the chill out of his own blood. There's no language north of the Rhine fit for either love or music. Where are all your pretty little diminutives, and soft and liquid endearments, that drop out of one's mouth so naturally that they can't be helped? Give the lady her guitar-strings, but banish German, or even English."

It was late in the evening before we encamped, as we had a long distance to run. A rather uncomfortable night upon a little sand key infested with unnumbered mosquitoes and other little torments, did not dispose us to prolong our uneasy slumbers, and early the next morning we were again afloat.

A lovely sight soon rewarded us for our activity. Far in the distance could be perceived, in the early morning light, a noble structure crowned with battlements and towers, and looming grandly up, yet indistinct and dim in the little haze which yet rested on the water. No land whatever could be seen about it, and even where sky and water met could not be perceived; and, when after a little while the sun came up, wreathing it in many-colored mists, it seemed like an enchanted castle springing from the waves, light and beautiful as a creation of fancy. From the walls, hardly unfolded in the light air which was stirring, soon floated, however, the flag of our country; but it required some little time to realize that this stately structure, enclosing fourteen acres, and rising apparently from the water without human agency, was the celebrated

military prison, the dreaded Dry Tortugas. Fort Jefferson stands on the principal of the little sandy keys which form the group of the Dry Tortugas, and covers the whole island. Two or three little sand-banks around it, with scarcely a tree or shrub, complete the group. It is a place of commanding importance in the event of war with a maritime power, and, in connection with Fort Taylor and two other forts or martello towers now building at Key West, it controls the priceless commerce of the Gulf. Its chief, and perhaps only, design is, I believe, to form a naval harbor or refuge for our ships of war during active hostilities. Its foundations are sunk deep in the coral bed, and in many places soon become covered by coral-line deposits. Some interesting observations upon the growth of the reef have been made here. In common with all the fortifications on the reef, there is not a brick nor a stone in its structure but has been brought from the North at great expense. Within the fort, sheltered by trees, is a pleasant parade-ground; and the famous light-house, celebrated by Cooper, in which the pretty Rose and her gallant lover were so romantically united, just peeps over the top.

With the heat tempered by almost constant breezes from the ocean, with an abundance of fresh water condensed on the spot, and with the same food as the garrison, the several hundred prisoners confined in this healthful place during the war might have been in a worse position certainly.

At a little distance stands Loggerhead Light, one of the finest lights with which the care of the general government has studded this most dangerous coast. The outer edges of the reef are so steep that little warning is given on approach; and the currents are so strange and varying, that navigation here is exceedingly deceptive and dangerous. Not all the wrecks, however, which have so plentifully strewn the reef, are the result of accident. Many, it is believed, occurred through col-

lusion. Of later years, owing to the employment of a better class of shipmasters, greater precautions by the insurance companies, — which have always an agent located at Key West, — and other causes, the number of wrecks has decreased; yet in the autumn of 1865 a terrific tornado swept over the reef, wrecking many vessels, blowing down one of the towers at Fort Jefferson, overturning barracks at Key West, and doing much other damage, accompanied with loss of life. Some two million dollars' worth of wrecked property saved from the fury of this one storm was said to have been brought into Key West alone.

The wind soon freshening, we made famous time all the morning. About noon we stopped for rest and refreshment, and enjoyed a glorious bath on a pretty white beach. The water of the Gulf makes a truly luxurious bath, not too cold for the feeblest constitution.

The beeches on the reef, though smooth and hard, contain not a particle of ordinary sand, but are entirely composed of broken corals and comminuted shells, and would doubtless burn into very tolerable lime. At Key West the common domestic fowls will not flourish for lack of their accustomed gravel.

While gathering *algæ* and other marine curiosities upon the beach, the indefatigable Major piled up a pyramid of conchs several feet high, with the intention of taking them into the boat; but, except two or three of unusually delicate and roseate colors, we concluded to leave them, having already as much weight as we could carry in our light-draught little schooner. They make a very palatable soup, and are excellent bait. The fishermen have a curious way of extracting the fish, by knocking off with a sharp blow the apex of the shell, to which he remains attached, and then twisting him out by following the convolutions of the shell.

The Major was more successful, however, when, having discovered fresh deer-tracks, he proposed that we should hunt a little. Near us was a much larger island, from which the deer had

probably swam over in the night. We had no dogs, but the key was so small that we felt confident of being able to kill one, if they still remained. William brought up our Sharpe's rifles, and with the Doctor went round in the boat to the lower end of the island, which we supposed not to be more than a quarter of a mile distant, to drive up whatever game they might find; while the Major and myself placed ourselves in ambush near the upper end, at a narrow place where the sea occasionally washed entirely across, and where there were but a few bushes or obstructions in the way.

It was twelve when the Doctor started. Quarter past and half past twelve came and no signs of the game or Doctor. The enthusiasm with which I had entered into the project began sensibly to abate. Stretched at full length upon the burning sand, the reflection from which was of almost blinding intensity, with a vertical sun upon the back and a wretched apology for shelter in a miserable prickly cactus, with the gun-barrel long since too hot to be held in the naked hand, I turned and twisted uneasily. "How long must this arenation continue?" thought I. The Major was posted behind me. I turned anxiously and looked at him. From his cool and placid expression of countenance, one would have supposed that grateful shades surrounded him, and cooling waters ran prattling at his feet. He had been an old sportsman on the Rio Grande. I was in despair. My throat was parched, and my face almost blistered by the heat. I closed my eyes for relief to the straining sight. Delicious thoughts of plashing fountains and shady groves long wandered through my feverish brain. How I envied the Major! At last I opened my eyes again upon the dreary scene; and there, twenty feet before me, was the first wild doe that I had ever seen, standing with head erect, nostrils dilated, and mild large eyes fixed intently upon me. What could I do? She might have been shot with a pop-gun, yet the slightest movement would betray me; and, with the awk-

wardness of a novice, I was lying on my gun. Hoping to be mistaken for a log, with a most amiable expression of countenance I lay in an agony of expectation, waiting for an opportunity to use my gun. Vain illusion! Tossing her head significantly, she turned, and bounded into the wood, not lightly as she came, but with startled leaps, crashing the brush. In a moment the nervous hand of the Major was upon me.

"Why did n't you fire?" said he, almost sternly.

"How could I fire with the gun under me?"

"I could have bored her through and through, but on your account I would n't," said he, and he walked away. Not the least self-denial of the trip was that; I knew what it cost him. The deer was not destined to escape, however, for the Doctor and William both heard her coming, and both wounded her; the former, who was a capital shot, mortally. William brought her in upon his shoulders, but the sight had little pleasure for me. An opportunity was lost forever.

Though we had already come a considerable distance on our return, we soon re-embarked, for we hoped to reach the fort that night. A long sunny afternoon wore pleasantly away, and at sunset, as nearly as we could judge, we were not more than a dozen miles from the fort. The wind, however, which had blown strongly all the afternoon, seemed to have exhausted itself, and now came but fitfully and at long intervals, and at times we drifted helplessly with the tide. The sun, not lingering as in Northern latitudes, had sunk into the waters round and burning red, and clouds had for some time darkened in the horizon. Though the ocean had become smooth, almost ominously so, an uneasy feeling pervaded all of us. We were drifting in the darkness we knew not whither, our cannon-shot, as we had found long before, offering but the feeblest resistance. An elemental change of some character seemed presaged by the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere,

which seemed stifled and heavy. Should a storm arise, we were in imminent danger, not only of being overturned or dashed on the rocks, but of being blown off the reef into the open Gulf, where the prospect of suffering, if not perishing from thirst, in the absence of succor from any passing vessel was serious, our supply of fresh water being already nearly exhausted. Our folly in trusting to so wretched a substitute for an anchor was now painfully apparent.

An hour or two passed in this way, though the dreary suspense seemed far longer, when a faint diffused flash on the horizon, and a dull, heavy roar, distinct and low in the still night air, was borne to our ears. It was the evening gun from Fort Taylor, and we almost thought we could distinguish the rollicking tattoo that followed, beaten by the vigorous hands of the dusky garrison.

The wind had now died entirely away. The sails hardly flapped on the masts in the occasional, almost imperceptible, swaying of the vessel. The sea was still, and we were alone upon the water at night; the booming of the gun seemed the last farewell from the land,—an official notice that we were turned over to the protecting care of the darkness and the ocean. We lay in various positions, indulging the thoughts and imaginings which the situation could hardly fail to inspire. The air was deliciously gentle, almost caressing in its softness; yet not free from a certain almost indefinable feeling of oppression; and the sea, what a glory was there! I have been stationed many months in Florida, and during nearly all the time at different places on the coast and within sight of the water, and I have made many excursions and voyages over it; but I never had seen it before, nor have I seen it since, present any such appearance as it wore at that time. Black as midnight to the view when undisturbed, no sooner was its surface broken than it glowed and blazed in phosphorescent splendor; not the dull, pale glitter of our Northern waters, but a warm, concentrated fire of molten

gold, which fringed and bordered every ripple or disturbance of its surface by the sluggish motion of the vessel, and which, when agitated in masses, cast a perceptible light, very strange and startling, into the face of the beholder. Stranger still, as though for once the mantle of night had in vain fallen on the ocean, and all its secrets were about to be revealed, there could be traced with distinctness beneath the surface the motions of the fish, as they lazily moved to and fro, by their attendant subaqueous track of fire. We drifted on an ocean of darkness, veined all about us with tracks of living light. Save for the blackness of the waters, which increased tenfold the glorious contrast, the magnificent imagery of Scripture was verified: the "sea of glass mingled with fire" was spread out before us. So strong was the fascination, not altogether unmingled with a more solemn feeling, at this wonderful scene, that we remained almost in silence. Darkness was overhead, and the fires of the firmament seemed strangely blazing at our feet.

The quick, religious imagination of his race seemed excited in William, and he appeared to feel a kind of awe as he gazed, apparently unable to speak or move, or even to turn away his eyes.

How long this continued we hardly knew, though no one thought of sleeping. Finally the moon emerged, wan and drenched, out of the ocean, — mel-

ancholy as the old moon always is shrunk from her just proportions, and now feebly shining with diminished light through the clouds. Her rays rather deepened than lessened the spell which the scene had cast upon us.

But when, an hour after, the wind rose, and our little bark, catching the breeze, began to move gayly forward with a wholesome rustle at her bows, my spirits rose with it, and it mattered little to me, except as a pleasure, how flamed the rustling waters as we advanced, or how imperial a splendor followed in our wake. And when, as we drew off the reef, the long smooth rollers, still dark, except where they met with an obstruction, rushed gloriously through the tangled roots and interlaced stems of the mangrove keys, which we passed in succession, carrying torches of fire far into their cavernous recesses, it was with a wholesome exhilaration of spirits that my vision followed them.

The last that we saw of this mighty display was the sea upon a distant beach breaking in billows of flame, and flooding like liquid lightning far up the shore.*

* So marked was this phosphorescent display, that an officer stationed at the fort afterwards told me that on the same night he sharply rebuked a sentry for allowing lights to burn beneath the bridge connecting the fort with the town; supposing, upon his midnight inspection, that persons were there fishing. Yet there was no wind, only the gentle motion of the tide against the piles. Had there been a storm, I can imagine no sight of more unearthly beauty than would probably have been presented.

WILL THE COMING MAN DRINK WINE?

THE teetotalers confess their failure. After forty-five years of zealous and well-meant effort in the "cause," they agree that people are drinking more than ever. Dr. R. T. Trall of New York, the most thoroughgoing teetotaler extant, exclaims: "Where are we to-day? Defeated on all sides.

The enemy victorious and rampant everywhere. More intoxicating liquors manufactured and drunk than ever before. Why is this?" Why, indeed! When the teetotalers can answer that question correctly, they will be in a fair way to gain upon the "enemy" that is now so "rampant." They are not

the first people who have mistaken a symptom of disease for the disease itself, and striven to cure a cancer by applying salve and plaster and cooling washes to the sore. They are not the first travellers through this Wilderness who have tried to extinguish a smouldering fire, and discovered, at last, that they had been pouring water into the crater of a volcano.

Dr. Trall thinks we should all become teetotalers very soon, if only the doctors would stop prescribing wine, beer, and whiskey to their patients. But the doctors will not. They like a glass of wine themselves. Dr. Trall tells us that, during the Medical Convention held at St. Louis a few years ago, the doctors dined together, and upon the table were "forty kinds of alcoholic liquors." The most enormous feed ever accomplished under a roof in America, I suppose, was the great dinner of the doctors, given in New York, fifteen years ago, at the Metropolitan Hall. I had the pleasure on that occasion of seeing half an acre of doctors all eating and drinking at once, and I can testify that very few of them — indeed, none that I could discover — neglected the bottle. It was an occasion which united all the established barbarisms and atrocities of a public dinner, — absence of ladies, indigestible food in most indigestible quantities, profuse and miscellaneous drinking, clouds of smoke, late sitting, and wild speaking. Why not? Do not these men live and thrive upon such practices? Why should they not set an example of the follies which enrich them? It is only heroes who offend, deny, and rebuke the people upon whose favor their fortune depends; and there are never many heroes in the world at one time. No, no, Dr. Trall! the doctors are good fellows; but their affair is to cure disease, not to preserve health.

One man, it seems, and only one, has had much success in dissuading people from drinking, and that was Father Mathew. A considerable proportion of his converts in Ireland, it is said, remain faithful to their pledge; and most

of the Catholic parishes in the United States have a Father Mathew Society connected with them, which is both a teetotal and a mutual-benefit organization. In New York and adjacent cities the number of persons belonging to such societies is about twenty-seven thousand. On the anniversary of Father Mathew's birth they walk in procession, wearing aprons, carrying large banners (when the wind permits), and heaping up gayly dressed children into pyramids and mountains drawn by six and eight horses. At their weekly or monthly meetings they sing songs, recite poetry, perform plays and farces, enact comic characters, and, in other innocent ways, endeavor to convince on-lookers that people can be happy and merry, uproariously merry, without putting a headache between their teeth. These societies seem to be a great and unmingled good. They do actually help poor men to withstand their only American enemy. They have, also, the approval of the most inveterate drinkers, both Catholic and Protestant. Jones complacently remarks, as he gracefully sips his claret (six dollars per dozen) that this total abstinence, you know, is an excellent thing for emigrants; to which Brown and Robinson invariably assent.

Father Mathew used to administer his pledge to people who *knelt* before him, and when they had taken it he made over them the sign of the cross. He did not usually deliver addresses; he did not relate amusing anecdotes; he did not argue the matter; he merely pronounced the pledge, and gave to it the sanction of religion, and something of the solemnity of a sacrament. The present Father Mathew Societies are also closely connected with the church, and the pledge is regarded by the members as of religious obligation. Hence, these societies are successful, in a respectable degree; and we may look, with the utmost confidence, to see them extend and flourish until a great multitude of Catholics are teetotalers. Catholic priests, I am informed, generally drink wine, and very many of them

smoke; but *they* are able to induce men to take the pledge without setting them an example of abstinence, just as parents sometimes deny their children pernicious viands of which they freely partake themselves.

But *we* cannot proceed in that way. Our religion has not power to control a physical craving by its mere fiat, nor do we all yet perceive what a deadly and shameful sin it is to vitiate our own bodies. The Catholic Church is antiquity. The Catholic Church is childhood. *We* are living in modern times; *we* have grown a little past childhood; and when we are asked to relinquish a pleasure, we demand to be convinced that it is best we should. By and by we shall all comprehend that, when a person means to reform his life, the very first thing for him to do, — the thing preliminary and most indispensable, — will be to cease violating physical laws. The time, I hope, is at hand, when an audience in a theatre, who catch a manager cheating them out of their fair allowance of fresh air, will not sit and gasp, and inhale destruction till eleven P. M., and then rush wildly to the street for relief. They will stop the play; they will tear up the benches, if necessary; they will throw things on the stage; they will knock a hole in the wall; they will *have* the means of breathing, or perish in the struggle. But at present people do not know what they are doing when they inhale poison. They do not know that more than one half of all the diseases that plague us most, — scarlet fever, small-pox, measles, and all the worst fevers — come of breathing bad air. Not a child last winter would have had the scarlet fever, if all the children in the world had slept with a window open, and had had pure air to breathe all day. This is Miss Nightingale's opinion, and there is no better authority. People are ignorant of these things, and they are therefore indifferent to them. They will remain indifferent till they are enlightened.

Our teetotal friends have not neglected the scientific questions involved

in their subject; nor have they settled them. Instead of insulting the public intelligence by asserting that the wines mentioned in the Bible were some kind of unintoxicating slop, and exasperating the public temper by premature prohibitory laws, they had better expend their strength upon the science of the matter, and prove to mankind, if they can, that these agreeable drinks which they denounce are really hurtful. We all know that excess is hurtful. We also know that adulterated liquors may be. But is the thing in itself pernicious? — pure wine taken in moderation? good beer? genuine Old Bourbon?

For one, I wish it could be demonstrated that these things are hurtful. Sweeping, universal truths are as convenient as they are rare. The evils resulting from excess in drinking are so enormous and so terrible, that it would be a relief to know that alcoholic liquors are in themselves evil, and to be always avoided. What are the romantic woes of a Desdemona, or the brief picturesque sorrows of a Lear, compared with the thirty years' horror and desolation caused by a drunken parent? We laugh when we read Lamb's funny description of his waking up in the morning, and learning in what condition he had come home the night before by seeing all his clothes carefully folded. But his sister Mary did not laugh at it. He was all she had; it was tragedy to her, — this self-destruction of her sole stay and consolation. Goethe did not find it a laughing matter to have a drunken wife in his house for fifteen years, nor a jest to have his son brought in drunk from the tavern, and to see him dead in his coffin, the early victim of champagne. Who would not *like* to have a clear conviction, that what we have to do with regard to all such fluids is to let them alone? I am sure I should. It is a great advantage to have your enemy in plain sight, and to be sure he *is* an enemy.

What is wine? Chemists tell us they do not know. Three fifths of a glass of wine is water. One fifth is alcohol.

Of the remaining fifth, about one half is sugar. One tenth of the whole quantity remains to be accounted for. A small part of that tenth is the acid which makes vinegar sour. Water, alcohol, sugar, acid, — these make very nearly the whole body of the wine; but if we mix these things in the proportions in which they are found in Madeira, the liquid is a disgusting mess, nothing like Madeira. The great chemists confess they do not know what that last small fraction of the glass of wine is, upon which its flavor, its odor, its value, its fascination, depend. They do not know what it is that makes the difference between port and sherry, but are obliged to content themselves with giving it a hard name.

Similar things are admitted concerning the various kinds of spirituous and malt liquors. Chemistry seems to agree with the temperance society, that wine, beer, brandy, whiskey, and rum are alcohol and water, mixed in different proportions, and with some slight differences of flavoring and coloring matter. In all these drinks, teetotalers maintain, *alcohol is power*, the other ingredients being mere dilution and flavoring. Wine, they assure us, is alcohol and water flavored with grapes; beer is alcohol and water flavored with malt and hops; Bourbon whiskey is alcohol and water flavored with corn. These things they assert, and the great chemists do not enable us drinkers of those seductive liquids to deny it. On the contrary, chemical analysis, so far as it has gone, supports the teetotal view of the matter.

What does a glass of wine do to us when we have swallowed it?

We should naturally look to physicians for an answer to such a question; but the great lights of the profession — men of the rank of Astley Cooper, Brodie, Abernethy, Holmes — all assure the public, that no man of them knows, and no man has ever known, how medicinal substances work in the system, and why they produce the effects they do. Even of a substance so common as Peruvian bark, no one knows why

and how it acts as a tonic; nor is there any certainty of its being a benefit to mankind. There is no science of medicine. The "Red Lane" of the children leads to a region which is still mysterious and unknown; for when the eye can explore its recesses, a change has occurred in it, which is also mysterious and unknown: it is dead. Quacks tell us, in every newspaper, that they can cure and prevent disease by pouring or dropping something down our throats, and we have heard this so often, that, when a man is sick, the first thing that occurs to him is to "take physic." But physicians who are honest, intelligent, and in an independent position, appear to be coming over to the opinion that this is generally a delusion. We see eminent physicians prescribing for the most malignant fevers little but open windows, plenty of blankets, Nightingale nursing, and beef tea. Many young physicians, too, have gladly availed themselves of the ingenuity of Hahnemann, and satisfy at once their consciences and their patients by prescribing doses of medicine that are next to no medicine at all. The higher we go among the doctors, the more sweeping and emphatic is the assurance we receive that the profession does not understand the operation of medicines in the living body, and does not really approve their employment.

If something more is known of the operation of alcohol than of any other chemical fluid, — if there is any approach to certainty respecting it, — we owe it chiefly to the teetotalers, because it is they who have provoked contradiction, excited inquiry, and suggested experiment. They have not done much themselves in the way of investigation, but they started the topic, and have kept it alive. They have also published a few pages which throw light upon the points in dispute. After going over the ground pretty thoroughly, I can tell the reader in a few words the substance of what has been ascertained, and plausibly inferred, concerning the effects of wine, beer, and spirits upon the human constitution.

They cannot be *nourishment*, in the ordinary acceptation of that word, because the quantity of nutritive matter in them is so small. Liebig, no enemy of beer, says this: "We can prove, with mathematical certainty, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a man who is able daily to consume that amount of beer obtains from it, in a whole year, in the most favorable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a five-pound loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh." So of wine; when we have taken from a glass of wine the ingredients known to be innutritious, there is scarcely anything left but a grain or two of sugar. Pure alcohol, though a product of highly nutritive substances, is a mere poison,—an absolute poison,—the mortal foe of life in every one of its forms, animal and vegetable. If, therefore, these beverages do us good, it is not by supplying the body with nourishment.

Nor can they aid digestion by assisting to decompose food. When we have taken too much shad for breakfast, we find that a wineglass of whiskey instantly mitigates the horrors of indigestion, and enables us again to contemplate the future without dismay. But if we catch a curious fish or reptile, and want to keep him from decomposing, and bring him home as a contribution to the museum of Professor Agassiz, we put him in a bottle of whiskey. Several experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether mixing alcohol with the gastric juice increases or lessens its power to decompose food, and the results of all of them point to the conclusion that the alcohol retards the process of decomposition. A little alcohol retards it a little, and much alcohol retards it much. It has been proved by repeated experiment, that *any* portion of alcohol, however small, diminishes the power of the gastric juice to decompose. The digestive fluid has been mixed with wine, beer, whiskey,

brandy, and alcohol diluted with water, and kept at the temperature of the living body, and the motions of the body imitated during the experiment; but, in every instance, the pure gastric juice was found to be the true and sole digester, and the alcohol a retarder of digestion. This fact, however, required little proof. We are all familiar with alcohol as a *preserver*, and scarcely need to be reminded, that, if alcohol assists digestion at all, it cannot be by assisting decomposition.

Nor is it a heat-producing fluid. On the contrary, it appears, in all cases, to diminish the efficiency of the heat-producing process. Most of us, who live here in the North, and who are occasionally subjected to extreme cold for hours at a time, know this by personal experience; and all the Arctic voyagers attest it. Brandy is destruction when men have to face a temperature of sixty below zero; they want lamp-oil then, and the rich blubber of the whale and walrus. Dr. Rae, who made two or three pedestrian tours of the polar regions, and whose powers of endurance were put to as severe a test as man's ever were, is clear and emphatic upon this point. Brandy, he says, stimulates but for a few minutes, and greatly lessens a man's power to endure cold and fatigue. Occasionally we have in New York a cool breeze from the North which reduces the temperature below zero,—to the sore discomfort of omnibus-drivers and car-drivers, who have to face it on their way up town. On a certain Monday night, two or three winters ago, twenty-three drivers on one line were disabled by the cold, many of whom had to be lifted from the cars, and carried in. It is a fact familiar to persons in this business, that men who drink freely are more likely to be benumbed and overcome by the cold than those who abstain. It seems strange to us, when we first hear it, that a meagre teetotaler should be safer on such a night than a bluff, red-faced imbibor of beer and whiskey, who takes something at each end of the line to keep himself warm.

It nevertheless appears to be true. A traveller relates, that, when Russian troops are about to start upon a march in a very cold region, no grog is allowed to be served to them; and when the men are drawn up, ready to move, the corporals smell the breath of every man, and send back to quarters all who have been drinking. The reason is, that men who start under the influence of liquor are the first to succumb to the cold, and the likeliest to be frost-bitten. It is the uniform experience of the hunters and trappers in the northern provinces of North America, and of the Rocky Mountains, that alcohol diminishes their power to resist cold. This whole magazine could be filled with testimony on this point.

Still less is alcohol a strength-giver. Every man that ever trained for a supreme exertion of strength knows that Tom Sayers spoke the truth when he said: "I'm no teetotaler: but when I've any business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells." Richard Cobden, whose powers were subjected to a far severer trial than a pugilist ever dreamed of, whose labors by night and day, during the corn-law struggle, were excessive and continuous beyond those of any other member of the House of Commons, bears similar testimony: "The more work I have had to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot." On this branch of the subject, *all* the testimony is against alcoholic drinks. Whenever the point has been tested, — and it has often been tested, — the truth has been confirmed, that he who would do his *very* best and most, whether in rowing, lifting, running, watching, mowing, climbing, fighting, speaking, or writing, must not admit into his system one drop of alcohol. Trainers used to allow their men a pint of beer per day, and severe trainers half a pint; but now the knowing ones have cut off even that moderate allowance, and brought their men down to cold water, and not too much of that, the soundest digesters requiring little liquid of any kind. Mr. Bigelow, by his happy publication lately of the cor-

rect version of Franklin's Autobiography, has called to mind the famous beer passage in that immortal work: "I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers* of beer. On occasion I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands." I have a long list of references on this point; but, in these cricketing, boat-racing, prize-fighting days, the fact has become too familiar to require proof. The other morning, Horace Greeley, teetotaler, came to his office after an absence of several days, and found letters and arrears of work that would have been appalling to any man but him. He shut himself in at ten, A. M., and wrote steadily, without leaving his room, till eleven, P. M., — thirteen hours. When he had finished, he had some little difficulty in getting down stairs, owing to the stiffness of his joints, caused by the long inaction; but he was as fresh and smiling the next morning as though he had done nothing extraordinary. Are any of us drinkers of beer and wine capable of such a feat? Then, during the war, when he was writing his history, he performed every day, for two years, two days' work, — one, from nine to four, on his book; the other, from seven to eleven, upon the Tribune; and, in addition, he did more than would tire an ordinary man in the way of correspondence and public speaking. I may also remind the reader, that the clergyman who, of all others in the United States, expends most vitality, both with tongue and pen, and who does his work with least fatigue and most gayety of heart, is another of Franklin's "water Americans."

If, then, wine does not nourish us, does not assist the decomposition of food, does not warm, does not strengthen, what does it do?

We all know that, when we drink alcoholic liquor, it affects the brain immediately. Most of us are aware,

* We owe to Mr. Bigelow the restoration of this strong Franklinian word. The common editions have it "drinkers."

too, that it affects the brain injuriously, lessening at once its power to discern and discriminate. If I, at this ten, A. M., full of interest in this subject, and eager to get my view of it upon paper, were to drink a glass of the best port, Madeira, or sherry, or even a glass of lager-beer, I should lose the power to continue in three minutes; or, if I persisted in going on, I should be pretty sure to utter paradox and spurts of extravagance, which would not bear the cold review of to-morrow morning. Any one can try this experiment. Take two glasses of wine, and then immediately apply yourself to the hardest task your mind ever has to perform, and you will find you cannot do it. Let any student, just before he sits down to his mathematics, drink a pint of the purest beer, and he will be painfully conscious of loss of power. Or, let any salesman, before beginning with a difficult but important customer, perform the idiotic action of "taking a drink," and he will soon discover that his ascendancy over his customer is impaired. In some way this alcohol, of which we are so fond, gets to the brain and injures it. We are conscious of this, and we can observe it. It is among the wine-drinking classes of our fellow-beings that absurd, incomplete, and reactionary ideas prevail. The receptive, the curious, the candid, the trustworthy brains, — those that do not take things for granted, and yet are ever open to conviction, — such heads are to be found on the shoulders of men who drink little or none of these seductive fluids. How we all wondered that England should *think* so erroneously, and adhere to its errors so obstinately, during our late war! Mr. Gladstone has in part explained the mystery. The adults of England, he said, in his famous wine speech, drink, on an average, three hundred quarts of beer each per annum! Now, it is physically impossible for a human brain, muddled every day with a quart of beer, to correctly hold correct opinions, or appropriate pure knowledge. Compare the conversation of a group of Vermont

farmers, gathered on the stoop of a country store on a rainy afternoon, with that which you may hear in the farmers' room of a market-town inn in England! The advantage is not wholly with the Vermonters; by no means, for there is much in human nature besides the brain and the things of the brain. But in this one particular — in the topics of conversation, in the interest manifested in large and important subjects — the water-drinking Vermonters are to the beer-drinking Englishmen what Franklin was to the London printers. It is beyond the capacity of a well-beered brain even to read the pamphlet on *Liberty and Necessity* which Franklin wrote in those times.

The few experiments which have been made, with a view to trace the course of alcohol in the living system, all confirm what all drinkers feel, that it is to the brain alcohol hurries when it has passed the lips. Some innocent dogs have suffered and died in this investigation. Dr. Percy, a British physician, records, that he injected two ounces and a half of alcohol into the stomach of a dog, which caused its almost instant death. The dog dropped very much as he would if he had been struck upon the head with a club. The experimenter, without a moment's unnecessary delay, removed the animal's brain, subjected it to distillation, and extracted from it a surprising quantity of alcohol, — a larger proportion than he could distil from the blood or liver. The alcohol seemed to have rushed to the brain; it *was* a blow upon the head which killed the dog. Dr. Percy introduced into the stomachs of other dogs smaller quantities of alcohol, not sufficient to cause death; but upon killing the dogs, and subjecting the brain, the blood, the bile, the liver, and other portions of the body, to distillation, he invariably found more alcohol in the brain than in the same weight of other organs. He injected alcohol into the blood of dogs, which caused death; but the deadly effect was produced, not upon the substance of the blood, but upon the brain. His experiments go

far toward explaining why the drinking of alcoholic liquors does not sensibly retard digestion. It seems that, when we take wine at dinner, the alcohol does not remain in the stomach, but is immediately absorbed into the blood, and swiftly conveyed to the brain and other organs. If one of those "four-bottle men" of the last generation had fallen down dead, after boozing till past midnight, and he had been treated as Dr. Percy treated the dogs, his brain, his liver, and all the other centres of power, would have yielded alcohol in abundance; his blood would have smelt of it; his flesh would have contained it; but there would have been very little in the stomach. Those men were able to drink four, six, and seven bottles of wine at a sitting, because the sitting lasted four, six, and seven hours, which gave time for the alcohol to be distributed over the system. But instances have occurred of laboring men who have kept themselves steadily drunk for forty-eight hours, and then died. The bodies of two such were dissected some years ago in England, and the food which they had eaten at the beginning of the debauch was undigested. It had been preserved in alcohol as we preserve snakes.

Once, and only once, in the lifetime of man, an intelligent human eye has been able to look into the living stomach, and watch the process of digestion. In 1822, at the United States military post of Michilimackinac, Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian of French extraction, received accidentally a heavy charge of duck-shot in his side, while he was standing one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The wound was frightful. One of the lungs protruded, and from an enormous aperture in the stomach the food recently eaten was oozing. Dr. William Beaumont, U. S. A., the surgeon of the post, was notified, and dressed the wound. In exactly one year from that day the young man was well enough to get out of doors, and walk about the fort; and he continued to improve in health and strength, until he was as strong and hardy as most of

his race. He married, became the father of a large family, and performed for many years the laborious duties appertaining to an officer's servant at a frontier post. But the aperture into the stomach never closed, and the patient would not submit to the painful operation by which such wounds are sometimes closed artificially. He wore a compress arranged by the doctor, without which his dinner was not safe after he had eaten it.

By a most blessed chance it happened that this Dr. William Beaumont, stationed there on the outskirts of creation, was an intelligent, inquisitive human being, who perceived all the value of the opportunity afforded him by this unique event. He set about improving that opportunity. He took the young man into his service, and, at intervals, for eight years, he experimented upon him. He alone among the sons of men has seen liquid flowing into the stomach of a living person while yet the vessel was at the drinker's lips. Through the aperture (which remained two and a half inches in circumference) he could watch the entire operation of digestion, and he did so hundreds of times. If the man's stomach ached, he could look into it and see what was the matter; and, having found out, he would drop a rectifying pill into the aperture. He ascertained the time it takes to digest each of the articles of food commonly eaten, and the effects of all the errors in eating and drinking. In 1833 he published a thin volume, at Plattsburg on Lake Champlain, in which the results of thousands of experiments and observations were only too briefly stated. He appears not to have heard of teetotalism, and hence all that he says upon the effects of alcoholic liquors is free from the suspicion which the arrogance and extravagance of some teetotalers have thrown over much that has been published on this subject. With a mind unbiassed, Dr. Beaumont, peering into the stomach of this stout Canadian, notices that a glass of brandy causes the coats of that organ to assume the same inflamed

appearance as when he had been very angry, or much frightened, or had over-eaten, or had had the flow of perspiration suddenly checked. In other words, brandy played the part of a *foe* in his system, not that of a friend; it produced effects which were morbid, not healthy. Nor did it make any material difference whether St. Martin drank brandy, whiskey, wine, cider, or beer, except so far as one was stronger than the other.

"Simple water," says Dr. Beaumont, "is perhaps the only fluid that is called for by the wants of the economy. The artificial drinks are probably *all* more or less injurious; some more so than others, but none can claim exemption from the general charge. Even tea and coffee, the common beverages of all classes of people, have a tendency to debilitate the digestive organs. . . . The whole class of alcoholic liquors may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects upon the system."

He ascertained too (not guessed, or inferred, but *ascertained*, watch in hand) that such things as mustard, horse-radish, and pepper retard digestion. At the close of his invaluable work Dr. Beaumont appends a long list of "Inferences," among which are the following: "That solid food of a certain texture is easier of digestion than fluid; that stimulating condiments are injurious to the healthy system; that the use of ardent spirits *always* produces disease of the stomach if persisted in; that water, ardent spirits, and most other fluids, are not affected by the gastric juice, but pass from the stomach soon after they have been received." One thing appears to have much surprised Dr. Beaumont, and that was, the degree to which St. Martin's system could be disordered without his being much inconvenienced by it. After drinking hard every day for eight or ten days, the stomach would show alarming appearances of disease; and yet the man would only feel a slight headache, and a general dulness and languor.

If there is no comfort for drinkers in Dr. Beaumont's precious little volume, it must be also confessed, that neither the dissecting-knife nor the microscope afford us the least countenance. All that has yet been ascertained of the effects of alcohol by the dissection of the body favors the extreme position of the extreme teetotalers. A brain alcoholized the microscope proves to be a brain diseased. Blood which has absorbed alcohol is unhealthy blood, — the microscope shows it. The liver, the heart, and other organs, which have been accustomed to absorb alcohol, all give testimony under the microscope which produces discomfort in the mind of one who likes a glass of wine, and hopes to be able to continue the enjoyment of it. The dissecting-knife and the microscope so far have nothing to say for us, — nothing at all: they are dead against us.

Of all the experiments which have yet been undertaken with a view to trace the course of alcohol through the human system, the most important were those made in Paris a few years ago by Professors Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, distinguished physicians and chemists. Frenchmen have a way of co-operating with one another, both in the investigation of scientific questions and in the production of literature, which is creditable to their civilization and beneficial to the world. The experiments conducted by these gentlemen produced the remarkable effect of causing the editor of a leading periodical to confess to the public that he was not infallible. In 1855 the Westminster Review contained an article by Mr. Lewes, in which the teetotal side of these questions was effectively ridiculed; but, in 1861, the same periodical reviewed the work of the French professors just named, and honored itself by appending a note in which it said: "Since the date of our former article, scientific research has brought to light important facts which necessarily modify the opinions we then expressed concerning the *rôle* of alcohol in the animal body." Those facts were revealed or indicated in the experiments

of Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Du-roy.

Ether and chloroform, — their mode of operation ; why and how they render the living body insensible to pain under the surgeon's knife ; what becomes of them after they have performed that office, — these were the points which engaged their attention, and in the investigation of which they spent several years. They were rewarded, at length, with the success due to patience and ingenuity. By the aid of ingenious apparatus, after experiments almost numberless, they felt themselves in a position to demonstrate, that, when ether is inhaled, it is immediately absorbed by the blood, and by the blood is conveyed to the brain. If a surgeon were to commit such a breach of professional etiquette as to cut off a patient's head at the moment of complete insensibility, he would be able to distil from the brain a great quantity of ether. But it is not usual to take that liberty except with dogs. The inhalation, therefore, proceeds until the surgical operation is finished, when the handkerchief is withdrawn from the patient's face, and he is left to regain his senses. What happens then ? What becomes of the ether ? These learned Frenchmen discovered that most of it goes out of the body by the road it came in at, — the lungs. It was breathed in ; it is breathed out. The rest escapes by other channels of egress ; it all escapes, and it escapes unchanged ! That is the point ; it escapes without having *left* anything in the system. All that can be said of it is, that it entered the body, created morbid conditions in the body, and then left the body. It cost these patient men years to arrive at this result ; but any one who has ever had charge of a patient that has been rendered insensible by ether will find little difficulty in believing it.

Having reached this demonstration, the experimenters naturally thought of applying the same method and similar apparatus to the investigation of the effects of alcohol, which is the fluid nearest resembling ether and chloroform. Dogs

and men suffered in the cause. In the moisture exhaled from the pores of a drunken dog's skin, these cunning Frenchmen detected the alcohol which had made him drunk. They proved it to exist in the breath of a man, at six o'clock in the evening, who had drunk a bottle of claret for breakfast at half past ten in the morning. They also proved that, at midnight, the alcohol of that bottle of wine was still availing itself of other avenues of escape. They proved that when alcohol is taken into the system in any of its dilutions, — wine, cider, spirits, or beer, — the whole animal economy speedily busies itself with its expulsion, and continues to do so until it has expelled it. The lungs exhale it ; the pores of the skin let out a little of it ; the kidneys do their part ; and by whatever other road an enemy can escape it seeks the outer air. Like ether, alcohol enters the body, makes a disturbance there, and goes out of the body, leaving it no richer than it found it. It is a guest that departs, after giving a great deal of trouble, without paying his bill or "remembering" the servants. Now, to make the demonstration complete, it would be necessary to take some unfortunate man or dog, give him a certain quantity of alcohol, — say one ounce, — and afterwards distil from his breath, perspiration, &c., the whole quantity that he had swallowed. This has not been done ; it never will be done ; it is obviously impossible. Enough has been done to justify these conscientious and indefatigable inquirers in announcing, as a thing susceptible of all but demonstration, that alcohol contributes to the human system nothing whatever, but leaves it undigested and wholly unchanged. They are fully persuaded (and so will you be, reader, if you read their book) that, if you take into your system an ounce of alcohol, the whole ounce leaves the system within forty-eight hours, just as good alcohol as it went in.

There is a boy in *Pickwick* who swallowed a farthing. "Out with it," said the father ; and it is to be pre-

sumed—though Mr. Weller does not mention the fact—that the boy complied with a request so reasonable. Just as much nutrition as that small copper coin left in the system of that boy, plus a small lump of sugar, did the claret which we drank yesterday deposit in ours; so, at least, we must infer from the experiments of Messrs. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy.

To evidence of this purely scientific nature might be added, if space could be afforded, a long list of persons who, having indulged in wine for many years, have found benefit from discontinuing the use of it. Most of us have known such instances. I have known several, and I can most truly say, that I have never known an individual in tolerable health, who discontinued the use of any stimulant whatever without benefit. We all remember Sydney Smith's strong sentences on this point, scattered through the volume which contains the correspondence of that delicious humorist and wit. "I like London better than ever I liked it before," he writes in the prime of his prime (forty-three years old) to Lady Holland, "and simply, I believe, from water-drinking. Without this, London is stupefaction and inflammation." So has New York become. Again, in 1828, when he was fifty-seven, to the same lady: "I not only was never better, but never half so well; indeed, I find I have been very ill all my life without knowing it. Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a plough-boy. If I wake, no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections: Holland House, past and to come! If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks, and make greater exertions, without fatigue. My understanding is improved, and I comprehend political economy. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from

it; I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood, or look out for some one who will bore or depress me. Pray leave off wine: the stomach is quite at rest; no heartburn, no pain, no distention."

I have also a short catalogue of persons who, having long lived innocent of these agreeable drinks, began at length to use them. Dr. Franklin's case is striking. That "water American," as he was styled by the London printers, whose ceaseless guzzling of beer he ridiculed in his twentieth year, drank wine in his sixtieth with the freedom usual at that period among persons of good estate. "At parting," he writes in 1768, when he was sixty-two, "after we had drank a bottle and a half of claret each, Lord Clare hugged and kissed me, protesting he never in his life met with a man he was so much in love with." The consequence of this departure from the customs of his earlier life was ten years of occasional acute torture from the stone and gravel. Perhaps, if Franklin had remained a "water American," he would have annexed Canada to the United States at the peace of 1782. An agonizing attack of stone laid him on his back for three months, just as the negotiation was becoming interesting; and by the time he was well again the threads were gone out of his hands into those of the worst diplomats that ever threw a golden chance away.

What are we to conclude from all this? Are we to knock the heads out of all our wine-casks, join the temperance society, and denounce all men who do not follow our example? Taking together all that science and observation teach and indicate, we have one certainty: That, to a person in good health and of good life, alcoholic liquors are not necessary, but are always in some degree hurtful. This truth becomes so clear, after a few weeks' investigation, that I advise every person who means to keep on drinking such liquors not to look into the facts; for if he does, he will never again be able to lift a glass of wine to his lips, nor

contemplate a foaming tankard, nor mix his evening toddy, nor hear the pop and melodious gurgle of champagne, with that fine complacency which irradiates his countenance now, and renders it so pleasing a study to those who sit on the other side of the table. No; never again! Even the flavor of those fluids will lose something of their charm. The conviction will obtrude itself upon his mind, at most inopportune moments, that this drinking of wine, beer, and whiskey, to which we are so much addicted, is an enormous delusion. If the teetotalers would induce some rational being — say that public benefactor, Dr. Willard Parker of New York — to collect into one small volume the substance of all the investigations alluded to in this article, — the substance of Dr. Beaumont's precious little book, the substance of the French professors' work, and the others, — adding no comment except such as might be necessary to elucidate the investigators' meaning, it could not but carry conviction to every candid and intelligent reader, that spirituous drinks are to the healthy system an injury necessarily, and in all cases.*

The Coming Man, then, so long as he enjoys good health, — which he usually will from infancy to hoary age, — will *not* drink wine, nor, of course, any of the coarser alcoholic dilutions. To that unclouded and fearless intelligence, science will be the supreme law; it will be to him more than the Koran is to a Mohammedan, and more than the Infal-

* The teetotal tracts and books abound in exaggeration. In a treatise which professes to be scientific I read such explosions as the following: "Wilkes Booth, the cowardly murderer of the late President of the United States, when he saw his helpless victim in the box at the theatre, had not the cruelty to strike the blow; his better feelings overcame him, and, trembling with suppressed agony at the thought of becoming an assassin, he rushed into the nearest *restaurant*, crying out, — 'Brandy! Brandy! Brandy!' Then, gulping down the hellish draught, it instantly poisoned his blood, fired up his brain, transformed his whole nature into that of a raging fiend; and in this remorseless condition he shot down that noble-hearted President, — the nation's great hope, — the people's best friend. Then, what killed the President of the United States? I answer, 'Brandy! Brandy! Brandy!'" Such falsehoods may provoke laughter, but cannot create conviction.

lible Church is to a Roman Catholic. Science, or, in other words, the law of God as revealed in nature, life, and history, and as ascertained by experiment, observation, and thought, — this will be the teacher and guide of the Coming Man.

A single certainty in a matter of so much importance is not to be despised. I can now say to young fellows who order a bottle of wine, and flatter themselves that, in so doing, they approve themselves "jolly dogs": No, my lads, it is because you are dull dogs that you want the wine. You are forced to borrow excitement because you have squandered your natural gayety. The ordering of the wine is a confession of insolvency. When we feel it necessary to "take something" at certain times during the day, we are in a condition similar to that of a merchant who every day, about the anxious hour of half past two, has to run around among his neighbors borrowing credit. It is something disgraceful or suspicious. Nature does not supply enough of inward force. We are in arrears. Our condition is absurd, and, if we ought not to be alarmed, we ought at least to be ashamed. Nor does the borrowed credit increase our store; it leaves nothing behind to enrich us, but takes something from our already insufficient stock; and the more pressing our need the more it costs us to borrow.

But the Coming Man, blooming, robust, alert, and light-hearted as he will be, may not be always well. If, as he springs up a mountain-side, his foot slips, the law of gravitation will respect nature's darling too much to keep him from tumbling down the precipice; and, as he wanders in strange regions, an unperceived malaria may poison his pure and vivid blood. Some generous errors, too, he may commit (although it is not probable), and expend a portion of his own life in warding off evil from the lives of others. Fever may blaze even in his clear eyes; poison may rack his magnificent frame, and a long convalescence may severely try his admirable patience. Will the Coming

Man drink wine when he is sick? Here the testimony becomes contradictory. The question is not easily answered.

One valuable witness on this branch of the inquiry is the late Theodore Parker. A year or two before his lamented death, when he was already struggling with the disease that terminated his existence, he wrote for his friend, Dr. Bowditch, "the consumptive history" of his family from 1634, when his stalwart English ancestor settled in New England. The son of that ancestor built a house, in 1664, upon the slope of a hill which terminated in "a great fresh meadow of spongy peat," which was "always wet all the year through," and from which "fogs could be seen gathering towards night of a clear day."* In the third generation of the occupants of this house consumption was developed, and carried off eight children out of eleven, all between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. From that time consumption was the bane of the race, and spared not the offspring of parents who had removed from the family seat into localities free from malaria. One of the daughters of the house, who married a man of giant stature and great strength, became the mother of four sons. Three of these sons, though settled in a healthy place and in an innoxious business, died of consumption between twenty and twenty-five. But the fourth son became intemperate, — drank great quantities of New England rum. He did *not* die of the disease, but was fifty-five years of age when the account was written, and then exhibited no consumptive tendency! To this fact Mr. Parker added others: —

"1. I know a consumptive family living in a situation like that I have mentioned for, perhaps, the same length of time, who had four sons. Two of them were often drunk, and always intemperate, — one of them as long as I can remember; both consumptive in early life, but now both hearty men from sixty to seventy. The two others were temperate, one drinking moderately, the

other but occasionally. They both died of consumption, the eldest not over forty-five.

"2. Another consumptive family in such a situation as has been already described had many sons and several daughters. The daughters were all temperate, married, settled elsewhere, had children, died of consumption, bequeathing it also to their posterity. But five of the sons, whom I knew, were drunkards, — some, of the extremest description; they all had the consumptive build, and in early life showed signs of the disease, but none of them died of it; some of them are still burning in rum. There was one brother temperate, a farmer, living in the healthiest situation. But I was told he died some years ago of consumption."

To these facts must be added one more woful than a thousand such, — that Theodore Parker himself, one of the most valuable lives upon the Western Continent, died of consumption in his fiftieth year. The inference which Mr. Parker drew from the family histories given was the following: "Intemperate habits (where the man drinks a pure, though coarse and fiery, liquor, like New England rum) tend to check the consumptive tendency, though the drunkard, who himself escapes the consequences, may transmit the fatal seed to his children."

There is not much comfort in this for toppers; but the facts are interesting, and have their value. A similar instance is related by Mr. Charles Knight; although in this case the poisoned air was more deadly, and more swift to destroy. Mr. Knight speaks, in his *Popular History of England*, of the "careless and avaricious employers" of London, among whom, he says, the master-tailors were the most notorious. Some of them would "huddle sixty or eighty workmen close together, nearly knee to knee, in a room fifty feet long by twenty feet broad, lighted from above, where the temperature in summer was thirty degrees higher than the temperature outside. Young men from the country fainted when they were first

* Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker. By John Weiss. Vol. II. p. 513.

confined in such a life-destroying prison; the maturer ones *sustained themselves by gin*, till they perished of consumption, or typhus, or delirium tremens.*

To a long list of such facts as these could be added instances in which the deadly agent was other than poisoned air,—excessive exertion, very bad food, gluttony, deprivation. During the war I knew of a party of cavalry who, for three days and three nights, were not out of the saddle fifteen minutes at a time. The men consumed two quarts of whiskey each, and all of them came in alive. It is a custom in England to extract the last possible five miles from a tired horse, when those miles *must* be had from him, by forcing down his most unwilling throat a quart of beer. It is known, too, that life can be sustained for many years in considerable vigor, upon a remarkably short allowance of food, provided the victim keeps his system well saturated with alcohol. Travellers across the plains to California tell us that, soon after getting past St. Louis, they strike a region where the principal articles of diet are saleratus and grease, to which a little flour and pork are added; upon which, they say, human life cannot be sustained unless the natural waste of the system is retarded by “preserving” the tissues in whiskey. Mr. Greeley, however, got through alive without resorting to this expedient, but he confesses in one of his letters that he suffered pangs and horrors of indigestion.

All such facts as these—and they could be collected in great numbers—indicate the real office of alcohol in our modern life: *It enables us to violate the laws of nature without immediate suffering and speedy destruction.* This appears to be its chief office, in conjunction with its ally, tobacco. Those tailors would have soon died or escaped but for the gin; and those horsemen would have given up and perished but for the whiskey. Nature commanded those soldiers to rest, but they were

enabled, for the moment, to disobey her. Doubtless Nature was even with them afterwards; but, for the time, they *could* defy their mother great and wise. Alcohol supported them in doing wrong. Alcohol and tobacco support half the modern world in doing wrong. That is their part—their *rôle*, as the French investigators term it—in the present life of the human race.

Dr. Great Practice would naturally go to bed at ten o'clock, when he comes in from his evening visits. It is his cigar that keeps him up till half past twelve, writing those treatises which make him famous, and shorten his life. Lawyer Heavy Fee takes home his papers, pores over them till past one, and then depends upon whiskey to quiet his brain and put him to sleep. Young Bohemian gets away from the office of the morning paper which enjoys the benefit of his fine talents at three o'clock. It is two mugs of lager-beer which enable him to endure the immediate consequences of eating a supper before going home. This is mad work, my masters; it is respectable suicide, nothing better.

There is a paragraph now making the grand tour of the newspapers, which informs the public that there was a dinner given the other evening in New York consisting of twelve courses, and kept the guests five hours at the table. For five hours, men and women sat consuming food, occupying half an hour at each viand. What could sustain human nature in such an amazing effort? What could enable them to look into one another's faces without blushing scarlet at the infamy of such a waste of time, food, and digestive force? What concealed from them the iniquity and deep vulgarity of what they were doing? The explanation of this mystery is given in the paragraph that records the crime: “There was a different kind of wine for each course.”

Even an ordinary dinner-party,—what mortal could eat it through, or sit it out, without a constant sipping of wine to keep his brain muddled, and

* Quoted by Governor Andrew, in his “Argument,” from Knight, Vol. VIII. p. 392.

lash his stomach to unnatural exertion. The joke of it is, that we all know and confess to one another how absurd such banquets are, and yet few have the courage and humanity to feed their friends in a way which they can enjoy, and feel the better for the next morning.

When I saw Mr. Dickens eating and drinking his way through the elegantly bound book which Mr. Delmonico substituted for the usual bill of fare at the dinner given by the Press last April to the great artist, — a task of three hours' duration, — when, I say, I saw Mr. Dickens thus engaged, I wondered which banquet was the furthest from being the right thing, — the one to which he was then vainly trying to do justice, or the one of which Martin Chuzzlewit partook, on the day he landed in New York, at Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house. The poultry, on the latter occasion, "disappeared as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished, whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums, and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see." Of course, the company adjourned from the dining-room to "the bar-room in the next block," where they imbibed strong drink enough to keep their dinner from prostrating them.

The Delmonico banquet was a very different affair. Our public dinners are all arranged on the English system; for we have not yet taken up with the fine, sweeping principle, that whatever is right for England is wrong for America. Hence, not a lady was present! Within a day's journey of New York there are about thirty ladies who write regularly for the periodical press, besides as many more, perhaps, who contribute to it occasionally. Many editors, too, derive constant and important as-

sistance, in the exercise of their profession, from their wives and daughters, who read books for them, suggest topics, correct errors, and keep busy editors in mind of the great truth that more than one half the human race is female. Mrs. Kemble, who had a treble claim to a seat at that table, was not many miles distant. Why were none of these gifted ladies present to grace and enliven the scene? The true answer is: *Wine and smoke!* Not *our* wine and smoke, but those of our British ancestors who invented public dinners. The hospitable young gentlemen who had the affair in charge would have been delighted, no doubt, to depart from the established system, but hardly liked to risk so tremendous an innovation on an occasion of so much interest. If it had been put to the vote (by ballot), when the company had assembled, Shall we have ladies or not? all the hard drinkers, all the old smokers, would have futively written "not" upon their ballots. Those who drink little wine, and do not depend upon that little; those who do not smoke or can easily dispense with smoke, — would have voted for the ladies; and the ladies would have carried the day by the majority which is so hard to get, — two thirds.

It was a wise man who discovered that a small quantity of excellent soup is a good thing to begin a dinner with. He deserves well of his species. The soup allays the hungry savage within us, and restores us to civilization and to one another. Nor is he to be reckoned a traitor to his kind who first proclaimed that a little very nice and dainty fish, hot and crisp from the fire, is a pleasing introduction to more substantial viands. Six oysters upon their native shell, fresh from their ocean home, and freshly opened, small in size, intense in flavor, cool, but not too cold, radiating from a central quarter of a lemon, — this, too, was a fine conception, worthy of the age in which we live. But in what language can we characterize aright the abandoned man who first presumed to tempt Christians to begin a repast by partaking of *all* three of these, — oysters,

soup, *and* fish? The object is defeated. The true purpose of these introductory trifles is to appease the appetite in a slight degree, so as to enable us to take sustenance with composure and dignity, and dispose the company to conversation. When a properly constituted person has eaten six oysters, a plate of soup, and the usual portion of fish, with the proper quantity of potatoes and bread, he has taken as much sustenance as nature requires. All the rest of the banquet is excess; and being excess, it is also mistake; it is a diminution of the sum-total of pleasure which the repast was capable of affording. But when Mr. Delmonico had brought us successfully so far on our way through his book; when we had consumed our oysters, our cream of asparagus in the Dumas style, our kettle-drums in the manner of Charles Dickens, and our trout cooked so as to do honor to Queen Victoria, we had only picked up a few pebbles on the shore of the banquet, while the great ocean of food still stretched out before us illimitable. The fillet of beef after the manner of Lucullus, the stuffed lamb in the style of Sir Walter Scott, the cutlets à la Fenimore Cooper, the historic pâtés, the sighs of Mantalini, and a dozen other efforts of Mr. Delmonico's genius, remained to be attempted.

No man would willingly eat or sit through such a dinner without plenty of wine, which here plays its natural part, — supporting us in doing wrong. It is the wine which enables people to keep on eating for three hours, and to cram themselves with highly concentrated food, without rolling on the floor in agony. It is the wine which puts it within our power to consume, in digesting one dinner, the force that would suffice for the digestion of three.

On that occasion Mr. Dickens was invited to visit us every twenty-five years "for the rest of his life," to see how we are getting on. The Coming Man may be a guest at the farewell banquet which the Press will give to the venerable author in 1893. That banquet will consist of three courses; and, in-

stead of seven kinds of wine and various brands of cigars, there will be at every table its due proportion of ladies, the ornaments of their own sex, the instructors of ours, the boast and glory of the future Press of America.

Wine, ale, and liquors, administered strictly as medicine, — what of them? Doctors differ on the subject, and known facts point to different conclusions. Distinguished physicians in England are of the opinion that Prince Albert would be alive at this moment if *no* wine had been given him during his last sickness; but there were formerly those who thought that the Princess Charlotte would have been saved, if, at the crisis of her malady, she could have *had* the glass of port wine which she craved and asked for. The biographers of William Pitt — Lord Macaulay among them — tell us, that at fourteen that precocious youth was tormented by inherited gout, and that the doctors prescribed a hair of the same dog which had bitten his ancestor from whom the gout was derived. The boy, we are told, used to consume two bottles of port a day; and, after keeping up this regimen for several months, he recovered his health, and retained it until, at the age of forty-seven, the news of Ulm and Austerlitz struck him mortal blows. Professor James Miller, of the University of Edinburgh, a decided teetotaler, declares *for* wine in bad cases of fever; but Dr. R. T. Trall, another teetotaler, says that during the last twenty years he has treated hundreds of cases of fevers on the cold-water system, and "not yet lost the first one"; although, during the first ten years of his practice, when he gave wine and other stimulants, he lost "about the usual proportion of cases." The truth appears to be that, in a few instances of intermittent disease, a small quantity of wine may sometimes enable a patient who is at the low tide of vitality to anticipate the turn of the tide, and borrow at four o'clock enough of five o'clock's strength to enable him to reach five o'clock. With regard to this daily drinking of wine and whiskey,

by ladies and others, for mere debility, it is a delusion. In such cases wine is, in the most literal sense of the word, a mocker. It seems to nourish, but does not; it seems to warm, but does not; it seems to strengthen, but does not. It is an arrant cheat, and perpetuates the evils it is supposed to alleviate.

The Coming Man, as before remarked, will not drink wine when he is well. It will be also an article of his religion not to commit any of those sins against his body the consequences of which can be postponed by drinking wine. He will hold his body in veneration. He will feel all the turpitude and shame of violating it. He will not acquire the greatest intellectual good by the smallest bodily loss. He will know that mental acquisitions gained at the expense of physical power or prowess are not culture, but effeminacy. He will honor a rosy and stalwart ignoramus, who is also an honest man, faithfully standing at his post; but he will start back with affright and indignation at the spectacle of a pallid philosopher. The Coming Man, I am firmly persuaded, will not drink wine, nor any other stimulating fluid. If by chance he should be sick, he will place himself in the hands of the Coming Doctor, and take whatever is prescribed. The impression is strong upon my mind, after reading almost all there is in print on the subject, and conversing with many physicians, that the Coming Doctor will give his patients alcoholic mixtures about as often as he will give them laudanum, and in doses of about the same magnitude, reckoned by drops.

We drinkers have been in the habit, for many years, of playing off the wine countries against the teetotalers; but even this argument fails us when we question the men who really know the wine countries. Alcohol appears to be as pernicious to man in Italy, France, and Southern Germany, where little is taken except in the form of wine, as it is in Sweden, Scotland, Russia, England, and the United States, where more fiery and powerful dilutions are

usual. Fenimore Cooper wrote: "I came to Europe under the impression that there was more drunkenness among us than in any other country,—England, perhaps, excepted. A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely; I have taken unbelievers with me into the streets, and have never failed to convince them of their mistake in the course of an hour. . . . On one occasion a party of four went out with this object; we passed thirteen drunken men within a walk of an hour,—many of them were so far gone as to be totally unable to walk. . . . In passing between Paris and London, I have been more struck by drunkenness in the streets of the former than in those of the latter." Horatio Greenough gives similar testimony respecting Italy: "Many of the more thinking and prudent Italians abstain from the use of wine; several of the most eminent of the medical men are notoriously opposed to its use, and declare it a poison. One fifth, and sometimes one fourth, of the earnings of the laborers are expended in wine."

I have been surprised at the quantity, the emphasis, and the uniformity of the testimony on this point. Close observers of the famous beer countries, such as Saxony and Bavaria, where the beer is pure and excellent, speak of this delicious liquid as the chief enemy of the nobler faculties and tastes of human nature. The surplus wealth, the surplus time, the surplus force of those nations are chiefly expended in fuddling the brain with beer. Now, no reader of this periodical needs to be informed that the progress of man, of nations, and of men depends upon the use they make of their little surplus. It is not a small matter, but a great and weighty consideration,—the cost of these drinks in mere money. We drinkers must make out a very clear case in order to justify such a country as France in producing a *billion and a half of dollars'* worth of wine and brandy per annum.

The teetotalers, then, are right in their leading positions, and yet they stand aghast, wondering at their failure

to convince mankind. Mr. E. G. Delavan writes from Paris within these few weeks: "When I was here thirty years since, Louis Philippe told me that wine was the curse of France; that he wished every grape-vine was destroyed, except for the production of food; that total abstinence was the only true temperance; but he did not believe there were fifteen persons in Paris who understood it as it was understood by his family and myself; but he hoped from the labors in America, in time, an influence would flow back upon France that would be beneficial. I am here again after the lapse of so many years, and, in place of witnessing any abatement of the evil, I think it is on the increase, especially in the use of distilled spirits."

The teetotalers have always underrated the difficulty of the task they have undertaken, and misconceived its nature. It is not the great toe that most requires treatment when a man has the gout, although it is the great toe that makes him roar. When we look about us, and consider the present physical life of man, we are obliged to conclude that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. Drinking is but a symptom, which reveals the malady. Perhaps, if we were all to stop our guzzling suddenly, *without* discontinuing our other bad habits, we should rather lose by it than gain. Alcohol supports us in doing wrong! It prevents our immediate destruction. The thing for us to do is, to strike at the causes of drinking, to cease the bad breathing, the bad eating, the bad reading, the bad feeling and bad thinking, which, in a sense, necessitate bad drinking. For some of the teetotal organizations might be substituted Physical Welfare Societies.

The Human Race is now on trial for its life! One hundred and three years ago last April James Watt, a poor Scotch mechanic, while taking his walk on Sunday afternoon on Glasgow Green, conceived the idea which has made steam man's submissive and untiring slave. Steam enables the fifteen mil-

lions of adults in Great Britain and Ireland to produce more commodities than the whole population of the earth could produce without its assistance. Steam, plus the virgin soil of two new continents, has placed the means of self-destruction within the reach of hundreds of millions of human beings whose ancestors were almost as safe in their ignorance and poverty as the beasts they attended. At the same time, the steam-engine is an infuriate propagator; and myriad creatures of its producing — creatures of eager desires, thin brains, excessive vanity, and small self-control — seem formed to bend the neck to the destructive tyranny of fashion, and yield helplessly to the more destructive tyranny of habit. The steam-engine gives them a great variety of the means of self-extirpation, — air-tight houses, labor-saving machines, luxurious food, stimulating drinks, highly wrought novels, and many others. Let *all* women for the next century but wear such restraining clothes as are now usual, and it is doubtful if the race could ever recover from the effects; it is doubtful if there could ever again be a full-orbed, bouncing baby. Wherever we look, we see the human race dwindling. The English aristocracy used to be thought an exception, but Miss Nightingale says not. She tells us, that the great houses of England, like the small houses of America, contain great-grandmothers possessing constitutions without a flaw, grandmothers but slightly impaired, mothers who are often ailing and never strong, daughters who are miserable and hopeless invalids. And the steam-engine has placed efficient means of self-destruction within reach of the kitchen, the stable, the farm, and the shop; and those means of self-destruction are all but universally used.

Perhaps man has nearly run his course in this world, and is about to disappear, like the mammoth, and give place to some nobler kind of creature who will manage the estate better than the present occupant. Certainly we cannot boast of having done very well

with it, nor could we complain if we should receive notice to leave. Perhaps James Watt came into the world to extinguish his species. If so, it is well. Let us go on, eating, drinking, smoking, over-working, idling, men killing themselves to buy clothes for their wives, wives killing themselves by wearing them, children petted and candied into imbecility and diphtheria. In that case, of course, there will be no Coming Man, and we need not take the trouble to inquire what he will do.

But probably the instinct of self-preservation will assert itself in time, and an antidote to the steam-engine will be found before it has impaired the whole race beyond recovery. To have discovered the truth with regard to the effects of alcohol upon the system was of itself no slight triumph of the self-preserving principle. It is probable that the truly helpful men of the next hundred years will occupy themselves very much with the physical welfare of the race, without which no other welfare is possible.

WORLDLY WISE.

IT was the boatman Ronsalee,
And he sailed through the mists so white;
And two little ladies sat at his knee,
With their two little heads so bright;
And so they sailed and sailed—all three—
On the golden coast o' the night.

Young Ronsalee had a handsome face,
And his great beard made him brown;
And the two little ladies in girlish grace
They kept their eyelids down,—
The one in her silken veil of lace,
And the one in her woolsey gown.

For one little lady lived in the wood,
Like a flower that hides from the day;
Her name was Jenny,—they called her the good.
And the name o' the other was May;
And her palace windows looked on the flood,
Where they softly sailed away.

Long time the balance even stood
With our Ronsalee that day;
But what was a little house in the wood
To a palace grand and gay?
So he gave his heart to Jenny, the good,
And his hand he gave to May.

DE PISCIMUM NATURA.

THERE was one woodcut in the primary geography which alone was well worth the price of the book, and that was "Indians spearing Salmon." There were other woodcuts of decided merit; *exempli gratia*, the view of a "civilized and enlightened" nation, wherein a severely stiff gentleman is taking off his bell-crowned hat to a short-waisted lady in a coal-scuttle bonnet. But "Indians spearing Salmon" was a great deal better. Two of them there were, with not much clothing save a spear, wherewith they were threatening certain fishes that, like animated shoe-soles, were springing nimbly against a waterfall. An almost mythical romance overspread the scene; for Indians and Salmon are long since lost to us, and only a vanishing form of them still lingers in the half-breeds and the sea-trout of Marshpee, just as the alligator now brings to mind the great fossil saurians he so degenerately represents. Yet our woodcut is not at all mythical, but really historical. Does not excellent Gookin inform us of the notable "fishing-place" at Wamesit, where Reverendus Eliot "spread the net of the Gospel" to fish for the souls of the poor Indian pagans? Alas! all this is replaced by the High Honorable Locks and Canals Company, and the turbine and other not easily understood water-wheels, of Lowell. Not that we have anything against the High Honorable, the only old-fashioned corporation we know of that invites official persons to dine,—a praiseworthy custom, followed not even by the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Office; although some of the insurance companies keep crackers, and others ginger-nuts, whereby certain worthy old gentlemen, who have not more than a million, or, at the outside, a million and a half, make a clear daily saving (Sundays excepted) in the matter of luncheon. But the High Honorable gives

you a real dinner *chez* mine host Mr. T., no less a man than the discoverer and owner of the celebrated "Black-hawk,"—and yet so little puffed up by this distinction, that, with his proper hands, he will bring in the breaded pigs' feet for which his house is noted. Also he has invented a safe, which, like the Union Deposit Vaults, is to be forced *nec igne nec ferro*; for, being asked how he secured the Oleroso Sherry of the High Honorable, he replied that it was in a place where no harm ever could come to it,—to wit, under his bed. Is it not a pity he cannot serve a Salmon taken in its season, glittering, from Pawtucket Falls?

When the apple-trees of our thrifty forefathers were bursting into blossom on the banks of the Merrimack, and the land was furrowed for the corn and the pumpkins, and the pleasant river itself was running swift and full, then the great silver Salmon, fresh from the salt water, would leap and tumble as they drove up stream, bound for the cold brooks of the Pemigewasset, or away beyond it to those of Franconia Notch. With them came great battalions of Shad; and hosts of homely Alewives, that forced themselves through every little rivulet as they crowded to their breeding-ponds. The Shad held soberly to the main stream till they came to the Winnipiseogee River, where they said *au revoir* to the Salmon, and turned their heads toward the lake. That lake knows them no more, yet there is a fish therein that still is called the Shad-waiter, who perhaps regards his friend as a sort of "Malbrook," and who yearly repeats to himself, "Il reviendra au Pâque ou à la Trinité." Yes! the two Indians of the woodcut have gone, and their Salmon have gone. We don't want the Indians back again, but we *should* like the Salmon; we should like to stand on the Dracut shore, and hook a twenty-pound fish,

without the risk of having our scalp nailed to the gates of the Massachusetts Cotton Mills.

When we asked Mr. Madder Spinney why there were no longer fish in the river, that enterprising mill-owner replied, that it was "owing to the progress of civilization"; whereupon we were led to wonder, *whether*, if we should cut all the belting in his mill, Mr. Spinney would say the machinery stopped by reason of the progress of civilization. Spinney junior is getting his education at Harvard, and there he will probably learn enough to understand that the fish were not taken care of, and therefore disappeared. If compelled to write a forensic on the subject, he might get enough information to tell the following sad tale of the destruction of the Autochthonoi.

Less than a century ago people were seized with a beaver-like desire to build dams. They called themselves slack-water companies, — which referred, perhaps, to their finances. These dams bothered the fish, for no way was given to help them over, notwithstanding the old Crown law, and notwithstanding learned decisions, as in *Stoughton versus Baker*; for the beavers cared not for Crown law, and took no kind of interest in Mr. Stoughton or Mr. Baker. So the Salmon and Shad were diminished, yet not destroyed. Now ingenious gentlemen used to go up to Chelmsford and Dracut, and gaze at the river. Perhaps they considered how slack the water was. At any rate they soon began to resolve great things. If, thought they, a mill-pond will turn a wheel to grind corn, why not also a wheel to spin cotton? and why not thus spin a great deal of cotton? So they began; while the merchants looked on with horror at this prospect of several thousand yards of cloth to be cast, in one vast flood, upon the market.

Next year the sober Shad, making their usual rush at the sloping face of the Pawtucket Falls dam, had a tough thing of it. Some got over, and some had to fall back, all out of breath, and take another run. Never had their

dignity been so tried. The fact is, the dam had been raised. It is true the Salmon made nothing of it. The lazy ones went up the sloping part, while the more lively jumped the steeper portions; and one active fellow, incited by his lady-love, who was peeking over the crest of the fall at him, made such a frantic bound at the "corner," that he threw himself ten feet out of water, and came down, slosh, in the mill-pond above, to the delight of the females, though his own sex said anybody could do it who chose to try. The fishermen looked with apprehension on these increasing difficulties, and threatened to pull the dam down; but the gentlemen, from being ingenious, as aforesaid, now became defiant, and expressed themselves to this effect, namely, that they should like to see the fishermen do it. This was sarcasm; and though Whately says sarcasm should be used sparingly, in this instance the effect was good, and the dam remained.

By this time, what with seines, pots, dip-nets, spears, hooks, dams, and mills, the fisheries were in a poor way; and the old New Hampshire lady who used to spear Salmon with a pitchfork could do so no more. The fishes whimpered, and would have whimpered much more had they known what was coming.

Certain Pentakosiomedimnoi of Athens determined to put a hothead of manufactures in a corner of Andover, on the Merrimack, and to grow mills, like early lettuce, all in four weeks. They spoke

"The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,"

"And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone";

and, when the Salmon and the Shad came up the next spring, they ran their noses against a granite scarp, twenty-three feet high, from whose crest fell a thundering cataract. The Shad rolled up their eyes at it, wagged their tails, and fell down stream to Marston's Ferry. The Salmon, springing and plunging, eagerly reconnoitred the position from wing to wing. At last one lively grilse cried out: "Here is a sort of trough coming down from the top! but

it's awful steep!" "Stand aside," shouted the hoarse voice of an old male Salmon, whose glorious hooked jaw penetrated his upper lip, and stood out two inches above his nose. And with that he rushed *tête baissée* against the torrent. An old fisherman who was standing on the abutment suddenly exclaimed: "There was a whopper tried it! He got half-way up; but it ain't no kind er use. I told them County Commissioners that the only way they would get fish up *that* fishway was to hitch a rope to 'em. But they was like all folks that don't know nothin',—they thought they knew all about it."

The Lawrence dam and its noted fishway (constructed "to the satisfaction of the County Commissioners") made an end of the Salmon, because they can hatch their eggs only in the mountain brooks; but the Shad could breed in warmer and more turbid waters, and they therefore continued to flourish in a limited sort of way. Time went on. Children who ate of the last shad of New Hampshire waters had grown to man's estate, and the memory of the diet of their youth seemed to have died within them; but it *slept only*. In the year 1865 they rose as one man and as one woman, and cried: "Give us the flesh-pots of our youth, the Salmon and the Shad, and the Alewife, and the fatness thereof! or we will divert all the waters of the great Lake Winnipiseogee into the Piscataqua, which runs down to the sea over against Portsmouth!" These cries came to the ears of the Pentakosiomedimnoi, the High Honorable Locks and Canals, and all the Mandarins of the Red Button that are in and about Franklin Street. They took counsel together. "Do nothing about it!" said the Mandarins. "Pay them," suggested the Pentakosiomedimnoi. "Dine them—Blackhawk—pigs' feet," murmured the High Honorable. Here the echoes seemed to say "*Fishways!*" This was a dreadful word, because to them a fishway (other than that of a County Commissioner) was a big gap to let all the water out of a mill-pond.

They appeared in force before the Legislature with a panathenaic chorus.

PARHODOS.*

O honorable Areopagites
Io! Io!—
Zeus the earth-shaker,
Poseidon, heaver of the waves,
Send us water;—
Hephaistos, the iron-worker,
And his much skilful Kuklops
Give us power:
Do not those wretches who cry
Fish! Fish!
Strive against the immortal Gods?

The Legislature did what everybody ought to do who has any responsibility: namely, first, not to assume said responsibility; secondly, to gain time; thirdly, to get somebody else to do the work. The somebody else took on the form of two commissioners,—the very "official persons" already referred to. These proceeded to collect information. They cross-questioned the oldest inhabitants, and got crooked answers; they entered into the mysteries of flashboards, and investigated the properties of garancine; they wandered on the river-banks after the manner of the spotted tatlér (*Totanus macularius*); and at last they made a report only fifty pages long, the brevity of which proved two negative points: first, that the commissioners were not congressmen; and, second, that they had never written for newspapers or for periodicals. Thereupon the Legislature, gratified beyond measure, said: "Good boys! now work some more. Build some fishways. Breed some fish. And here is a check to pay for it all." Thus encouraged, the official persons did build fishways, especially a big one at Lawrence in place of the singular trough already referred to. But, when they came to Holyoke, on the Connecticut, the Wooden-Dam-and-Nutmeg Company there dwelling were inclined to the papal aphorism, *Non possumus*, which is equivalent to Mr. Toodles's "It's not quite in our line; and we really can't." The fact is, the Nut-

* Those who have studied the useful metrical works of our universities will know that this is an iambic trimeter acatalectic in pyrrichium aut iambum. Those who do *not* know this are to be pitied.

megs had a "charter" which they held to be a sovereign balm for fishways, and which they fulminated against the official persons, as William the Testy fulminated his proclamation against the Yankee onion patches. This, and the high water of that summer, retarded the development of the fishway for the time being; but meanwhile important incubations were going on just below the dam,—nothing less, indeed, than the hatching of Shad by an artificial method. All this is something to be explained, and deserves a new paragraph.

In the times of the later Roman emperors, to such a pitch had luxury risen, that a mullet was often sold—No! this is a little too bad; you shall *not* be bored with dreadful old stories of Heliogabalus and oysters, or of the cruel *gourmet* with his "*in murænas*." Well, then, start once more: In the Middle Ages, when Europe was overshadowed by monkish superstition, the observance of Lent rendered a large supply of fish necessary; fish-ponds were therefore—Oh! there we go again, more prosy than ever. Come, now, let us get at once to Joseph Rémy. Joseph Rémy, a man of humble station and slight education, but of studious and reflective temperament, was one of those instances, more common in America than abroad, where a man, without the external advantages of culture or of fortune, rises by his own efforts to a well-deserved eminence. He was a—yes, and all that sort of thing. The fact is, Rémy found he could squeeze the eggs out of fishes, and hatch them afterwards; and so can anybody else who chooses to try, and who will take pains enough. We have had Columbus and the hen's egg; now we have Rémy and the fish egg. As to the exact manner of hatching fish, is it not written in the report of the Commissioners for this year,* and in the report of the United

States Commissioner of Agriculture for 1866, and in the "Voyages" of Professor Coste, and in five hundred books and papers beside?

From this fish culture, if we will only make it a real industry in this Commonwealth, may come important additions to our bill of fare. Many things are more pleasant than paying as much as we now do for animal food. Fish, flesh, and fowl are all as dear as dear can be; and, what is worse, they are hard to come at, for our back-country people, during the hot weather. We have two goodly rivers in Massachusetts, and plenty of streams, brooks, ponds, pools, and springs. We cultivate corn and potatoes on the land (and lose money on every bushel); why not cultivate fish in the waters, and *make* money? There are two secrets at the foundation of success. First, fishes must be taken from the domain of *game*, and become *property*. Secondly, the fishes must be fed for nothing; and the way to do that is to breed multitudes of herbivorous or of insectivorous fishes to feed the carnivorous fishes, which, in turn, are to feed man. Thus, if you have a thousand Trout, do you breed for their diet a million Shiners; and these will take care of themselves, except in the matter of getting caught by the Trout. So much for domestic culture,—our fish-coop, as we may come to call it. Then, as to the encouragement of migratory sea-fishes,—the Salmon, Sea-trout, Shad, Bass, Alewife, Sturgeon,—if you would have children, you must have a nursery; if you would have fish, you must extend their breeding-grounds. Open, then, the ten thousand dams that bar our streams, and, with care and patience, these waters will be peopled; and we, whose mother earth is so barren, will find that mother sea will each year send abundant food into every brook that empties into a stream, that flows into a river, that runs to the ocean.

* House Document No. 60 (1868).

NOTRE DAME AND THE ADVENT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

SEVEN centuries the towers of Notre Dame have risen over the island city of Paris. The ages have gnawed their solemn stones, and filled their scars with the dust, and tinted their old walls with the gray of all antique things. Raised by a humanity that is immortal, the rude movements of revolutions, the tooth and rigor of the winds and rains,—all the unchronicled violences of time,—have not altered the grandeur of their essential forms. Square, firm, majestic, they stand to-day over modern Paris as they stood yesterday over the pointed roofs and narrow streets of the ancient city. They make us know the grand spirit and ancient vigor of a people who had none of the things that are the boast of the modern man. They are the work of a people who were united and almost democratic without the newspaper and the railway,—a people who were poets and artists without critics, skilled workmen without printed encyclopædias, religious without tract societies and sectarian journals.

The grand cathedrals were simultaneously begun in the rich cities of France in what was called at the time the royal domain. During the twelfth century the people exhibited an extraordinary political movement for consolidation, and of emancipation from local powers. They ranged themselves under the large ideas of religion and monarchy. Led by the bishops, stimulated by the monks, instructed by the architects, they erected the cathedrals as visible types of something more mighty than barons, lords, and counts. They created in a grand effort of enthusiasm religious monuments and national edifices. It was from the union of all the forces of France of the twelfth century that the cathedrals were projected. No human work was ever more grandly nourished or more boldly conceived.

To-day we have marvellous agents

for the rapid and sure communication of peoples and of thoughts; then they made great sanctuaries for each stricken soul, and visible proofs of the power of religious faith.

In the cathedrals that raised their grave and sculptured walls over the castles of dukes and barons to humble them, over the houses of the poor to console them, all the facts, dreams, and superstitions of their life in the Dark Ages were embodied. The cathedral stones held the memorials of the awful years of suffering and gross superstition that had afflicted populations after the dissolution of Roman order. The grotesque forms that seem to start out of the very walls, and speak to the mind, are not capricious and idle inventions. The very name they bear memorializes an old mediæval superstition, for during the Middle Ages the dragons of Rouen and Metz were called *gargouilles*. *Gargouille* is the French architectural term to-day.

It was in that night of ignorance, in those years in which society was plunged into almost historical oblivion, that those disordered and debased ideas of natural life had full play. The monkish workers in stone shared the superstition of the people, and they carved with gusto the typical vices and beasts, from which faith in religion alone could protect or deliver man. Later the more beautiful forms of the sinless flower and perfect leaf, which we find in the pure and noble Gothic, took the place of the beast and the dragon. The graceful vine, stone-carved, twined tenderly in the arches, or climbed the column, and the flower-petal unfolded in the capital, or under the gallery, or upon the altar. The monk had been delivered by art, the people had found an issue in the vigor of work and in the unity of faith.

The forms which like a petrified population look over Paris from the walls

and towers of Notre Dame are surprisingly vigorous and sincere in character. They show an uncommon knowledge of natural structure and a rare invention. Suppose you go with me to the summit of the towers of Notre Dame. Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier have gone before us, like students and poets. To go to the summit you enter the north tower through a little door, and ascend three hundred and eighty-nine steps, dimly lighted, worn down into little hollows, made visible by long, thin cuts in the wall, such as would serve for an arrow or a sunbeam. At length you reach the light gallery, supported by slender columns; about two hundred more steps in perfect darkness take you to the summit of the tower. You are pedestalled by centuries of human labor; you are surrounded by dragons, cranes, dogs, and apes. Dogs of a ferocious aspect; apes with the breasts of women and the powerful hands of men; a bear, an elephant, a goat; great muscular devils, with backs like dragons, and the face terminating in a snout or a beak, ears like swine, and horns like bulls, — a strange-looking bird, half parrot, half eagle, with a cloth thrown over the head, like an old woman! They are posed on the balustrade of the gallery, and at each angle of the towers; at other places they serve as water-spouts, and are called gargoyles. All these forms and faces are carved in the boldest and largest sculpturesque style; the anatomy is well based on nature; all the leading forms truly and expressively rendered, though entirely foreign to the Phidian idea of form. These figures, about the size of a man, posed at each corner of the gallery, or looking down upon Paris or afar off over the humid Seine, show dark against the sky, and are enormous in character; in each an amazing muscular energy has been expressed, — never so much ferocious force and so much variety of invention. The grotesque of the bright Greek mind is child's play next to these intensely horrible figures. Some of them just touch the horrible, indecent, and ob-

scene. All hold the horrible or stimulate the curiosity of the mind. On the towers, over the fatalest and gayest city of the world, your sentinels are monsters. You question which be the most terrible, these frank, gross demons about you, carved by the old Gallic stone-cutters, or the fair, smiling city, so vast and heterogeneous, below you. The radiant aspect of the city is deceptive, like the fabled smile of the Sphinx. At the Morgue every morning you will find a fresh victim who has failed under the task it imposed upon his life.

It is difficult to resist the thoughts that reach you at such a height. The city, which changes like the vesture of a man, far below you; the cathedral, which remains essentially the same through all the centuries, about you. Underneath, our great humanity dwelling in poor, little, suffering, foolish men; yet their hands were enough to raise such a monument! From their brain these inventions, from their hands these forms!

Strange exaltation and strange humiliation for us! We have been in our unity great enough to create the long-enduring; and in our individual lives we are mocked by the grandeur we have made, and which is the memorial of our past existence. An awe of our ancestors steals over us; the ancient time takes awful proportions; we forget the actual Paris, with its costly and monotonous barracks, the new opera-house, the new wing of the Tuileries! With the deformed Quasimodo of Victor Hugo, we can neither feel alone nor occupy ourselves with the actual city. The old sculptors had left him the saintly figures and the grotesque dreams and dreads of their imagination. Kings, bishops, martyrs, saints! Around the ogival portals, the Last Judgment and its crowd of holy and serene souls, its mob of convulsed and damned beings. These were his friends when he entered the cathedral. When he went up to strike the sweet and awful bells of the great south tower, he went up to demons and dragons who were not less his friends,

for he was familiar with them. What a world in stone! What a society! We have no such impressive and varied types. Until we stand before a cathedral of the twelfth or thirteenth century, we do not even know them!

The exact and learned Viollet-Leduc has objected to the characterization that defines Gothic architecture as an expression of the *suffering* of the Middle Ages. I think he alludes especially to one of Taine's lectures at the École des Beaux Arts. It seems to me that neither of the writers has neatly defined the relation of his generalization to the particular facts of the subject. It is true, as Viollet-Leduc says, the cathedrals are the proof of the force and invention of the old Gallic spirit; it is not less true that they embody suffering. The force and invention is in the constructive art; the suffering is expressed in the picturesque and convulsed forms with which the constructive art adorned itself.

And from what a society this constructive art grew! from what a society these forms were evolved!—at the moment when light was quickening the intelligence, and the instinct of brotherhood was moving the hearts of populations, fresh from the long marches and common sentiment of the Crusades, warm from that union for a sacred idea, bringing back from the Orient souvenirs of an older and more opulent life. In that burning land of color and light they had seen vast and impressive forms, Pagan temples, rich and beautiful. The impressionable mind and fervid heart of the Frank was amazed and delighted by the superb spectacle of Constantinople. After his pilgrimages through the wilderness and over the mountains, he looked upon the proudest and most dazzling city of the Orient. His recollections of France, a dark and cloudy land compared with the East, had nothing equal to what he saw at that moment. His native city, Paris or Orleans or Rheims or Troyes, was dark and poor with heavy Roman forms or more primitive types of building. His own land

had nothing to equal the Greek and Oriental temples and gardens and circuses and mosques; the groves, where the rose, the sycamore, the cypress, mingled their forms and colors; a splendid union of the rich and barbaric of the East with the simple and pure types of Greece. His religion, his faith, his God, his priesthood, in the lowlands of his country, were represented by a grave, gloomy, formal style of edifice. He had left his cities, having the feudal character of grim castles and grave monasteries, to find cities full of temples and mosques, decorated with color and adorned with gold. He came from the East with ideas and inspirations. He could not import the color or the atmosphere of the Orient, but he had received his impulse; his mind had been started out of tradition, out of monotony, out of the oppression of habit. He was prepared to create.

Notwithstanding the admirably reasoned pages in which Renan proves the Gothic to have developed naturally from the Roman style, we cannot resist the old conviction, that the experience of the East urged it into its development, and accelerated its departure from the Norman-Roman.

The experience of the Crusades had put into action the whole mind of the epoch, and initiated the people into a democratic, a social life. The isolated and brutal existence of the feudal lord had been invaded; the serf, in becoming a soldier and a tradesman, had become a brother and a democrat, and was fitted to work on a grand scale. Thought had dawned with action. Travel had taught and liberated the monastic workers.

To emulate the splendor of the cities he had seen, to memorialize his faith, to enshrine his religion in forms grander than all the pretensions of temporal power about him, he began to build upon the ruins of Pagan temples, and to enlarge the old basilicas which held his altar. He began to graft upon grave Roman forms a new type.

He could not have the luminous Orient for a background to his spires and

pinnacles; he could not have the delicate minaret that defined itself always against a deep-toned and clear sky. Under his humid and gray clouds he must make the form more salient and the decoration less delicate. He must not depend upon the fine accentuation of form, and the clear note of color, about a portal, which the Oriental could oppose to a broad flat surface for the sun to make dazzling with light. He must use *shadows* as the Oriental availed himself of *sunshine*. So he cut his portals deeper; he made his decoration more vigorous and scattered; he multiplied forms; he avoided flat surfaces, — which the Greek, the Persian, and the Moor always availed themselves of, and with which they produced such fine effects.

The Gothic architect pursued the opposite aim. He made stones blossom into leaves and flowers, and crowded niches and arches with images of the animal life he recollected or imagined. Therefore you see the Asiatic elephant and hippopotamus, when you expect only purely Occidental forms and Christian symbols.

Soon his cathedral became his idolatry, his artistic means; and, before the fourteenth century, the priest had only the altar: the rest belonged to the people and to the artist.

The workmen who had been trained under the protection of abbeys were at hand to design and execute. The heraldic draughtsmen and the illuminators of sacred writings were learned and skilful; the Crusades had increased the demand for their art, and enlarged their knowledge. Each nobleman had to carry upon his shield and breast the picture-symbol of his origin, his exploits, his loyalty; each trade imposed its sign of being upon each workman. These needs gave a peculiar and powerful impulse to the arts of design and color, and forced them into full action; just as to-day the needs of exchange of thought and illustration of knowledge enlist *every* form of *printed* expression.

Thus was prepared the means for those marvellous cathedrals which, in

the short space of fifty years, reached their full perfection; thus was produced an art that was superbly illustrated through three succeeding centuries, and then perished. "Developed with an incredible rapidity," writes Viollet-Leduc, "it [the Gothic] arrived at its apogee fifty years after its first essays."

"The cathedral was the grand popular monument of the Middle Ages. It was not only the place of prayer, and the abode of God, but the centre of intellectual movement, the storehouse of all art-traditions and all human knowledge. What we place in the cabinets of museums our fathers intrusted to the treasury of churches; what we seek in books they went and read in living characters upon the chiselling of gates or the paintings of windows. This is why, by the very side of religious and moral allegories, we find in such number upon the walls of our cathedrals those calendars, those botanical and zoölogical illustrations, those details about trades, those warnings about hygiene, which composed an encyclopædia for the use and within the reach of all. At Rheims, St. Denis, Sainte Chapelle, they kept stuffed crocodiles, ostriches' eggs, cameos, and antique vases, relics of martyrs and saints, to draw the people within the place of worship." So writes a devout Catholic.

Victor Hugo is superb when he signals the correspondence between the cathedral and the mind of the Middle Age. He not only discovers that the cathedral is the encyclopædia, it is also the stone-bible, the majestic and visible poem, the grand *publication*, of the time. Each stone is a leaf of the mighty volume, each cathedral a different and enlarged edition. The sculptor of the period, like the writer for the press to-day, had the liberty of expression, — perhaps more liberty than is granted by a million-voiced Public Opinion to the writer in America. Then the bishop was the publisher; the people, subscribers; the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the jeweller and mason, fellow-workers.

The sculptor gave full play to his hand, and the designer license to his pencil. In windows, upon façades, in capitals, on galleries, upon towers, they rudely sketched or exquisitely elaborated their ideas. The walls became the utterance of their emancipation. They proclaimed liberty. They revealed that the most formal of arts, the most severe science of form, architecture, could appropriate a new beauty, and express a new life, in giving itself to the people and the artist. And how the mediæval sculptor rioted in his new-found liberty! He chiselled the stone edifice as though it were a casket of silver or a box of ivory for his mistress. "Sometimes," writes Victor Hugo, "he made a portal or a façade present a symbolic sense absolutely foreign to the worship, and foreign to the church."

But let us go back to our text, — Notre Dame. Before the Cathedral of Strasburg we have the most ecstatic, wondering admiration; by its color, its form, its high and delicate spire, it is the most beautiful; before Notre Dame de Paris, we are conscious of the greater dignity and majesty. It is scarred, broken, monumental, enduring. Time and history have written their records upon it. The force and genius of the twelfth century confront us and abase us by the silent and expressive grandeur of the cathedral. It is a mask of time; back of it the people, the workmen, the lords, the kings, the bishops, the saints, the martyrs of France. You appreciate why it is said that not one of the French cathedrals possesses a more monumental and majestic façade than Notre Dame de Paris. Others may be more beautiful, but none more grand. It has the circular arch of the Roman, the simple colonnettes and capitals of the Norman, the pointed arch of the pure Gothic, and by its solidity recalls its Roman origin. Its three great ogival portals bold and deep, its large *rosace* flanked by two windows, its high and light gallery supported by fine colonnettes, its two massive and dark towers, make a façade that, divided into five

great parts, "develops to the eye without trouble innumerable details in the midst of a powerful and tranquil grandeur of general effect." Its portals, its *rosace*, and its gallery are the announcement of the richness of the full and perfect Gothic that burst into that marvellous flower of architecture, the west façade of the cathedral of Rheims, — the most splendid conception of its century, writes Viollet-Leduc; the most complete type of the Gothic, writes Guilhaud.

The truly historical epoch of Notre Dame begins in the twelfth century. Anterior to that time incomplete traditions merely suggest the aspect of the cradle of the grand edifice which has been connected with all the epochs of the history, and associated with the most august names, of France. Like most of the cathedrals, it covers ground once dedicated to Pagan gods, which fact should touch the imagination.

The founder of Notre Dame, Maurice de Sully, "was of an obscure birth, and superior to his age. He resolved to build upon a new plan the old basilica, which had formerly served the Christian population of the island. The first stone of Notre Dame was laid in 1163 or 1165, by Pope Alexander III. . . . From the fourteenth to the fifteenth century the cathedral appears to have retained intact its first physiognomy. But a series of changes and mutilations have succeeded, without interruption, to our day. Piety, which pretends to regenerate the Church by modern embellishments, was not less fatal than the barbarism that later fell upon it. The labors undertaken in the seventeenth century to consolidate the edifice, robbed it by turn of its mouldings, its stone vegetation, and its gargoyles. During the reign of Louis XV. a uniform paving, in large marble squares, replaced the old funeral tablets which covered the soil of the church, and showed the effigies of a crowd of illustrious persons. When the storm of the first revolution burst, some men, and among them Citizen Chaumette, prevailed upon the Commune to spare

the figures of the kings in the portal. He claimed, in the name of arts and philosophy, some tolerance for the effigies."

The restorations now being made, though under the direct supervision of a generation of artists who have been formed under Viollet-Leduc and upon the study of "the old national art of France," are probably more satisfying to them than to those who are uninterested students of the ancient carvings and architecture. They are learned, they are exact; but they are not workers of the Middle Ages. The best that Viollet-Leduc can do is to imitate the old forms, — which is no better than an effort to imitate a picture of one of the early Christian painters. The restorations of St. Denis give it a very unimpressive character. The pieces placed in the crumbling stones of Notre Dame, and the decorations of the chapels, are an intelligent failure. Better to let Time do his work. The new leaf placed in the old parchment sheet, the restored illumination, the new glass in the old window, make a discord, and are foreign to the ancient matter. No stained glass rivals the old; none equals its intensity, its harmony, its sweet melody of color; no carving (imitated or not) is so naïve, so quaint, as that of the mediæval sculptor.

As an example of reverential restoration, consider the group in full relief in the left portal of Notre Dame. The whole is a *copy* of the ancient stone. But why does it not look like the original? Not because it is of new, fresh stone, but because the Parisian sculptor of the nineteenth century, though evidently closely following the old sculptor's work, makes his Eve more beautiful, less quaint, less awkward, than the work of the mediæval sculptor. The figure, in spite of the original, takes a voluptuous form, a *suave* outline, a seductive character, that marks it as the Parisian type of to-day. It is a false passage interpolated in the old text.

At all times the pretensions of formal, obvious knowledge are enormous; but a little wisdom is always discriminating,

and does not replace the work of the past with imitations or copies. The wise artist does not attempt to make Sphinxes like the Egyptian, nor Venuses like the Venetian, nor Saints like the early Christian. Only the pedant has the pretension and the fatuity to think he can revive a lost art, and resist his age with bookish inspirations. Fresh from his studies and outside of the actual tendencies of his epoch, he only becomes a corrupter of the ancient art, and is blind to the vital work done by his more simple and more vigorous fellow-men. Hogarth creates from contemporary life; likewise Reynolds. Poor Barry seeks after the heroic and antique, and represents a regiment of modern soldiers naked like Greeks and Trojans, and is ridiculous. The bad architect puts a Greek temple in a gloomy climate, and dreams of using color in England as in Venice or Constantinople.

But again let us return to our text, — to Notre Dame, that majestic monument sombre with the tints and stains of centuries. To what uses it has been put! In the twelfth century, before its high altar, the Count of Toulouse came, barefooted and in his shirt, penitent, to be absolved by the Church and king. The King St. Louis walked barefooted under its high springing arches, carrying, it is said, the holy crown of thorns, which he bought from the Emperor of Constantinople. In the next century, Henry VI. of England was crowned at Notre Dame as king of France.

It is a long list, — the solemn and splendid ceremonies enacted in Notre Dame, — great days when the pomp of state and the consecrations of official religion were laid upon the royal heads of France. But the cathedral has evil days. The revolution comes and desecrates it in the name of Reason! The Convention decrees that its name shall be altered, and on November 10, 1793, abolishes the Catholic religion, and changes the name of Notre Dame into that of Temple of Reason! But the new name and the new worship were not destined to replace a long time the

old. The day arrived, in 1795, when it was restored to the Catholic clergy.

In 1804 the first Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France, and Josephine Empress; which occasion, writes the historian, was the most sumptuous and solemn of all the ceremonies that have taken place in the ancient edifice. In 1842, the funeral of the Duke of Orleans; in 1853, the marriage of the present Emperor with Eugénie, Countess of Teba; last, the christening of the Prince Imperial.

This is the rough outline of the public ceremonies that have been celebrated in Notre Dame de Paris,—of spectacles meant to dazzle the eye and impress the imagination of the people. But, after all, ceremonials, pomps, splendors, great and royal names, have been less than the solemn thoughts, the music-led reveries, the ardent movements of the soul of sincere worshippers, that have risen within it, amid the swinging of incense and the chant of boy-voices, up to the unseen God of all religious life.

In the summer twilight, among the grouped and lofty columns, in the dim aisles, under the high springing arches, poor, faint hearts have been consoled; and as in forests, as on the shore of the sea, the human soul has had glimpses of something infinite, something consoling; it has shaken off the load of social trivialities or social crimes, and been admonished and healed by the touch of influences emanating from things greater than its temporary sufferings and wrongs.

But the great day of Notre Dame and the religious form which it represents has gone. The time when it represented the highest word of religious life is past. I can dream those ancient days when the streets about it were narrow, dirty, thronged; when the lords were brutal, and the people helpless serfs; I can recall that ancient time when the priest was the teacher, the hope, the guide of the people; when he uttered the word nearest to democracy and equality; when Catholicism repeated the most humane word that

had been given to man. Then, in the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries, the priest was the friend of the people, and made the Church powerful to protect the weak. Then the windows of Notre Dame, in celestial and intense colors, made the interior like a beautiful prism charged with sacred meanings; the three great *rosaces*, mysterious and vivid, filtered and changed the common light of day, and flattered the eye with visions of heaven itself; then the virgins consecrated to Christ, barefooted, with pure hands and white robes, made a holy chorus, a saintly procession, moving around the nave in the lofty and remote galleries,—a procession ecstatic, naïve, remote! Then the ceremonies of the church were high, sincere, solemn,—for they had not been confronted by the inflexible face of science. To-day we are emancipated, and must put aside childish things. A simpler form of religious life, with a better word for man, has appealed to his mind. The day of the color, the image, the martyr, and the saint has passed away, no more to return. We have martyrs, but science and art celebrate them; we have saints, but literature holds their memory.

We go to the grand cathedrals of the Middle Ages to-day. They retain music and the voice of bells to touch us. All the rest are nothing to the modern man. They are disfigured by tawdry looking chapels, and frivolous looking altars, and ignoble looking priests. But for the universal voice of the organ, the undying charm of music, they would be void and dreary; no better than Pagan temples and Egyptian monuments.

What actually remains of the sincere work of past ages must impress the modern man. When the great bells of cathedrals thunder over his head, he listens; when he looks at the high towers, the lofty spires, the elegant mouldings, the quaint carvings, the fecund inventions, he thinks. When he goes within, he is touched and overawed. Strasburg, Rheims, Rouen, and Notre Dame are beautiful and majestic

works that cannot be repeated, for they cannot be imitated. As soon expect to see the Pyramids, the art of Michael Angelo, or the heads of Da Vinci, in the prairies of the West. In spite of learned restorations, they shall crumble and be seen no more. The only enduring is our humanity, which goes through the centuries supplanting and inventing, always equal to its needs, always throwing its full force into some new production. The *débris* of its old march and its old work enable us to write history, — sometimes only an epitaph. Its old shell confronts the actual generation with things greater than itself. We interrogate the colossus of Memnon, the colonnades of Karnak, the ruins of Greek temples, the Gothic cathedrals, and we are humbled by what they say to us.

We pass upon the earth, accomplishing a few great works, — the greatest witness to our energy and our intelligence; and they are the final utterance, the original expression, the inimitable production of their epoch.

To-day we do not build cathedrals, that is, sanctuaries for the people; we build ships, that is, means for the commerce of peoples. The twelfth century gave us a church architecture: the nineteenth century has given us a naval architecture. To each creation all the forces of their respective epochs have contributed.

The last day I was at Notre Dame, — again impressed with its grandeur of form and its ancient color, recollecting the great bell, the largest in France, rung only on fête days and the obsequies of kings now silent in the grand towers, — I was standing under the deep-cut ogival portal, where the simple sculptor of the Middle Age had represented in full relief the drama of the Last Judgment, the serene, prim saints on one side, the crowded, precipitated sinners on the other, — with the one the angels, with the other the demons. The stones were old, broken, tinted, dear to an antiquarian and an artist. A noise of wings, a fluttering over my head, arrested my antiquarian

observations, and I looked up. A brood of birds, with cries of love, in the sweet air of spring, were wavering a moment under the Gothic arch. They flew in and out of the stone vegetation, and perched an instant on the sculptured heads and robes. That brief lyric of life was sufficient to charm the mind, and dispel all the oppressiveness that seemed to emanate from the majestic old monument. Nature had reinstated herself in the place of art. One gush of bird-music, one jet of life, one hour of love, one moment of happiness, be it but that of sparrows that mate and build their nests, is better than all this antiquity and all this art! The fluttering joy of the inconstant sparrows — those wee, noisy, swift-winged birds — about the towers, the niches, the portals of Notre Dame, was a fact of *Nature*. It was her voice, her life, that deliciously recalled me from the crumbling, dusty, gray, weather-stained stones to the perennial force and good of actual life!

But for you who have not had the privilege of looking upon the great monuments of Gothic architecture, it will not be well to leave you with my purely personal thought. No; you must meditate, you must consider, you must attempt to realize what was the work done by the Franks, the Gauls, the Normans, the Saxons of the Middle Ages, in that marvellous architecture which, based upon the Roman, reached the Norman-Roman, and after the Crusades the pure Gothic. The new sap, the crossing of elements, the enlarged experience, produced a new and a national type. The Roman arch became pointed like a Norman helmet; the capitals burst into bloom; the dome became a spire. The very stones were covered with the forms of a rich and beautiful vegetation. Then the spire of Strasbourg was carried to the clouds, and the cathedrals of Rouen and Rheims adorned themselves with delicate broideries of stone, and the towers of Notre Dame were bound together by a light gallery. Then in France was seen during three centuries the full development

of an architecture neither Greek nor Roman nor Oriental. But a new idea, capable of unlimited expansion, subject to the law of liberty, and not to that of the arbitrary; corresponding with the mind of its epoch, expressive of its character; corresponding especially with the Northern as distinguished from the Hellenic and the Roman mind; corresponding with the old Gallic spirit that had been cradled in dark forests, amid shadows and the brief glory of sunset; cradled amid the high branching pines and bold armed oaks, which had given to it its primitive temple, vast, shadowy, and richly toned. In the cathedral we see the beautiful result of its necessities and its experience.

The natural forms dear or terrible to the childhood of a half-civilized race are recalled by the work itself; it is the foreign achievement and the experience of travel that excites its emulation and sets it to work on a grand scale and after an original plan. But back of all was the religious sentiment, potent to seek a new, but slow to abandon an old, form of its life. It required six centuries for the Roman style imposed on the Druidic form to reach the Gothic of the twelfth century.

It is true that the most studied research and the most conscientious thinking have repudiated the term "Gothic" applied to the marvellous architecture of the Middle Ages, — to what is, properly speaking, the old national French architecture. It is true that its so-called Oriental origin is questioned, and the pretensions of a Germanic origin absolutely abandoned. The facts prove that the first churches now called Gothic were built in France; that the borders of the Rhine were marked only by Roman constructions when the masterpieces of the Gothic were being elevated in the North of France; that the Gothic churches in England, built in the twelfth century, were designed by French architects.

The first Gothic architect not French was Erwin of Steinbach, in the thirteenth century. In Germany, up to the fourteenth century, the Gothic style

was called "the French style." The latest and most conscientious writer upon the subject of the art of the Middle Ages tells us that the first essays of that architecture, which seems so frail, so audacious, so barbarous to the classical mind, were in what is called "l'Île de France, Vexin, Valois, Beauvaisis, a part of Champagne, and all the basin of the Oise, — in the true France."

It can no longer be contested that the Gothic is an art purely French. It was born with French nationality, it was the work of communities stimulated by the clergy and directed by laymen, and represents the great social and intellectual movement of the Middle Ages. In the largest expression, it was the creation of the old Gallic genius which, audacious, inventive, rapid, has left the most poetic and impressive embodiment of the religious sentiment of Christendom. It was the last effort to make a temple large enough for humanity. The story of the building of a cathedral reads like a fairy tale. The people come from the provinces envying that of a cathedral like volunteers of a war for liberty. As they had gone pell-mell to the Holy Land, so they went pell-mell to build the cathedrals. They are blessed by the bishop; they go through the land recruiting their forces, chanting hymns, with floating banners; they rally about the walls of a church or the quarry, and labor for no other pay than bread.

In the solemn nights of the twelfth century, what a spectacle in the French provinces! By the light of torches the lofty walls of cathedrals rose as by day; they were thronged with enthusiastic workmen in the night as in the dawn. What energy of enthusiasm! All classes, vassals and nobles, men of fraternities and communities, dragged the stones from the quarry. Each one gave himself to the work he understood best. The fervor, the fanaticism of building was so great, that the women threw under the foundation-stones gold and jewels, saying, "Thy walls, O God, shall be of precious stones."

The monks' learning and the peoples' force made the cathedrals. The shafts rose, slender like reeds, and were bound in strength; the spire swam in light; the tall windows were webbed with semblances of branch and vine; the arches were adorned by carved flowers; the doors were flanked by sculptured figures.

The whole made a living, expressive, elegant, aspiring form, distinct, admirable, and unlike all other great historic forms. We shall never behold a repetition of the great work of the Middle Ages. It is an accomplished fact, and the constructive and artistic genius of man seeks another embodiment.

CRETAN DAYS.

IV.

THE APOKORONA.

ANY journey from Canea has a charming commencement. The wide level plain, almost entirely covered with the rich green olive-trees, the roads, lined with aloe-hedges; glimpses here and there of gardens over whose high walls cluster the tops of orange and pomegranate, huge mulberries, and here and there a towering stone-pine, — convey an impression of exuberant fertility I have never received from any other plain country. Then, breaking precipitately down into it, the bold, bare, ravine-cloven Malaxa hills add a contrast of the most artistic character. I have spent many days among those groves, following on donkey-back lanes and by-paths amid blackberry hedges, and in the shade of olive-trees which must have seen the Roman Empire, and still are vigorous and profitable to their owners and the Sublime Porte.

But, speaking of roads, I must not be considered as indicating what would be called such in any other part of the world. There exists but one in Crete, — the high road built by the Venetians (or perhaps only restored by them after the Romans), which ran, and still limps, from Canea to Candia, passing by Retimo *en route*. But as there are no repairs in Turkey, and a paved road three hundred years old without them must be a dilapidated affair, so the Cretans,

as a general thing, know the Candia road only to keep off it. When the late Abdul Medjid came to see Crete, three miles and a half English were put into repair, that a carriage might serve his Majesty to visit Canea in, he having debarked at Suda. Since that day there are three miles and a half of road that a carriage may roll and a horse gallop over. The Sultan's road leads only to the head of Suda Bay, whence, skirting the shore of that magnificent haven for whose possession Crete has been cursed so many years, we rise by a mule-path which extorts from the traveller unexperienced in Cretan way-faring a crescendo of epithets, varying according to his horsemanship and habits of less or greater profanity, until he comes to a bit of road which nervous men and bad riders prefer to take afoot. But, the summit reached, we are in the mythologic land, — in one of the homes of the antiques myth. West of us rise the heights of Mt. Berekynius, the highest point of the Malaxa range, where the Idæan Dactyls worked the first iron mines known to semi-authentic history. These mythical beings, long revered in Crete as divinities of a mysterious and exalted divine power, are supposed, by those of the modern historical authors who have studied most carefully the traces of history found in the myths, to have been a Phrygian colony, which brought arts and mysteries unknown to the aborigines. Diodorus Siculus declares

them to have been the primitive inhabitants, but the fact that they were made demi-gods of indicates another and inferior race, over which the new-comers gained permanent influence, and government perhaps. The geology of Bercyntius indicates ferriferous formations, though, in the very incomplete examination of the country which has been made, it is not surprising that no indication of ancient mines has been discovered.

East of us, on a bold, isolated hill, overlooking the sea, and between it and the road, is the site of the ancient Aptera, fabled to have been so called from the result of the singing contest between the Sirens and Muses; the former of whom, defeated, lost their wings, and fell into the sea, when they were transformed into three islands, which demonstrate the existence of the mythists, if not of the Sirens, and were known to the ancients as the Leucæ Islands. One, on which stands the Venetian town of Suda, is situated like the island in the narrows of New York Harbor, and, properly fortified, would defend the bay against any fleet; but now it only holds a tumble-down town, and a saluting battery of field-pieces, with a small population of fishermen and soldiers. The opposite point of the narrows is the Akroteri, and on a hillock back of the perpendicular cliffs, where you may still see the batteries built by the Turks to reduce Suda, stood the ancient city of Nimoa, supposed to have been founded by Nimos, but of which the oldest story we possess is one of ruins. Spratt has placed it, in his chart and book, on the shore of Suda Bay, and near a small volcanic basin, which he supposed served as port to it; but a careful examination of the whole ground assures me that the slight remains supposed by him to indicate the site of the town are of some comparatively recent work. But, rounding the point of the Akroteri eastward, we enter into a perfect and land-locked harbor, with smooth sand-beach, much more favorable for the uses of ancient mariners than the confined basin with abrupt

shores which Spratt supposes the harbor of Nimoa. In commencing my search for the remains of this town, I asked a peasant if there was any ancient city in that vicinity. He replied that there were some remains of a very ancient city in a locality he pointed out, but level with the ground. Misled by Spratt, who placed Nimoa a mile and a half away from this locality, I neglected at the time to search where the Cretan indicated; but, dissatisfied with the remains which Spratt points out, I commenced a systematic survey of the whole promontory, and found on the hill the peasant had shown me, not only traces of walls, but tombs and quarries of a very ancient date. As in many other places, the Venetians had found cut stone lying above ground cheaper than quarries; and so nothing remains but traces of walls, and the foundations of a few houses, which seem by their dimensions and plan to have been of the heroic age. But nothing in the remains, — not even the rare beauty of the location, sheltered from all winds but the east, with its outlook on Aptera, the white mountains (now Sphakian), and a fertile plain half round it, — had more weight with me than the evidence of the Cretan who pointed out the site as that of the ancient city. The tenacity of the ancient traditions and memories in the minds of this people is one of the most remarkable psychological phenomena I have ever observed, and their attachment to the traces of what they call the "Hellenic" period is exceedingly interesting. In fact, they can have changed little except names. The uneducated preserve the identical superstitions the ancient authors record, as my guide showed me on passing Aptera, where we will pick up the broken thread of the journey.

Near the city are some grottos, where, said my guide, a shepherd was amusing himself by playing on his violin, when from the sea came a company of nereids, who demanded his services while they danced. In a mortal fear of his supernatural visitors, he complied, and gradually his fear not only wore

off, but he began to entertain a passion for one of the nymphs, which brought him habitually to the enchanted grot. He looked and played, but spoke not of his love, yet, after pining awhile, sought the advice of a wise old woman, who told him that the only way to secure his mistress was to catch her as she passed him in the circle of dancers, and hold her by force, come what might. She would change her form to many others, but nothing must induce him to let her go; and, when he had satisfied her that his determination was invincible, she would cease her efforts to escape him, and resign herself to Hymen.

He lost no time in following directions, and, after a frightful struggle, in which his beloved was beastly and fishy and reptilian in all grades of development, she fulfilled the old woman's prediction. They were married (whether by the priest, informant did n't know), and though madame never made any attempt to escape bonds, she seemed always sad, and never spoke to her husband under any provocation. This was too much of a good thing, and he had recourse to the wise woman for a recipe to make his wife talk. They had an infant, and the father was to take this infant and pretend to lay it on the fire, when the mother would probably speak; if not, he was to put it on the fire an instant, when she would certainly find voice and rescue the child.

The menace did not succeed; but when the unhappy father actually put the child on the embers, the mother, shrieking, fled to the sea, and never was heard of again.

Of Aptera there remains a beautiful specimen of Cyclopean wall preserving nearly the whole circuit; and several cisterns are still in a state to hold water. Fragments of marble appear here and there, and Pashley and Spratt have recorded a most interesting inscription, containing a decree of the Demos, built into the foundations of the convent which gives shelter to wayfarers for the night. We would not tarry, but followed our winding road down into the plains of the Apokorona.

The view before us, as we descended into the lower lands (for, though I have used the term "plains of the Apokorona," I must qualify it as entirely a comparative use of the word), was like an Alpine landscape reproduced on a scale of about one half. The bare, angular, seemingly crystalline, peaks of the white mountains rose against the sky, overlooking the Apokorona, where villages of white masonry glimmered through groves of olive that appeared to overspread the whole district. The road plunged down into a quiet valley, where wound, zigzag and impetuous, a clear streamlet, in which I peered and poked instinctively for some signs of trout. Who ever heard, in any part of the world, except in Crete, of a clear, cold stream, full in August and September, which had not trout in it? As we came down into the little level or bottom which enclosed the streamlet, we saw how broken and really hilly the Apokorona is. On the hillside opposite us was Stylos, since noteworthy as the scene of the first repulse of Mustapha Pacha on his Sphakian campaign, — an affair which delayed operations two weeks, and cost the Egyptians a pacha amongst their losses. The rich bottom-land nourishes noble olives, and, with its level lines and beautiful tree-groups, forms one of the most picturesque scenes I saw in Crete. We passed a group of villagers, tending their sheep among the olive-trees, piping and pastoral, *and no begging!*

We halted at Armeni to lunch. A cold fowl and boiled eggs of Cydonian production, with some coarse bread and harsh Apokorona wine, made the repast, and one of the roughest rides I had ever taken supplied the sauce,—one I can confidently recommend to all who do not know what jolting in a mule's saddle will do in the way of exciting an appetite.

The valley of the stream which we crossed many times hereabouts, and which empties into the sea at Kalyves (site of Kisamon, ancient port of Aptera, not to be confounded with another Kisamon, now Kisamo-Castelli, and of

which I have spoken earlier), is one of those best adapted for high cultivation and semi-tropical gardening which the Mediterranean basin can show. Abundantly supplied with perennial springs, securing easy irrigation, the soil alluvial along the stream, and calcareous on the ridges, it needs but application and a little capital to be made a paradise for an agricultural community. But what can be done in a country where every advance in production is met by a counter move of the tax-gatherer, and where, except by robbery, or farming of the tithes, no one can grow rich,—where capital is worth twenty per cent per annum, and would be worth more if there were any considerable demand, and where the Christian, who is the only industrious citizen, can always be robbed of his accumulations, and in many cases of his capital, by an avaricious Mussulman? I have spoken before of the general poverty of Cretan houses, and might add expletives and intensify diminutives in speaking of the dwellers in the Apokorona. It contains many villages, mainly of Christians, the Mussulmans being scattered individuals, and produces much oil, and might produce cereals and vegetables at discretion: but for what end? No road exists which would permit a profitable transport to the towns; cheese and oil only, of its productions, pay freight to Canea; and, beside these two articles, there is, therefore, no inducement to produce more than the peasants use themselves. It is almost useless to ask at one of these villages for a dinner, unless you can dine upon black bread and olives, with boiled herbs in the spring and autumn. A fowl fat enough to eat *to advantage* I never saw,—eggs seem to be all that can be expected from fowls. The houses of the villages in the plains about the cities are luxurious compared with these;—a single room divided in two for man and beast; a mat of rushes to sleep on, which the Cretan spares you willingly, to sleep on the floor of earth himself; fleas innumerable and filth immeasurable in the four walls,—are what

you must expect to find. But with it all there is a something in the Cretan peasantry which commands respect; and in the Apokorona they are a hardy and independent breed, warlike to a degree. As their country is the gate to Sphakia, which has always been the abode of the bitterest resistance to local tyranny, they suffer the inroads of all the most formidable Turkish expeditions.

It is only thirty miles to Retimo from Canea, yet in ten hours' journey we were scarcely half-way. As night drew near we pushed ahead, hoping to find quarters and something to eat at a convent near or at Karidi; and as the Pacha had insisted on my accepting a guard of two mounted zapties, we made the only use of them which the journey offered, and sent them ahead to prepare our quarters, while we followed at a safer pace.

As it grew twilight, and we tired and hungry, with a mile yet to the convent, our zapties came clattering over the wretched path to say that the priests had all gone to their farm work at a distant metochi (farm establishment), that the convent was locked, and they could not get in. Too late to get to the next village beyond we had only to retrace our steps in the dark to Vamos, the village last past, where, after much running to and fro of the zapties, and a local official whose status I did not comprehend, we found an empty loft of a house, boasting two stories, which we had to ourselves, and where we spread the blankets which by day made our saddles endurable,—I, only, as the high dignitary of the occasion, having a spare mattress. While we looked after the beds, the friendly villagers brought eggs, which frying in oil below, sent up to us savory summons to come down and eat; and presently, having disposed of our eggs, olives, and bread, washed down by strong wine, with a relish worthy of a better meal, we adjourned to the village café, and took a cup of coffee, and a nargile offered with eager haste by a Sphakiote captain, who happened to be there on business; and while the curious townsmen came and looked, we

hubble-bubbled in the open air, the capacity of the café extending only to the fabrication and storing of its commodities. The Sphakiote asked many questions, and answered a few, — all I asked. He had come down to buy sheep or sell them, I forget which, and was evidently a man of much consequence, having travelled, — having even been as far as Naples. I suspect he had been a pirate in his earlier years, like most of his clansmen, and so had grown richer than his neighbors. I have passed a great many more comfortable nights than that, and, as soon as the day dawned, we were in the saddle again.

The path (it seems absurd to talk of roads) led down into the pass of Armyro, the eastern gate of the Apokorona. The river-bed was wild and picturesque, though rarely showing signs of water; the hills narrowed in their approaches; and we descended into a gorge, through which, coming from the south, on our right hand, swept a bubbling, dancing stream of clear, beautiful water. But it bubbled out of some saline depths, and would have put the last touch to the woe of Tantalus. It is both medicinal and unpalatable; but its borders are lined with green and luxuriant plants and fringed with flowering oleanders. An old Venetian castle, its battlements crumbling away and its walls festooned with ivy, rising from the little intervale at the bottom, commanded the gorge until the beginning of the Revolution of 1821–30; but the Christians then took it by storm, and dismantled it, since when it has been a ruin, of no great dignity, and not probably destined to boast to many generations.

Nothing in the deepest wilderness of the New World could be more solitary than this gorge. No sign of habitation existed; beyond us was a bleak moor, occupying a space perhaps a mile wide between the hills and the sea, and desolate as the desert. It is a broad stripe of sea-drift, scarcely as uneven as the sea itself; and at its farther side the bare, strongly marked rock ridges plunged

down almost vertically to meet its level. The plain was purple with heather, and here and there springs gushed out from the boggy soil and ran to the sea; green willows, mingling with oleanders and shrubs whose names I knew not, marked their courses, and relieved the flatness of the land a little.

Armyro is, by the guess of Pashley, the site of Amphimallion, but no trace of any ancient city can be discovered; it is, like most of the hundred cities, a name and nothing more, one of the traditional witnesses of the turbulent and checkered character of the history of Crete, — each city besieging, razing its neighbor, and being razed in turn. Almost the only ruins which we find are Pelasgic, and are those which no hate could lend force to destroy, — even late Roman ruins have melted away in the fierce struggles between Christian and Saracen since the eighth century; the castle-builders and the temple-haters have left nothing that could be moved. At our left, on the sea-shore, where the river of Armyro (a name which signifies salt-spring, being the Cretan for Almyro) empties, was Amphimalla, — a maritime town having a port protected by an island, which still offers shelter for a few small craft from northerly gales; at the right, at the foot of the picturesque hills, is the lake of Kuma, now only noted for its habit of overrunning with the melting of the snows in spring, and flooding the plain around with eels, which the peasants bring to Canea for sale. It was anciently the site of a temple of Athena, and a city called Corium. No trace of ruins on either of these places exists, and so we contented ourselves with looking at them from afar, and followed the meandering path down to the sea. We passed on the way a small clearing planted with melons, which grow of excellent quality in the warm sandy soil, where running streams render irrigation easy. A Cretan, with dog and gun, inhabited a little house made of reeds, in the midst of the field, and guarded its product from passers-by; of him we purchased a supply for a few paras (a para is a hypothetical

coin little more than our mill in value). Thence we had about ten miles of smooth sand-beach, at the end of which another river cuts its passage to the sea, and affords us a bit of ruin in a fine, high, single-arch Venetian bridge, which formerly led the road part way up the steep ridge forming the eastern side of the gorge. I could only think what must have been the violence of the torrent which had cut such a chasm for itself through the eternal rock, and turn a resolute shoulder to the temptations of picturesque bits which its zig-zag cliffs presented. The place is called Petres Kamara, or arched stones; and the bridge, from which doubtless it derived its name, has been only fragments for many years. Under the Turks, nothing but decay obtains.

We had passed, before reaching this point, the village of Dramia (ancient Hydramon), whence a road branches off southward to Argyropolis and Kallikrati, which we shall take on a future occasion (following the campaign of Omer Pacha against Sphakia), and now only note, that, though on the inner side of the plain, it was anciently a seaport, and attached to the important city of Eleutherna, the ruins of which are to the southeast of Retimo, at least twenty miles away. This was a curious characteristic of the early Cretan towns, most of which are built on commanding positions and far from their seaports. Thus we saw that Polyrrhenia was three hours from its port Phalasarna; Aptera, an hour or more from Kisamon; and elsewhere we shall find Cnossus, Gortyn, Lyttus, and other noted cities, placed at considerable distances from their seaports.

From Petres Kamara our ride was a rough one, and we found little beside the picturesque beauty of the scenery to interest us. The path wound over rugged ridges and along by the sea, in places at dizzy proximity to the wild precipices against which the winter storms of the Ægean beat, wearing, cutting into caves, and undermining, the massive rock. Only in one place did we halt, at Hagios Nikolas,—a little

chapel built near a delicious spring, which gushes out at the bottom of a ravine, where it opens on a white, sandy beach. No Cretan will pass a favorite spring without stopping to drink, even if he is not thirsty. That a good spring is to be passed even justifies a *détour*; and as we were tired and thirsty, we ate our bread and caviare—all we had—with additional zest borrowed from the fountain of St. Nicholas, which deserves its repute.

The road ascending from this ravine was so bad that I dared not stay on my mule, and most of my retinue had dismounted before me. The old Venetian pavement, which could not be entirely avoided, was worse than the natural rock, but occupied the ledge so fully that we must hobble over its cobble-stones as best we could. And with such ups and downs we drew near to Retimo, whose castle and minarets we saw at length gleaming far off in the noonday sun,—for we had occupied twenty hours of travel in making our journey of thirty miles.

It was a bleak, rugged range of rocks from which we saw the city; but the road declined gently along the side and down near the sea. Above it other similar ridges jutted out one after the other, receding in the distance, where loomed up, sharp and flat, Mount Ida, the birthplace of mighty Jupiter. Beyond the city the sea-coast swept away in successive capes and bays, and the olive-clad and fertile slopes of Mylopotamo rose from the white-footed cliffs to the gray and glistening peaks which culminated in Ida.

It was Friday, and, noon coming before we could reach the city gates, we halted at a spring over which some charitable or spring-loving Mussulman had built a domed khan, where wayfarers might rest and cool themselves before indulging in the almost icy water. We must wait here until the noonday prayer was over, as the Mussulmans, oppressed by a prophecy which they have recorded, that their cities will be taken on Friday, their Sabbath, shut their gates while they are at the mosque. It was a hot day, but the sea-breeze

had been blowing an hour or more, and we threw our saddle-blankets on the stone seats, and lay down to rest, until passers-by from the city notified us that the gates were open.

Near the city we passed several little cave-chapels and hermitages, which, dug in the soft sandstone, — a rock resembling the Caen stone, — made dry and comfortable dwellings, as compared with those I saw at Katholico and other places. The frequency of these little monasteries, as the Cretans call them all, and of the little chapels which dot the island with their white ruins, attests, as well as history and prevalent customs, the intensely devotional tone of the Cretan character, now mostly shown in absurd superstitions, the growth of ignorance, but occasionally, in a martyr-like adherence to their faith through persecutions of which Retimo can tell many fearful stories, the Ottoman power here, remote from European influences, having had fuller swing in its dealing with the Christians.

As we entered the city, my guide called my attention to the very extensive Turkish cemeteries outside the gates, saying that they were almost entirely the growth of “the great revolution”; and, as we entered the little outwork which once defended the approach to the principal city gate, he pointed to a solitary tree, “the hangman’s tree,” and added that he had seen under that tree, during the insurrection, a pile of Christian heads as high as he could reach.

We rode through the gate, through a long, dark passage under the bastion which commanded it, and then through another inner gate, and came out into a little place where the full character of a Turkish town for the first time struck me, — cafés, lazy smokers, the overtopping minaret, and the grateful shade of a huge sycamore, with all the world wondering, rising, and staring, as “his Excellency” and suite brought civilization home to them, — to some for the first time.

“A MODERN LETTRE DE CACHET” REVIEWED.

[It is not our custom to print any criticism on articles which have appeared in these pages; but the following paper comes to us with such high claims for consideration, that we give space to it. — EDITORS.]

AN article in the May number of this Magazine, entitled “A Modern Lettre de Cachet,” is so incorrect in most of its statements, that it does great injustice to certain individuals, and is calculated to leave a false impression respecting the merits of the question at issue. As few of its readers will be likely to detect these misstatements, and fewer still suspect that they are advanced without some color of fact, we feel constrained to give it a notice to which, otherwise, it would hardly be entitled. The scene of the occurrences is hundreds of miles away from most readers, the persons referred to are entirely unknown to them, and the sub-

ject discussed quite foreign to their thoughts. The common tendency is, in the absence of particular information, to regard that as presumptively true which is confidently and plausibly told; and, thus received, to hold rather than relinquish it, even in the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary. When a man is put on trial for a criminal offence, he is presumed in law to be innocent until proved to be guilty. On the contrary, when an individual or an institution is charged with delinquency at the bar of public opinion, the charge is generally held to be true, until — and sometimes after — it is proved to be false. A judicious scepticism in such

a case is one of those degrees of mental training which multitudes never attain.

The ostensible purpose of the article in question is to urge a change of the method by which persons are admitted into our asylums and hospitals for the insane. This, it is alleged, can be and actually is perverted into a means of the grossest wrong-doing. In the discussion of the subject, — if the wild and reckless statements which make up the staple of the article are worthy of that name, — many things are related, implicating more or less directly the honor and honesty of men who have ever stood unspotted before the world; and imputing venality or something worse to institutions generally believed to be engaged in a work of humanity, under the direction of men supposed worthy of their trust. The connection between the thing to be reformed and most of these allegations is not very obvious, for the formalities with which a patient may be admitted into a hospital can have nothing to do with his subsequent treatment. It seems to be only the old artifice of assailing a cause by bringing up some obnoxious incident, remotely, and not necessarily, connected with it; and the way in which this is managed leads us to suspect that the writer was governed more by private pique than any regard for the public good. We propose to follow him through from one statement to another, and show by indisputable evidence precisely what each is worth; and we solicit the patient attention of all who have been inclined to suppose that they were made in truth and sincerity.

It appears that patients are now admitted into hospitals for the insane chiefly on the strength of a certificate of insanity signed by one or two physicians. This is alleged to be all wrong, because physicians — considering what wretches many of them are — may be bribed to certify what they do not believe, or may honestly be mistaken in their opinion; and thus persons never supposed to be insane may be hurried

away to a place of perpetual confinement, solely in order that ill-natured relatives may be the better able to work out some nefarious purpose. Relatives are so anxious to do this, and physicians are so ready to help them, according to the intimations of this writer, that we can only wonder that half the community, at least, are not shut up, with no hope of release but by death. And inasmuch as physicians have it in their power also to poison every patient whom wicked relations may think it worth their money to get rid of in that way, we wonder that they have not been swept from the face of the earth, instead of being still trusted with the lives of those we hold most dear.

Seriously, the usages of society and the common feelings of men indicate no difference between insanity and other diseases, as to the manner in which the patient should be treated by his family and friends. When a person is struck down by mental or other disease, the usual means and appliances of cure are provided; the physician is called in, nurses are engaged, and visitors are excluded from the room. If the physician advises that he can be better cared for somewhere else, that the chances of recovery would be increased by removal to the country, or the seaside, or a watering-place, or by a trip to Europe, the advice may or may not be followed; but it is not customary to think that the physician is actuated by corrupt motives, or assumes a duty that does not belong to him, in giving it. The presumption is nowise different, if, it being a case of mental disease, he advises removal to a hospital as the most approved instrumentality which the science and philanthropy of the age have created for the treatment of mental disorders. We are willing to admit that the medical profession has its share of unworthy members, some of whom, for a consideration, might be induced to commit the alleged offence; but it does not follow that this or any other possible form of delinquency should be met by indiscriminating legislation. No accumulation of safeguards can change

completely the course of human nature. To some extent, certainly, we are obliged to trust to the honesty of men. The business of life could not be carried on without this trust, and it would be no mark of wisdom to act as if everybody were only waiting for an opportunity to abuse it. A physician gives a certificate of insanity precisely as he performs any other professional duty,—in both cases under the same sanctions of morality and religion, and with the same deference to the laws of the land and the good opinion of his fellow-men. What better safeguards can we have?

But doctors disagree, and litigated cases are given in which there was a diversity of opinion among the medical witnesses. Hence it follows that a medical certificate is totally unreliable, because it is only the opinion of one or two physicians, from which one or two others might be found who would be likely to dissent. Is that in accordance with the principles on which men ordinarily act? Is the opinion of a lawyer, or a judge, or a merchant, or an engineer, or a mechanic, or a farmer, on subjects belonging to their respective callings, worthless, because other lawyers, or judges, or merchants might not concur in it? The writer labors under the mistaken notion that rare, exceptional abuse of a thing can be remedied only by the total abolition of the thing itself. The truth is, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the medical certificate is all that can be justly required. The disease is obvious, the necessity for hospital treatment is imperative, and all parties are satisfied. For the exceptional cases, in regard to which any reasonable doubt or dissatisfaction may exist, it is easy to provide by a suitable legal process without abolishing altogether the present practice.

"There it stands," says the writer of the *Lettre de Cachet*, meaning the medical certificate, "in all its monstrous proportions, the foulest blot upon a nation's statute-books." And again he speaks of legislators "wincing at the

existence of a *law* which permits such oppression," and only regretting "that it is not expunged from our statute-books," referring to the certificate, if we may judge from the context, though the connection of his thoughts one with another is not always very easily traced. He evidently supposes that this certificate is required by the laws of the State, but such is not the fact. It is required by the rules of every hospital in the land, as a salutary measure of protection against abuse; but only in two or three States is it made obligatory by law. The fact is, the merit of whatever has been done for this purpose belongs to these very institutions which are charged with favoring the designs of wrong-doers. Without their spontaneous and unsolicited action, not even the medical certificate would have been required. They have been regarded as purely benevolent in their object, and philanthropists have thought they were doing good service in the cause of humanity by providing for the admission within their walls of as many as possible of those afflicted ones who have lost Heaven's noblest gift to man. Our stupid forefathers never became aware of the appalling fact, so obvious to the keener discernment of some of their descendants, that they are only "nurseries for and manufactories of madness." Thus, completely unaware of their true character, they took no measures of prevention, and weakly reposed upon the honor and honesty of a class of men who, we are now told, are ever ready to convert the opportunities of benevolence into a means for perpetrating the foulest of wrongs. Even after the light of modern humanity had fairly dawned upon them, people continued so insensible that when one of those victims of oppression was brought from an insane asylum into court on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and his discharge was urged for the reason that his detention was authorized by no law whatever, common or statute, the court was swift to say by the mouth of that eminent judge, Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, that his detention in the

asylum was amply authorized by "the great law of humanity."

It may be well to say, in this connection, that for several years the Association of Superintendents of North American hospitals for the insane, at its annual meetings, has been discussing and maturing the project of a general law for regulating the position of the insane, which it proposes to recommend for adoption in every State of the Union. This proposed law, while recognizing the sacred right of the family, under the great law of humanity, to place one of its members in a hospital for the insane, restricted by no other condition than that of the medical certificate, provides a judicial procedure for authorizing this measure in the case of those who have no family or near friend to care for them, and also for that class of patients whose relatives may differ respecting the proper course to be pursued. It also provides a judicial inquisition for ascertaining the mental condition of such as may be alleged to be detained in a hospital after recovery from their derangement; and it makes such disposition of those who are acquitted on trial for criminal acts as will best secure the safety of society and satisfy the claims of humanity.

It would seem as if a would-be reformer of the laws should know with some degree of accuracy what the laws are; but to our writer that kind of information is a matter of perfect indifference. His remarks on the pecuniary bond given by the friends of patients exhibit the same confusion of ideas that we have witnessed in his remarks about the medical certificate. Having quoted the bond required at the Frankford asylum, he adds immediately: "Thus is written the law upon this matter, borrowed scores and scores of years ago from England. . . . Yet here upon our statute-books it stands as it was recorded on the day of its adoption." It seems almost an insult to the understanding of our readers to tell them that neither this nor any bond for the Frankford or other hospital in

Pennsylvania ever existed in the shape of a statute. It was required by the managers of the asylum, in order to secure the payment of their expenses. A similar bond is used in every hospital where the patients are not entirely supported at the public expense. It has no connection whatever with the mode of admission, and would be retained even if the former were made to depend on a trial by jury. It is a common usage of the world to require security for the payment of pecuniary obligations. Hospitals for the insane are charitable institutions, depending for their support more or less on the income derived from their patients. If the rich sometimes pay more than the actual cost, they obtain what they get at a much lower price than they could in any other way, while the excess inures to the benefit of the poorer classes, who thereby pay considerably less than the cost. The effect of bad debts, therefore, is to enhance the price to the latter class, and to that extent deprive them of the benefit of hospital treatment. To find in such a bond an occasion of reproach indicates either an extraordinary ignorance of the ways of business, or a determination to excite prejudice and ill-feeling at all hazards.

"The natural consequences," he says, "of granting physicians 'such immense powers'" (meaning thereby, we suppose, the power of giving a certificate of insanity, and perhaps that of requiring a bond for the payment of expenses) "are flung into the faces of our legislators, judges, and jurors, with 'damnable iteration.'" What is meant by consequences that are flung about in this extraordinary manner he does not vouchsafe to inform us, but we are inclined to believe it is only one of those spontaneous flights of rhetoric in which he is fond of indulging. The sentence is immediately followed by the statement that "the law-books are full of such cases," but we are left as much in the dark as to these "cases" as we are about the "consequences" aforesaid. He can hardly mean the cases of persons who have been delivered from durance by the

writ of *habeas corpus*, because he presently harrows up our feelings with a sensational paragraph on the extreme difficulty of obtaining the writ at all, and the cold comfort afforded by it when it is obtained. At the victim's hearing, "everything is against him"; "he comes into court feverish and excited. His wrongs, his sufferings, his associations in the asylum, have wrought their worst upon him." His witnesses fail to appear, "for his star is in the descendant, and the taint of the prison is on him." Then, too, on the other side are feed counsel and the "influential citizens" that compose the Board of Directors; and "the medical staff of eminent men already biased against any one" pronounced insane by a professional brother; and "the crowd of spectators, who glare at the prisoner as if he were a wild beast"; and the "keeper ever by his side"; and "the judge, whose face betokens no interest in him, but is lighted up with cordial recognition of each of the eminent medical jailers as they enter. They have sworn away so many men's liberties, before his Honor, that they and the court are quite old friends." If the prisoner can stand all this, and rise superior to the depressing influences that have surrounded him, and "undergo an examination with perfect calmness," even then he has but "a desperate chance." The Anglo-Saxon world has been in the habit of thinking, that, of all the instrumentalities of the law none is more potent in effecting its objects than the writ of *habeas corpus*. No strength of surroundings, no influence of wealth or station, no cunning device of lawyers, has been supposed capable of resisting its power or thwarting its purposes. All this, it appears, is one of those popular fallacies which pass among unenlightened people for veritable facts. To the poor unfortunate who has suffered the wrong and indignity of being pronounced insane, and shut up among "gibbering idiots and raving maniacs," it furnishes no relief. Plain people, insensible to the arts of rhetoric, and governed solely by

the dictates of common sense, would rather conclude that the failure of the writ to procure redress in the class of cases referred to only showed that the persons were really insane and properly held in confinement.

Again we are puzzled. In spite of the inefficiency of the writ here complained of, the writer says that "a distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar lately referred to six cases in which he had been engaged during the last year, where there had been imprisonment for alleged insanity, and release effected only after long confinement and tedious efforts"; and this, he intimates, is not an unusually large proportion, "for, if we could examine the dockets of every practising lawyer in the United States, we should find multitudes of entries telling the same story." This curious fact in the statistics of insanity we commend to the attention of our friend, Dr. Jarvis, by whom it seems to have been overlooked in his researches in this department of knowledge. In the mean time, we will give him the benefit of such inquiries as the above statement induced us to make. In the last Philadelphia Directory the list of lawyers embraces about seven hundred names. On the supposition that only half of these are in actual practice, and that these have been engaged in only half as many cases of imprisonment for alleged insanity as the "distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar," with whom it may have been a specialty, then the whole number of cases must have amounted, for the year 1867, to one thousand and fifty! We find, however, that during that year two persons only were discharged from the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane by means of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and neither of them on the ground of their not being insane, and not one from either of the other hospitals, public or private, out of an aggregate of about thirteen hundred patients. During the twenty-seven years that the first-named institution has existed, out of more than five thousand patients received, only three cases have been dis-

charged by writ of *habeas corpus*, where the officers made any objection, and in these cases the discharge was not made because the patients were believed to be sane. One other patient was released during the proceedings of a Commission in Lunacy, and one was removed by his friends before the final hearing, and soon afterwards found drowned in the Delaware River. From all the other establishments together, since they began, one only — from that at Harrisburg — has been discharged by the writ. The conclusion seems to be inevitable, that "the distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar" who succeeded in delivering six persons from durance vile in the year 1867 is no better than a myth; or, if he were really a thing of flesh and blood, that he was playing upon the credulity of the writer.

The writer is not content with general assertions respecting the abuses that grow out of the present arrangement. Several cases are described that would seem to furnish some ground for his conclusions, provided they are fairly related. If, however, these accounts abound in misrepresentations, then they only prove that the writer is unreliable in anything. Let us see how this is.

The first case adduced for the purpose of showing that sane men may be caught up while quietly pursuing their customary avocations, and kept in close confinement under the false pretence of their insanity, is that of Morgan Hinchman, which occurred in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, over twenty years ago. It would be impossible within our allotted space to enter into the merits or demerits of this case, and we must, therefore, be content with noticing only the misrepresentations of the writer, vitiating, as they do, almost every statement he has made concerning it. This will show, however, the *animus* with which the article was written, and the degree of credit which it deserves.

The facts of the case were disclosed at the trial of an action of conspiracy, brought by Hinchman against fifteen persons, among whom were his sister, his wife's sister, the men who took him

to the asylum, the physician who gave the certificate, the officers of the asylum, and a person who was charged with being placed corruptly on the jury that pronounced him insane (after making inquisition in compliance with a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*). The alleged object of the conspiracy was to place him in the asylum at Frankford, in order to obtain the possession or control of his property. He obtained a verdict; but few, we believe, can read the evidence now, free from the prejudices of the time, without being satisfied that he was very insane, and that no corrupt or other improper motive could be fairly imputed to any one of the defendants. In fact, there was nothing whatever to distinguish the course of events in this case from that which ordinarily occurs. For several years this person had labored under mental derangement, which at times deprived him of all self-control, and made him behave as most insane people do in the highest grade of the disease, though at other times he retained his self-possession, and to the casual observer presented no trace of disorder. Gradually he grew worse. His paroxysms became more frequent, and created constant apprehension in the family circle. Naturally reluctant to take the last step, and hoping that every attack would be the last, his friends attempted no interference until his own welfare and the safety of others rendered it imperatively necessary. Then his mother and his sister, his wife and her sister, assuming a responsibility that belonged to them alone, concluded to send him to a hospital. Accordingly, they invoked the aid of some male friends to carry this measure into effect. A physician who had long and intimately known him gave the medical certificate, his family physician advised him to go quietly, and all concerned were his friends and well-wishers. He was placed in an asylum admirably fitted for its destined purpose, allowed every comfort and privilege conducive to his welfare, and in less than six months discharged, free from all trace of active disease. On the face

of this transaction there was nothing suspicious; everything was done openly and aboveboard, in the usual way and by the usual means. The very day after his admission to the asylum application was made by his mother for a jury of inquest, which was granted; and, the fact of insanity being established, a committee was appointed to take charge of his property and manage his affairs. Yet, out of this simple transaction, conceived in kindness and completed in good faith, this writer conjures up an array of horrors suggestive of the Holy Inquisition, the Star Chamber, the Bastille, and iron cages. How much foundation the horrors have is a question we propose to answer, and we will take them in the order in which they stand.

Horror 1st. — "An estrangement arising out of it [his wife's assignment of her property to him] grew up between him and his wife, instigated, it was alleged, by her family."

There was not a tittle of proof of any estrangement on her part, nor any change of manner or feeling beyond what would necessarily result from the manifestation of Hinchman's mental disease.

Horror 2d. — "For six long and dreadful months was this gentleman kept a close prisoner, denied the usual privileges of the establishment, encompassed by gibbering idiots and raving maniacs," "deprived of all intercourse with the outer world, save those of his enemies who had placed him there."

Dr. Evans, the visiting physician, testified, on the trial, that, "during the early period of his being in the asylum, he was limited to the men's wing of the building, and to the airing-yard attached thereto. As his health improved, he was allowed the use of the garden, the library, and grounds adjoining it; and, when his convalescence was thought to be secured, he was allowed the range of the whole farm, to go where and as he would"; and it appeared from other witnesses, that once he visited a brother-in-law living a few miles from the asylum, and spent the night with him. He received a visit from his mother and his

wife, though they probably are ranked by our writer among his "enemies"; from his brother-in-law, who had nothing to do with placing him in the asylum; from his uncle, who tried hard to have him discharged, and several other persons. Several letters, too, passed between him and the "outer world." By a rule of the asylum, no idiots, gibbering or otherwise, are ever received; and if raving maniacs were in the house at that time, they were in a different ward from that occupied by Hinchman, and could not have seriously annoyed him.

Horror 3d. — "In his far-away home, and unknown to him, his eldest child lay dying."

We are unable to see what bearing this event has on the question of Mr. Hinchman's insanity, or the manner in which he was placed in the asylum. He was not informed of this fact, probably for the reason that it seemed likely to disturb and agitate him, and thus retard his recovery. Such is the course often pursued in asylums; and that it is merciful and judicious no one can doubt who has been much conversant with the insane.

Horror 4th. — "His property was sold away from him under the auctioneer's hammer; his books, his furniture, his very garments, divided among '*his friends*,' who had given the orders by which he was buried alive."

It seems that one of Hinchman's creditors obtained a judgment previously to his being sent to the asylum, but the execution was issued afterwards. To prevent the sacrifice of the stock and other things on the farm, the sale of which had been ordered by the sheriff, one of the persons included in the roll of conspirators, in the kindness of his heart, advanced the money to satisfy the execution, and by judicious management obtained a good price for the property. The surplus was used to discharge other demands against the estate. So that on the discharge of the commission, as was abundantly proved by the evidence, Hinchman's real estate was restored to him just as he left it, and his personal

property accounted for to him within two hundred dollars of his own estimate,—a number of debts having been paid, his family supported, and an execution advantageously satisfied.

What ground the writer has for saying Hinchman's clothes were divided among his friends we cannot ascertain. We doubt if he has any. There is not a syllable to that effect in the testimony, and no one within reach of inquiry ever heard of it before. Hinchman's wife may possibly have given away a pair of old trousers, or some other worn-out garment supposed to be not worth keeping.

Horror 5th.—"They had consigned him to a living death; nobody came to his rescue, nobody knew of the place of his incarceration,—nobody, relative or true friend, alien or neighbor."

The testimony showed that many persons, friends, neighbors, and relatives, knew of his being in the asylum, and his uncle visited him two or three times, and used every effort to get him discharged.

Horror 6th.—At the trial, "signatures were denied, orders repudiated, minutes kept back, records vitiated and altered, letters burned."

It is true that some papers of little importance, called for from the defence, were not forthcoming at once, having been obviously mislaid; and that is the only grain of truth in the whole charge. Nothing was kept back, denied, vitiated, or burned.

Horror 7th.—When the uncle "went in his wrath to those who had placed him there, who had sold his property and divided his raiment among them, he was told 'that he had better not attempt reclaiming his nephew's property, but leave it with them, because they would either prove him insane or so blacken his character that he could not walk the streets.'"

The conversation referred to was with the person who had been appointed the committee to take charge of his affairs, and is here grossly misrepresented. This person, who had taken no part, by word or deed, in placing Hinchman

in the asylum, said to the uncle, what he had already said to the nephew, as a reason why they should refrain from revoking the guardianship,—that it would be the means of blackening his character; that is, Hinchman had done things that could be excused only on the ground of insanity, such as taking money from a bank in which he was employed, and in which he consequently lost his place. The Friends' Meeting, to which he belonged, directed inquiry to be made into the matter, according to their custom; and the conclusion was that he was insane, and therefore not deserving of censure or discipline.

Horror 8th.—"Said the chief conspirator to his victim, 'Make a deed of trust. If you do that, you may come out a sane man.' Another witness testified that the superintendent of the asylum said: 'It is a mere family quarrel; if he would arrange his property, there would be an end of it.'"

The truth of these statements, which were said by the uncle to have been made to him, not to the 'victim,' was positively denied by affidavit of the persons referred to, one of whom was Hinchman's wife.

Horror 9th.—"The physician who signed the certificate had never been Morgan Hinchman's physician, had not seen him a single moment for four months previous to issuing it."

This may have been so, but it must be borne in mind that the physician was made a defendant in the case, and of course his mouth was shut. The writer was careful not to add, what he knew very well, that this gentleman was a fellow-member of the same Friends' Meeting; that, when the Meeting was obliged to take cognizance of Hinchman's conduct, he was one of the committee chosen to visit and examine him, and report on the proper course to be pursued; that, in consequence of these relations, he became well acquainted with Hinchman's mental condition, came to the conclusion that he was insane, and advised the Meeting to treat him accordingly. He was, therefore, as well fitted

to give a certificate as any other physician would have been on the strength of one or two interviews. But instead of "being outside of the reach of the law, and acquitted," as the writer states, with his usual inaccuracy, he was convicted with the rest of the conspirators.

Horror 10th.—"A manager of the asylum testified that 'the superintendent could not look beyond the papers of admission supplied by the patient's friends; that the superintendent had no power to discharge an inmate, no matter how long his cure had been established, without the consent of the friends who had placed him there?'"

We can find nothing like this in the printed testimony. On the contrary, one of the rules of the asylum, produced at the trial, is, that, "in case of a patient being fully restored, or other causes rendering his or her removal proper, reasonable notice shall be given thereof to the friends of the patient; but, should they decline applying for a discharge, the visiting managers shall report the case to the board, and proceed under its direction to discharge and remove the patient."

It must be a desperate case that can derive any support from a distorted account of a case which no true friend of the principal party concerned would have been anxious to drag from its long sleep into the gaze of a new generation. The fact of Hinchman's insanity was abundantly established by the testimony of his own family, his neighbors, and his physicians. He was placed in an asylum where he was properly and kindly cared for, and allowed every suitable privilege, and from which he was discharged, if not as perfectly recovered, yet in a far better mental condition than when he entered. His property was very properly placed in charge of a committee, by whom it was prudently and judiciously managed. The case did present an extraordinary feature, unparalleled in the records of jury-trials. It was the spirit in which this man and his coadjutor pushed through an action at law against those from whom he had received nothing but kindness, and ob-

tained vindictive damages, which, with a noble sense of honor, was paid chiefly by his own flesh and blood, though it stripped his aged mother of the greater portion of her humble means.

In pursuing his design of exposing the wrongs effected by the medical certificate, the writer mentions the case of a lady who was recently placed in the Pennsylvania Hospital for the insane by her husband, who had ceased to love her, and took this means of getting her out of the way, and, perhaps, of obtaining a libel of divorce, for which, with his wonderfully accurate knowledge of law, he thinks "incarceration in a mad-house for a certain period would give him grounds." This wicked scheme was frustrated, it seems, by Dr. Kirkbride, the physician of the hospital, who "became especially interested in her, watched her assiduously, examined into the facts of her case, taking a great deal of trouble in the matter, satisfied himself of her sanity, brought the attention of the court to the subject, and procured her discharge." Various circumstances render it impossible to mistake the case here alluded to, and a more unfortunate one for the purpose can scarcely be imagined. The certificate of insanity was signed by two physicians, one of whom had attended her and her children for several months, and taken great pains to ascertain her mental condition, which his relation to the family gave him ample opportunity of doing; and the other was a gentleman who had had charge of a large establishment for the insane for several years, and had observed and conversed with the patient several times. In their depositions, given before a commissioner, to be used in an application she made for the custody of the children, the reasons for their opinion are so clearly, so fully, and so intelligently presented as to remove any shadow of doubt respecting its correctness. It was strengthened, if that were possible, by the testimony of a host of witnesses, — servants, nurses, the people with whom she boarded, and casual acquaintances. It was no friendly office to try to deprive her of the only

possible excuse for conduct that would have been disgraceful to any sane woman. What is said of Dr. Kirkbride's attention to the case is all very true, we doubt not; but he authorizes us to say that he never expressed the opinion that she was not insane, that he never called the attention of the court to her case, and that neither she nor any one else was ever discharged from his care under the circumstances stated. She was removed by her brother, her husband not objecting, and without any process of law, at the end of seven or eight weeks. As an indication of the temper and designs of her husband, let it be remembered that some six or seven months previously he had placed her in the hospital, and, at the end of a fortnight, yielded to her importunities, and took her home, where her previous conduct was renewed in a more objectionable form.

Another case is given of a man recently sent to the same institution by his relatives, merely because in the indulgence of his æsthetic tastes he bought a few books and pictures, thereby diminishing the hoards that would naturally come to them after his death. The reader is to believe that for this reason alone, as no other is given, a man in Philadelphia was put into a hospital for the insane, and kept there some two or three months! Considering the multitude of indifferent pictures disposed of in that market, at almost incredible prices, the purchase of paintings would seem about the last thing to be regarded by Philadelphians as proof of insanity. There was, unquestionably, an old man in Philadelphia, who bought a great many pictures, was pronounced insane by his physician, sent to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the insane, and discharged therefrom by order of court. Thus much is true, and a great deal more not mentioned at all, which omission we propose to supply as fully as possible. We are unable to obtain any notes of the testimony, but the following private communication from Judge Allison, who issued the writ of *habeas corpus*, will sufficiently answer

our purpose. "I had no doubt of his insanity at the time when he was placed in the hospital. The testimony of his friends and associates, and also that of a very respectable physician who had attended him professionally for a long time, satisfied me on that point. His conduct towards his relations suddenly, and without cause, changed from gentleness and kindness to violence and abuse. The evidence showed that his daily behavior was strange and unnatural, and wholly inconsistent with reason and sound judgment. The proof of his acts, of his speech, and of his appearance left no doubt on my mind that at the time when he was sent to the asylum he was insane, and needed both restraint and judicious treatment, with a view to his restoration to reason. When brought before me, he was, according to the evidence, very much improved; and although manifesting in court considerable excitement of manner, I did not think it would be unsafe to discharge him from custody, or that he would do violence to himself or to others. And on this ground mainly I rested my decision. To this may be added my belief,—presumptuous, perhaps,—from what I saw of the man, as well as from the testimony, that his entire recovery would be aided by freedom rather than by further restraint of liberty. That he was a monomaniac in relation to the purchase of pictures and furniture no one, I think, could doubt for a moment. His purchases at auction were frequent, as well as large in amount, reaching some thousands of dollars, and, as the auctioneer testified, without judgment, and very much at random. This was carried to so great an extent, that auctioneers, after a time, avoided or refused his bids. M— resided with his mother, and her house was filled with his purchases; not only the rooms, but the passage-ways as well. I informed his friends at the hearing, that he could be restrained by process of law from wasting his property, because of his unsoundness of mind; and I delayed my decision, to afford them an opportunity to apply for

a commission of lunacy, as well as to test his case for my own satisfaction by a further delay; but no inquisition was instituted, and, for the reasons already stated, I discharged him." So it seems that these rapacious relatives, who did not shrink from the outrage of falsely imprisoning this old gentleman, would not trouble themselves to attempt to deprive him by legal measures of the control of his property, even with a fair prospect of success.

We are sorry to say that one statement in this case is unquestionably true. He was taken to a station-house, and kept there overnight. The stupid policeman who had charge of him either thought that patients were not received into the hospital after dark, or that it would be more agreeable to go by daylight, and so he took him to the police station for safe-keeping until morning. It was no fault of the friends or the physician, and might have happened had he been committed by order of court.

Whether this person subsequently served on a jury, as the writer states, we have not taken the trouble to ascertain. If he did, we dare say he performed the duty acceptably, but we have not been so profoundly impressed with the wisdom of juries as to regard the fact as conclusive proof that he was not then, and never had been, insane. We doubt not that many of the inmates of our hospitals would perform the functions of a jurymen as creditably as the average of men now put into the jury-box. They do a great many other things requiring more forethought and steadiness than it does to say yes or no to a verdict as likely to be wrong as right.

The writer's grievances are not confined to the medical certificate nor the mercenary motives of the friends who procure it. He more than insinuates that hospitals for the insane, all the country over, are guilty of many reprehensible practices, and even gross abuses, while admitting, Judas-like, that "their laws are perfection, and their treatment of patients tender

and thoughtful as it should be; that their principles are the highest results of refined and cultivated minds, and generous, sympathetic hearts."

He complains that the patients' letters are not sent without being first read by the superintendent, and not always then. This is not exactly true. In many hospitals, — for of course we cannot know respecting every one in the country, — many a patient's letters are sent without being read by the officers; and nothing is more common than a regular correspondence between a patient and friends, that meets no other eye than theirs. Patients in an active stage of disease often write letters full of folly and nonsense, which are wisely and kindly withheld; and no one is more grateful for the discretion thus exercised than the patient when he comes to himself. No sooner is convalescence fairly established than he begins to be mortified by the recollection of such letters, and experiences a sense of relief most salutary in his condition when assured that they were withheld. Why should an insane person be allowed to expose his infirmities in the shape of a letter that may be read by scores or hundreds, more than in the shape of crazy acts and crazy discourse? Not unfrequently, a refined and cultivated woman writes letters, while in the height of disease, the thought of which, when restored, overwhelms her with shame and confusion. To forward such letters would be an outrage upon decency, and would raise the blood of every true husband, brother, and parent, who would make the case their own. It would be a breach of trust on the part of any hospital officer permitting it, that should be followed by his instant dismissal. Besides, the letters of the insane often convey information respecting their mental condition of the utmost importance to those intrusted with their care. Many a patient who conceals his delusions and mad designs from ordinary observation betrays them in his writings, and many a patient has been preserved from harm to himself or to

others by means of the statements contained in his letters. It is the business and the duty of the physician of the insane to make himself acquainted with what is passing in the mind of his patient; and to inspect his writings in furtherance of this purpose is as proper as it would be to ascertain the condition of his heart and lungs by means of the stethoscope, or the state of his eyes by means of the ophthalmoscope.

The writer also complains that to the superintendent is intrusted "the sole direction of the medical, moral, and dietetic treatment of the patients, and the selection of all persons employed in their care." All this is bad enough in the public and incorporated asylums, but it must be far worse, he thinks, in "those private mad-houses whose name is legion." It will not be very obvious, we imagine, why an organization of service that has been universally adopted in mills, ships, railways, and many other industrial establishments where well-defined responsibility, harmonious working, and prompt execution are necessary to the highest degree of success, should not be equally suitable to a hospital where many persons are employed, and many operations going on requiring industry, vigilance, thoughtfulness, and fidelity, and all with reference to a common end. Hospitals are now put into the charge of a superintendent responsible for the management, because, after a thorough trial of every other method, this has been found to be the most efficient. The time was when the physician, whose duties were exclusively medical, came in three or four times a week, walked through the wards, exchanged a few words with the attendants, prescribed the necessary medicines, and then went his way. The steward, warden, or whatever might be his title, lived in the house, obtained the supplies, looked after the house and grounds, paid the employees, and reported their misconduct to the directors. The attendants were called to account by these functionaries, to whom they may have owed their appointment,

and by whom their delinquencies would naturally be regarded with indulgence. The directors themselves might take a turn at executive duty occasionally, which proved not very conducive to the general harmony. In this way, nobody was strictly responsible for anything, nobody's duties were defined, and an endless jar was the usual result. It was under such management that those terrible abuses occurred in the English establishments, which were exposed by parliamentary inquiry in 1815. If we are anxious to have them renewed among ourselves, we have only to take from the physician the sole direction of affairs, fritter away everybody's responsibility, and rely upon every employee to do his duty only according to his own good will and pleasure.

How the writer arrives at the fact that we have among us a "legion of private mad-houses," as he elegantly designates them, we are quite unable to conceive. With opportunities, fully equal, probably, to his, of knowing, we doubt if there are a dozen; indeed, we cannot reckon up more than seven. We begin to think that he has some remarkable endowment of mental vision analogous to the structure of the eye in some insects, which, being composed of a multitude of lesser eyes, sees the object it looks at multiplied ten-thousand-fold. In some such extraordinary manner this writer, who may have seen our friend Given's excellent establishment at Media, beholds the images of it depicted on his mental retina, multiplied more times than any known denomination of numbers can express. Of course the mountain of abuse suggested by this large expression will sink into a very insignificant pile.

Another charge against hospitals for the insane is, that, while they may be all very well for insane people, "they become torture-houses, breeders of insanity, for those who may, by cruel chance, be brought improperly under their peculiar influences," a circumlocution which refers, no doubt, to people who are not insane. To discuss

the effect of hospitals on the sane, before we have better proof of the existence of this abuse, would be but a waste of time and space. With that class of worthies who think it their mission to excite popular prejudices against hospitals for the insane, it is a favorite means to represent them as calculated to remove any vestige of sanity that may be left, and destroy all chances of cure. Many persons have been kept away from them, under the influence of this notion, until the disease has become completely incurable, or, worse still, until some deplorable deed of violence has rendered delay no longer possible. The steadily increasing list of suicides and homicides attributed by coroners' juries to insanity bears witness to the power and extent of this miserable prejudice. Surely, nothing less than some constitutional mental obliquity can account for the satisfaction these people take in witnessing the mischief they occasion, and finding in it a fresh reason for persevering in their unholy work.

Not the least of this writer's complaints against hospitals is, that the patients are subjected to all manner of ill-treatment. He says that in England "it was recently found necessary to direct, under the authority of Parliament, an investigation into the character and treatment of the patients confined in the mad-houses of the United Kingdom. The official reports of these investigations are tales of wrong, cruelty, and oppression, at which the heart sickens," &c. Now, we feel safe in denying that any such investigation has been made *recently*, and the annual reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy must convince any reasonable mind that such charges against the asylums of the present day are groundless. The statement here quoted will apply to the famous parliamentary inquiry of 1815, which, with the writer's usual proclivity for confusing all the relations of time, space, and number, he represents as an occurrence within our own time.

According to the writer's account,

our own hospitals, especially those of Pennsylvania, are no less shamefully managed; and in proof he quotes from two public documents, one, the report of what he calls the "Pennsylvania Medical Association," and the other, the "Report of a Special Commission Appointed by the Governor." The passages quoted reveal the most barbarous treatment of the insane, attributed by implication to the hospitals and asylums for the insane. Some were in cold basement rooms, without fresh air and the means of exercise; males and females without clothing were found in adjoining rooms; some were fastened by a chain to a staple in the floor; one said to be deranged was chained to a sixty-pound weight, which he was obliged to carry about; and one, over eighty years old, had been chained for twenty years. These passages are so introduced as to give the impression — which, no doubt, the writer deliberately intended to give — that such things were witnessed in the incorporated and the State hospitals for the insane. Here are the actual facts, known as well to the writer as to anybody else.

The State hospitals being filled to their utmost capacity, it was thought necessary that more should be provided; and, to make the necessity as obvious as possible, the "Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania" appointed a committee to prepare a memorial to the Legislature on the subject, in which, among other things, they exposed the wretched condition of the insane in the poor-houses of the towns and counties. With the same object in view, the special commissioner was directed to examine into the condition of the insane inmates of the poor-houses and jails. The results of these inquiries were presented to the Legislature, as an inducement for establishing another hospital, and the Legislature voted the necessary appropriation. Not one word, be it observed, is said by the writer about jails or poor-houses in connection with these passages. In view of this attempt to cast a lasting reproach upon honest men, what credit can be given to

any of his statements, and what terms of reprobation can be too strong to bestow upon such a deliberate deception?

The writer's remedy for all defects in the present practices and laws is "some statutory regulation as to the degree of aberration of mind justifying detention, and provision made for a hearing before a board of magistrates, and a sworn jury of twelve, composed of men of strong and sterling sense." He does not tell us what degree of aberration ought, in his opinion, to warrant a person's detention in a hospital; and we are puzzled to conceive how our law-makers, who are not supposed to be remarkably inclined to psychological studies, will be able to take the first step towards framing the "statutory regulation" required. Their attempts at definition would be likely to result, we apprehend, much like that of Polonius in the play:—

"Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?"

But, supposing this difficulty surmounted, we are no less puzzled to conceive by what sort of evidence the prescribed degree of insanity is to be proved. Our writer has no faith in doctors, because doctors sometimes disagree, and besides they may be bribed, so they would have to be excluded as incompetent witnesses. But, probably, he considers it the crowning excellence of this arrangement, that the degree of insanity is to be determined solely by that strong and sterling sense which, it is well known, is so characteristic of juries. Seriously, since a jury-trial is not universally considered the perfection of wisdom, even when the facts are intelligible to the meanest understanding, we are unable to see how a jury can be the best tribunal for deciding questions of a professional nature. The Solons of Illinois think otherwise, for they have provided, by a stringent law, that no person shall be placed in any hospital for the insane whose disease has not been proved by a jury-trial. Are we prepared to follow such legislation? When an afflictive disease is filling our homes with sorrow

and apprehension, is it a matter of pleasing reflection that we can lay our griefs before the judge or the sheriff, who will authorize twelve men to gather around the bedside of the beloved wife or daughter, and there, after learning those painful circumstances of the domestic history which every sentiment of propriety would forbid us to mention beyond the family circle, but which may immediately become food for gossip in the streets and the shops,—even without the aid of a newspaper-reporter, though the "representatives of the press" probably would not be excluded from the room,—this august tribunal may or may not decide that the patient is insane, and give or withhold its authority for removal to a hospital? Would we rejoice at the prospect of thus bringing the law and its ministers within our very doors, at the moment when of all others we would wish to be shielded from the public gaze? Few families, we are sure, would submit to the operation of such a law as long as it could be possibly avoided; and every expedient and makeshift would be resorted to, until the exhaustion of their means and strength left them no alternative.

One or two words respecting the great grievance which forms the burden of the article in question.

Of all the bugbears conjured up in these latter times to frighten grown people from the course pointed out by true science and true humanity, it would be hard to find one more destitute of real substance than the alleged practice of confining sane persons in hospitals for the insane. We have yet to learn of the first well-authenticated case in this country; and we have heard the same thing asserted by others, whose professional duties have enabled them to be well informed on this subject. Although this does not prove the impossibility of such an abuse, it certainly does prove that it must be an exceedingly rare occurrence. If it be answered, that these persons were biassed by their occupations, and thus labored under an insuperable difficulty in discovering the sanity of people wrongly charged with

being insane, let us listen to the declaration of one who, with the amplest opportunities for learning the truth, cannot be charged with having been under a bias that would lead him to overlook or ignore an abuse of the kind in question. Some thirty years ago, the British Parliament established a "Board of Commissioners in Lunacy," whose business it was to visit every hospital for the insane, public and private, once, at least, every year; to make themselves acquainted with their accommodations and management, their merits and defects; to point out faults and suggest improvements; to mark the circumstances of particular patients, and, if thought expedient, recommend their removal to some other establishment. Though clothed with no executive powers, yet so potent was their advice, that when they recommended, as they sometimes did, the withdrawal of the license of some private house, their advice was always followed. The present Earl Shaftesbury was a member and chairman of this Board from the beginning up to a very recent period, and was particularly distinguished by the activity and intelligence with which he discharged his duties, and by his interest in whatever pertained to the welfare of the insane. He was never slow to perceive deficiencies, nor to administer a sharp rebuke when it seemed to be deserved. He was never supposed to entertain any partiality for medical men likely to influence his opinion in questions where they were concerned. In the parliamentary session of 1858 and 1859 a committee was appointed to inquire and report respecting some lunacy question, and the Earl was requested to testify. On that occasion he said, "The notion of improper admissions or detentions is essentially wrong"; and he left it to be implied that such occurrences could only take place at rare intervals, and under unusual circumstances.

We occasionally hear it alleged, no doubt, as it is in the article before us, that a certain inmate of an asylum is not insane, but only a victim of the

greed or hatred of his or her relations. A persistent clamor may be heard through the whole length and breadth of the land over some case of this kind; the newspapers may teem with angry paragraphs; and the courts be beset for writs of *habeas corpus*, writs of injunction, and every possible legal instrumentality for the relief of injured innocence. All this is perfectly compatible with what we have said above, and is satisfactorily explained by what we know of the nature of insanity. This disease is not always obvious to the casual observer. Its manifestations require time and opportunity, in the absence of which its workings are confined to the inmost thoughts, or exhibited only in those domestic relations that are not exposed to the public view; and, even when the patient proclaims his delusions, they may not be of a kind necessarily impossible. If he believes that his head is turned round, or that he is the son of perdition, nobody doubts his insanity. But when a child or parent is charged with unkindness, a husband or wife with infidelity to marriage-vows, and that too with an air of sincerity seemingly incompatible with deception and a minuteness of circumstance incompatible with fiction, it is not surprising that the stranger, or sometimes even the intimate friend, should believe the story, and use every endeavor to abate the wrong. If disposed to doubt or hesitate in view of the unsullied reputation of the parties accused, there comes the artful suggestion, that if a man is tired of his wife or a woman of her husband, and bent upon forbidden pleasures; if children are looking with greedy eyes upon houses and lands and stocks which the prolonged existence of a parent keeps from their grasp,—what more convenient course could they adopt than to declare the person who bars the way to the coveted object to be insane, and consign him to imprisonment in a hospital? The most common traits of the insane,—their ability to conceal more or less the manifestations of disease, the plausibility with which they set forth the wrongs alleged

to be inflicted on them, the fact that the mental disorder is often witnessed rather in the conduct than the conversation, their disposition to hate and malign those who have been most assiduous in offices of kindness and affection, — these are all ignored, even by persons whose culture would seem to have secured them from such grievous ignorance.

We cannot conclude without animadverting upon the spirit of hostility towards hospitals for the insane which pervades the whole article reviewed. That they are not perfect, that they are liable to defects like every other enterprise conducted by men and women, it needs no prophet to tell us. Considering the unavoidable difficulties of their work, — difficulties which the world knows little about, — and the rare moral and intellectual endowments required for its successful performance, we only wonder that they have reached a measure of excellence worthy of the admiration of all who can see in a good work something besides its little imperfections. To remedy their defects, to give them the highest degree of efficiency, to keep them fully up with the advancing steps of modern civilization, — these are things that require, not the ill-natured flings of amateur reformers who never spent a couple of hours in them in all their lives, and have no conception of any other form of insanity than that of raving mania, but the counsel and aid of those who have personal knowledge of their management and affairs, of the nature of insanity, and of the ways of the insane. It is too late in the day to decry these institutions. Consecrated by the labors of a Tuke, a Mann, a Dix, and others like them in spirit, if not in fame, and the better fitted for their work by the bounties of those who have been glad to devote a portion of their wealth to the service of humanity, they are among the best fruits of that noble philanthropy, of that peculiarly Christian spirit and principle, which distinguish the social condition of our times. To gain an adequate conception of the good they accomplish, let one traverse their

halls and grounds, witness the order, peace, and freedom that prevail, — the admirable arrangements for promoting the physical and mental comfort of their inmates by means of good food, pure air, abundant recreation, and employment out of doors books, papers, pictures, amusements within, — and learn something of the unceasing, unwearied effort to prevent abuses and render the law of kindness paramount to every other influence; and then go to the jails and almshouses where these stricken ones, "bound in affliction and iron," endure too often the last extremity of human wretchedness. We envy not the heart of that man who could witness this contrast without invoking blessings on the modern hospital for the insane and bidding it God speed in its holy work.

The writer professes to entertain only the kindest feeling towards these institutions; but let him take no credit to himself on that score. Almost every sentence bears witness to a very different kind of feeling. The vocabulary of oppression and tyranny is ransacked for titles and epithets wherewith to render them odious and unworthy of confidence. They are called "prisons," "Bastilles," "torture-houses," "breeders of insanity"; their physicians are styled "jailers," and their attendants "morose keepers"; their inmates are called "prisoners," and their seclusion "imprisonment," "being buried alive," and "incarceration in a mad-house," where they "vainly beat against the iron bars of their cage." We do not suppose that such spiteful effusions do much harm to these institutions or the persons connected with them. They may excite a temporary sensation in the minds of over-credulous people, and of all those who are ever ready to believe that the fairest outside is only a cloak for concealing some hideous evil beneath it. There need be no fear that these institutions will fail to meet the demand of the times for higher and still higher grades of excellence, since the men who control them are of the sort that recognize the great law of improvement,

and have given their hearts and their hands to the duty of meeting its requirements. As an earnest of what they will be hereafter, it is fair to present the contrast between their present con-

dition and that which marked the earliest days of their existence, — a contrast fully equal to that exhibited by the progress of any other benevolent enterprise of modern times.

LOST AND FOUND.

NO one can appreciate fully the misery of losing a husband in the unknown wilderness of the streets of New York, without having previously experienced the misery of being the very shyest person in all the uncomfortable world.

Half-way across the continent, and travelling night and day, would have been enough to fatigue Hercules himself, who never had any such labors to perform among all his famous dozen; and we were about as weary of jar and joggle and tumult as one would think the round globe itself should be at this point of time. However, the earth never stops to rest in her rolling, and why should we? We must follow her example and despatch on a smaller scale, and go straight through to Canada that night.

It might be supposed that so long a journey, and a winter's residence in one of the gayest of gay cities, would have overcome in great measure the painful diffidence of a retiring nature; but, on the contrary, it had only intensified it, — every fresh approaching face had become a fresh agony, every introduction had assumed as dreadful a guise as a death-warrant, and instead of gaining courage or *chic*, or the aplomb of a woman of the world, I had gradually acquired the habit of hiding under my thick veil, and wishing for nothing but the cap of invisibility.

This sad shyness was, and is, the curse of my existence; it put me from the beginning under the feet of servants; I took what waiters chose to bring me, and never grumbled; I hard-

ly ever went out without the tacit permission of my chambermaid; I walked a mile rather than ask my way of the next person; in the cars I alternated between comfort and distress with my ticket, according to the exit or entrance of the conductor; and as for hackmen, they drove me to distraction, — I have seen my friend pay one at the door with my own eyes, but have unhesitatingly paid him over again, on his stout asseveration that nothing of the kind had ever taken place. I have been considerably requested by another to alight at the foot of Somerset Street, in a sister city, as his horses could not conveniently climb the hill, and have remunerated him with a full fare, obeyed his wish, and modestly climbed the hill myself; and I never knew the time when I seemed to be rolling along luxuriously in my private coach, that the wretch of a driver did not take a short cut down some back slum, and destroy the illusion by inviting upon the box a comrade in shirt-sleeves, — which can be the appropriate livery of nobody but bishops, and I am not a bishop. Taking the total of so much shyness, it is evident that I am not exactly the person to lose a husband in a labyrinth with which I am utterly unacquainted, and to whose mazes I have not the slightest clew, with any hope of finding him again.

However, all this is mere digression.

I lived, be it known, through the ordeal of the splendid hotel upholstery and mirrors, designed especially to put you out of countenance, endured the breakfast at the Fifth Avenue, and the impertinent staring of my *vis-à-vis*; fur-

thermore, survived several stately calls, and at last sallied forth for my purchases and the boat, safe in my husband's escort.

I had with me only my travelling-bag ; for it had seemed unnecessary on the previous night to bring all our luggage up to the hotel, — big trunk, little trunk, handbox, and bundle. Do not, I beg you, imagine that all the contents of the chests and portmanteaus were vanities of mine ; indeed, lace and linen, bonnet and bournouse, filled one little trunk alone ; the rest belonged to Charlie, every inch of them. And what was there in them ? Why, — newspapers. I knew you would not believe me, yet I assure you again that their contents were nothing but newspapers. All the way from Omaha, from St. Louis, from Chicago, from Cincinnati, from Baltimore, — nothing but newspapers ; after every stay in every town a new trunk appeared, and in its recesses were filed away the invaluable newspapers, — Chicago Tomahawks, and La Crosse What-is-its, and Baltimore Butcher-Blades, and Congressional Chesterfields, — the contemporary records of the time, Charlie said, which no student of history could spare. These, accordingly, were left in the baggage-room at the station, in one of those spasms of economy that always prove more expensive in the end, and now they were to be expressed across the city to the boat, and there was very little time to do it.

"We never can have any peace about your shopping with such a weight on our minds as all that luggage," said Charlie. "I think that had best be attended to first."

"Not at all," I answered, not feeling the possible loss of the trunks to be complete ruin ; "for if we once go down there we never shall come back, and there are all our presents to buy."

"Well, then, you had best do the buying, my love, and I will do the luggage."

"Me ?" I exclaimed, in a consternation.

"Yes. Why not ?"

"But you know I always make somebody buy for me. I can't beat the

creatures down ; and they clap on the pinnacle of prices the moment they lay eyes on my face."

"Well, — it will be a good lesson to you. Early exercises in bargains. I don't see anything else to be done."

"But what ?"

"But for me to take a stage down to the station, — it is an hour's ride, — and for you to saunter down Broadway."

"What — without you ?"

"Why, certainly ; they don't murder in open daylight on Broadway."

"But I don't know my way."

"You won't have to find your way. You have only to keep straight on. Do be strong-minded for once. Make your purchases, and wait for me at the corner —"

"Wait in the street ?"

"Yes ; it makes no difference, where nobody knows you. Wait for me at the corner opposite City Hall Park, — you remember that place ?"

"Ye-es. We passed it last night. Yes, I should know it if I saw it. And keep straight ahead till I reach there, you said ?" with a cold perspiration, which I said nothing about.

"Yes, and wait on the Astor House corner. I will attend to the trunks and then saunter up Broadway till I meet you, or you might go to Delmonico's."

"O no indeed, — I don't know where it is, — I never should find it, — I had rather not ! O no indeed, I will wait for you on the corner opposite City Hall Park. I will certainly wait there."

"Very well. I will find you there. Don't be afraid now. Give me your travelling-bag, I will lock it up in the state-room."

"Will it be safe there ? It has all my precious manuscript in it," — alas, I am literary ! — "absolutely promised for next week, and if it is lost I shall be undone." •

"Pshaw ! Perfectly safe ; it is n't sensational enough to explode the steam-boat at the wharf, — is it ? Want any money ?" And then Mr. Charlie put his hand in his pocket, and drew it out as if he had burned it, — the place was

empty! His pocket-book apparently had been afraid it should be left behind, and had taken French leave.

Charlie always receives the inevitable with a good grace. "I have been robbed," said he. "About as bad a predicament — I must make haste and leave word at the Central Police Office, or whatever they call it here. Don't know as it is of any use, — all thieves together. However, we must spring round now, for we've no money to stay another night in the city. That's a — pretty scrape, with two dividends waiting for us at home."

"Can't you borrow?"

"Don't know a soul in New York. No matter; our passage is paid, and I've change enough in my waistcoat pocket for the stages."

"But you can have this back."

"O no! The presents must be bought; we go straight through, and don't see another store, as you may say, after we leave Broadway, and the girls will expect them, of course. Good by, — straight ahead, — saunter slowly, — and wait at the corner opposite City Hall Park."

"City Hall Park," said I. And he seized my bag, hailed a stage, and was out of sight.

Protected by my husband, how brave and strong I had felt, defying the great whirlpool of the metropolis and all its terrors! but now suddenly I shrunk up into myself like a sea-anemone; and all the careless crowd, brushing by me, gave me a sensation as if I were being pricked by so many bristles.

This was Broadway then! There would be temptations; things in the windows! Now I would not be a fool, but would show myself fit to live in the world. And in that spirit I threw up my veil, adjusted my eye-glasses satisfactorily, — alas, I am nearsighted! — and commenced my sauntering.

My purse was firmly grasped, — I never trust my purse out of my hands, — it contained our little all, for the present, and demanded a share of my attention. I made no purchases yet; but, as I strolled along, kept waiting for

the splendid windows to come into sight. Somebody had told me if I wanted to get cheap things to go to Sixth Avenue; but that had been out of the question on account of the want of time, and, if the things were dearer on Broadway, they were probably all the prettier. But either my glasses were poor or this was not Broadway, for the ideally lovely things that I expected failed to present themselves. Nevertheless, I continued my ramble, trusting to rumor, and not venturing inside any doors because fancying that I should certainly see the desired display behind glass a little farther down town.

All at once a mass of granite and scaffolding across the way began to loom into view; a sort of spire beyond; an iron railing and ballads hanging over it, — the new Post Office probably, that I had read was in process of erection, — Great Heavens, this was City Hall Park!

To this day I do not know whether Broadway goes any farther, that was and is the end of it to me. I dared not stir a step beyond; and here I was at the end of my tether, and not a present bought, and there were all those gaping girls at home, each expecting, without doubt, some lovely memento of my journey, which I also desired that they should have. There was a glittering window at my right hand now; it belonged to a jewelry establishment; in desperation I plunged within, — and lighted on a locket.

"Forty-five dollars."

Goodness! And I had but thirty.

"This one?"

"Forty."

"And that?"

"Thirty-five."

There were others at twenty-two, eighteen, ten, six, five, but they were the very *canaille* of lockets, — and the first one was such a piece of perfection. Suddenly a locket became the one desirable thing in all the treasures of a jeweller. What was the difference between the forty-five-dollar one and the forty? The young man hardly knew, — some trifle of workmanship he pre-

sumed. It grew upon me like a fungus, as I looked at the case, and nothing else would catch my eye, that I must have that locket, — it was such a beauty, such beaten, burnished, golden gold ; such chasing and enamelling, such a charming initial in tiny diamonds, which was the very thing. I already saw it hanging on Eleanor's white throat, — no toilet could be complete without it. What was the very lowest — *vox hæsit*, but I overcame — at which either of the first two could be had? The young man hardly knew again, — looked at me, — at the lockets. Which did I wish to purchase? he would like to know.

I should like to purchase this one ; but I could by no means give forty-five dollars. Still he did n't know. Could n't he find out? Would he inquire if there could be any abatement in the price, as I was in a hurry? With that he summoned a messenger, and despatched him and the locket to the cavernous back part of the store ; and, in the absence of the cynosure, a great gray gentleman in gold spectacles, who seemed to be made of lockets, and who, as I heard another customer remark, "bossed round promiscuous," inquired, in a sweetly paternal way, if I were finding the article that I desired. I gave him to understand that the article was all right as soon as the price was, and by that time the locket had returned, the great gray gentleman had covered successfully the dialogue between my dapper young man and his messenger, and the young man politely requested to know how much I would be willing to pay.

It was certainly not my business to fix prices, so I summoned all my courage, and said I should be willing to pay as little as possible. And then, as he still seemed desirous that I should name my figure, I put a bold face on the matter, and said twenty-five dollars.

The young man made a movement to replace it in the case, but paused half-way. "That is not to be thought of," said he, rapidly. "I could n't listen to such a proposition ; it really cost us nearly twice that ; we are selling at

a discount as it is. I should be glad to accommodate you, but, indeed, we might as well give it away."

"Very well," I remarked, finding the beating-down business not so tremendous after all. "But you are willing to take something less apparently. Please say what, for I am in a hurry, as I said."

"If you take it at forty dollars we shall lose —"

"Then I will not be the means of your losing. I cannot give forty for it," and I began to give it up.

"But indeed, madam, it is cheap at that," said he, glibly ; "eighteen carat gold, Viennese workmanship, and the diamonds real. If you can find any at a less price in the city, we shall be glad to get them ourselves."

"A friend of mine had one much like this," I said, in a last effort, "and gave but twenty-five dollars for it. I don't think this is worth any more, but I am in haste, and will give you thirty."

"Will you have it in a box?" said he.

"No ; I will take it here in my purse," I answered mechanically, in astonishment ; and before I recovered from my amazement and self-congratulation the money was paid, the locket was in my purse, and I in the street.

No miser, no discoverer, ever felt better pleased ; but meanwhile the locket was the only thing in my purse except a card, — and Alice's, Maud's, Susie's, and Georgie's presents had vanished into thin air.

In the street once again, I felt better than I had felt before ; my skirmish with the shopman had rather inspirited me ; indignation at the forty-five dollars demanded, and desire of the locket, and finally pleasure over the victory, had put my shyness momentarily out of sight, and I found it quite possible to ask an apple-woman if this was City Hall Park, to make certain.

"Faix an' it was," she assured me, — "what there was left of it."

I looked along the length of the crowded street before me, penetrating it well as eye-glasses would, but no Charlie rewarded my gaze ; however,

he must be there presently, and I could wait; so I waited, a quarter, a half hour, and still no Charlie. And then it rushed over me that perhaps he had already been there before me, had grown tired, in his masculine impatience, and had begun sauntering up to meet me. In that case we should never meet, unless I took to sauntering again in my own precisely opposite direction, and we both lived long enough to turn up in China. I stood there bewildered, in a perplexity out of which the only thing that became clear was an anathematizing of the locket; and then I began to bethink me if this were the right corner or not, for I saw that there were half a dozen corners that might all claim to be opposite City Hall Park; but this seemed to be the last, and I thought it safest to assume that it was the appointed one.

I waited there till I knew exactly how my own little pony felt when she had stood three days in her stall, — and still no Charlie. There was a bitter wind blowing, the sky was overcast, all the world was hurrying by, — and still no Charlie. Had he really passed the store I was in, and gone up the street to find me? Had I best turn about and follow? or would he go all the way to the Fifth Avenue again, and then retrace his steps till he found me? It always made him ill to walk, and made me ill to stand; we should be in a nice condition to continue our journey that night. Nevertheless, there was no safety in deserting my post, — then I should never find him. All I could do was to remain where I was; and so I waited, — long enough for him to have gone up to the Fifth Avenue and back half a dozen times, — and still no signs of him. What did it mean? I then began to ask myself. Something must have happened, — what could it be? He must really be in some great trouble to leave me so; he never would in the world if he could help it; and I could not go to him. I was getting worried beyond expression, and so tired that I would have given the locket itself for a seat.

Meanwhile the crowd was still surging up and down, jostling and pushing, hastening and lingering, old and young, little and great, men and women, and every one had an eye to spare, it seemed, for me. Suddenly I remembered the New York Herald, and the first left-hand corner of it. It was only the day before that, unfolding it in the cars, I said, laughingly, to my husband, "Let me see if anybody has answered my Personal yet," and he had replied in disgust, "Don't speak of the things!" Now, if there is anything on which I pride myself, it is my stanch respectability, — a word and a thing dear to my heart of hearts; if I am nobody myself, there are my ancestors! And it is not difficult to realize how my sense of possession staggered as I began to feel that every soul that saw me knew I had been standing there a long hour and a half waiting for a gentleman; each glance that each new passer gave seemed to be more curious than the last. I put down my veil in self-defence, but threw it up again in fear, lest I should miss seeing Charlie, or his eye should fail to catch sight of me by reason of its obstruction; I grew mortally sure that every man that passed me took me for one of the miserable women of the Personals. I was faint with the idea; moreover, my back ached so with standing, that I was faint in reality. What else could they think of this despairing-looking woman in black, with the limp white lace scarf and the dragged curls, — alas, my hair curls! Is it not Thackeray who says every woman with a *nez retroussé* dresses her hair in curls to make herself as much as may be resemble a King Charles spaniel? and already in the raw east wind I knew my nose was as pink as a poodle's and as cold as a healthy puppy's, — horrible comparisons! Or, if they did not think that, — but they did, I knew they did, — they must think that I was set there to perform some public penance; and what dreadful sin must they think I had committed to deserve such a penance as this!

A little flower-girl came along with

her last bouquet, and saluted me with her petition and her poverty, begging me to buy the flowers that she might go home,—they were fuchsias and Parma violets, and one bursting rose,—they would have been a real consolation to me. I had some loose coppers in my pocket, but I dared not spend them, lest I might want them in the night for a roll; so the child went her way, and I could not find it in my heart to pity her, she was so much better off than I; she had a home to go to. The tears began to well slowly into my eyes; they only added to my distress, as I was conscious how they increased my forlorn appearance. I blushed and tingled with fresh access of mortification; I saw my dear respectability becoming small by degrees and beautifully less. If I had really been keeping an improper appointment, I could not have endured the agony of that long hour. The little urchins, who tossed down their pennies, and took dirty slices of swimming pineapple from the candy-stand behind the lamp-post at my side, hit me right and left with insulting impunity. I would have given almost the whole creation, had it been mine to give, to dare to lean against that lamp-post. Meanwhile a burly policeman eyed me, and I expected momentarily that he would tell me to move on,—and where in the world was I to move to? The sense of irretrievable disgrace was fastening upon me with fearful fangs,—still no Charlie.

When one's circumstances become a matter of breathless importance to one's self, it is the most natural thing to believe them of equal importance to everybody else. I was sure that the great gray gentleman in gold spectacles, and the dapper young man, who could plainly see me from their window, must wonder where my haste and hurry had gone. I looked across the street, and down the side street, and then this way and that, in the intricacies of the moving throng of the pavement,—far, far off, what was the appalling sight I saw? An umbrella! Ah, was it really raining down there? or was it some

prim piece of precision only afraid of the dampness on her finery? Would I ever see, in all that forest of hats, the broad brim of Charlie's again? Had he possibly been meditating the awful deed for days, and, leaving me, gone to commit suicide? or had I been deceiving myself with my happiness for years, and had he taken this way to rid himself of me? I cannot endure a great deal, I was afraid I was growing crazy.

How astonishingly small all the men's hats were,—little roly-poly things, never a generous turn among them,—not one sign of Charlie's!

The umbrella had drawn nearer and had passed me. Yes, there really was a heavy dampness, a sort of settling moisture; well, I would n't mind that, of course,—though assuredly it would spoil my crape. But now it was a decided falling mist, a slow drizzle,—other umbrellas,—a woman running,—rain, real downright rain, no shower, but the regular beginning of a three days' easterly storm. What was I to do, where was I to go? I dared not take refuge in a shop,—for would Charlie be able to go into all the shops of Broadway to look for his wife? would it even occur to him at all? and was there any possibility of his hitting upon the right one, and would they not all be closed before he could make the tour of half their number? Down plunged the rain; I should certainly be arrested presently for an insane vagrant. I went and stood under an awning; the man came out and took the awning down. Then I was in despair. Where, where, where should I go?

At this crisis of my affairs I recollected that something had been said about Delmonico's. If I found the place, if I went there, would Charlie ever remember it?—he was such a forgetful fellow; he never would, I was morally sure, but it was the only thing there was left for me to do. I summoned my courage,—she could but refuse,—and ran to my apple-woman, and asked her if a gentleman with gray

eyes and a black coat, I meant with a gray coat and black eyes, — I didn't know what I meant, — questioned her about a lady looking like me, would she tell him I had gone to Delmonico's? And then I cried.

"Niver bother a bit about it, be-gorra!" she replied. "Sure an' I wull. An' if I'm not by meself, alanna, there's my ould man'll do ye the good turn."

Blessed race with their blarney! They forget all about you the moment your back is turned, but for the time being how they encourage you! The woman who has not a sympathetic Irish girl in her kitchen wants one of the greatest blessings in life.

Quite cheered, I added a second request. Could she tell me where Delmonico's was?

"I can't that. Hi, Michael, — two cents yer honor, thanking ye kindly, — whereabouts this Delumiker's is, — the 'tel?"

Michael gave me the direction; I gave him some pennies, and many thanks, and turned back, following Broadway up to the corner of Chambers Street. Still the thought haunted me, Would Charlie dream of going to Delmonico's for me? If I dared accost a policeman! There was one, but he looked so terrible; yet he could but kill me, and for what I saw I should have to pass the night in a station, or else die a natural death, as it was. I paused in my rapid walk, and then stepped up to him deferentially, — guardian of our manners, our morals, and our peace. "Is this your beat, sir?" I asked, timidly.

He looked down at me like Gog and Magog and Memphremagog, — if that was the third giant's name, — but made me no reply. I had a nervous idea that he grasped his cudgel, — a handsome one it was, as if it were more agreeable to people to have their brains beaten out with rosewood, — grasped it more inflexibly; and I hastened to add, before he could use it, "I mean, do you stay here, whether it rains or not?"

"I do," said he, his whole face slowly

opening in surprise till, like a dissolving view, it became another man's.

"Then, sir, will you do me the kindness," I said, tremblingly, "if a gentleman inquires of you concerning a lady of my description, to tell him that I have gone to Delmonico's?" And with that it rushed over me, in a burning torrent again, that he must take me for one of those horrid women of the assignations in the Personals, and would decide that his duty allowed him to further no such bad business; there was nothing for it but to bestow my confidence upon him, and I broke out with the exclamation: "It is my husband, sir; and I am a stranger in town, and do not know my way; and I have lost him, and we are to leave to-night, and the boat goes at five," and it was too much for me, and then I cried again.

"I'll tell him," said he. And straightway I felt as if I had one protector, and could have embraced him on the spot. But I restrained my feelings, and meekly hurried to my destination.

I had always thought Delmonico's was on Broadway; there were two, I knew, and this must be the down-town one; but when I reached the designated place, no such place was to be found. I looked about me, and, at a short distance down Chambers Street a little modest sign caught my eye. Could that be the great and mighty Delmonico's? How was I to know? Must I have the misery of addressing another stranger, — could this one tell me where I should find the ladies' entrance to Delmonico's?

"Could n't raally," was the response, as the individual resumed his whistle, and passed on with his hands in his tan-colored pockets, leaving me only the satisfaction of knowing that the rain was sousing him as wet as I was.

However, I made for the modest sign, pushed open the door, ran up the stairs, and looked into the great room; peradventure — the wild thought flashed over me — Charlie had given up the search and come here to wait for me; I looked in, I say; saw a different place, at first glance, from Welcker's or

from Parker's, but no Charlie. I made bold enough to ask the gentleman at the desk if this were the ladies' dining-hall, and had no doubt of his surprise at seeing me, on his answering in the affirmative, leave the place as if I had been shot. I dared not stay up there in any one of those enticing seats, I must go down and wait in the open porch, thence looking up and numbering all that passed the head of the street; and, being seen of them, I could thus see all the people still who passed along Broadway, and, if Charlie were among them, I should certainly see him, and he might possibly see me. Still I waited and watched, and still he did not come. My glasses were so blurred with the continual pattering of the rain that I hardly trusted them any longer. If I could find a messenger now, I would send up to the Fifth Avenue, and have word left there as to my whereabouts; but nobody passed that looked at all as if an errand would be an object. What a decent and well-clothed set of people frequent Chambers Street! not a ragged one among them all. At last a boy with holes in his shoes—what delightful holes, shoes handsomer than Cinderella's!—shuffled by. I hailed him, forgetful of everything but my absolute necessities. Would he do me an errand?

"Where to?"

"The Fifth Avenue."

"No indeed," with a fiendish little laugh.

"But I will pay you."

"Don't want your pay." And he too went by on the other side.

Everybody hurried along, everybody had somewhere to hurry to. I remembered my gay friends of the morning, sitting now in their elegant dresses with attentive groups around them, and here was I, lost, bewildered, shelterless. Nobody knew and nobody cared anything about my misery. The only comfort I had was that I could still see my policeman, standing stolid in the storm. Where could Charlie be? I began to get angry as well as all the rest,—angry with fate, it may be, but

certainly not with Charlie. It must be late by this time; even if he came now we should n't probably have time to reach the boat, and it would go off, and my precious, precious manuscript on board, and here we would be left in the great town without a single cent to bless us. What would become of me? Something must have happened to Charlie; he must be dead; and I never should know! Tears—I am afraid I am great on tears—ran down my cheeks in unrepressed succession.

A woman stepped up into the porch beside me to find safety for a gorgeous new bonnet,—she had some vain idea that it was going to stop raining presently. I asked her if she knew what time it was,—I was case-hardened now,—and she informed me by a lovely little watch, with a tiny fox and hounds coursing along the chain, that it was five minutes past four, and put the finishing stroke to my trouble thereby. But I did not dare to ask her if she had not made a mistake, and it was really four minutes past five; I didn't want to know if it was, relief though it would have been. I watched the head of the street as a cat watches a mouse. The woman wanted to open a conversation, but I had to turn my head to hear what she said, owing to the noise of wind and rain and pavement, and finally told her I could not talk, for I was looking for my husband, and was encouraged by her cheerful opinion that it was like looking for a needle in a haymow. Gentlemen were going in and out of the doors behind me; they all seemed to have bold eyes. I fancied painfully and shamefully that they were all fast men; one pleasant woman came out, and I blessed her for making the place respectable for such a castaway as I to stand in. And still no Charlie.

Still I stood there, puzzling, thinking, resolving, and all at once saying to myself that Charlie was of such a free-and-easy sort, he had probably gone back to the hotel, and would expect me to turn up there, and we should remain in New York while he telegraphed home for money. And, just as I was taking

comfort, I remembered that you cannot sign receipts for dividends by telegraph; and the fall from my buoyant anticipation was fathoms deep into trouble and bewilderment and fright again. Suddenly I gave a start; an omnibus was passing the head of the street; a great, broad-brimmed, black hat, and a pair of black eyes beneath it, were out of the window, evidently in search of some one through the throng upon the sidewalk. Heaven be thanked! it was Charlie and no one else. I sprang into the street without a word to my woman, regardless of rain or umbrellas or crowds or any one, and made after the omnibus, shouting "Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!" at the top of my voice. Just then the driver whipped up his horses; Charlie never heard me; the omnibus dashed along; I dashed after it. My only salvation was in keeping that vehicle in sight. I was a disreputable-looking thing enough,—wet, draggled, blown to pieces, and dishevelled, and chasing somebody in an omnibus. But if Charlie did n't see me the crowd did; everybody looked, everybody turned, everybody waved their umbrellas, everybody began chasing the omnibus with me, everybody shouted Charlie, and at last, just as I was ready to drop, panting and breathless, Charlie seemed to perceive that something unusual was happening, glanced about him hurriedly, pulled the check, leaped out, and caught me. I never knew what joy was before.

"You are a pretty-looking object," was his first exclamation, as he tucked me under his arm and walked off. "And as for me, I never experienced anything like it in my life,—could n't have happened in any other city under the sun! Got an expressman to take my trunks across; he promised to be there in fifteen minutes, and if I waited a minute I waited two mortal hours for the rascal,—knew if I did n't, my luggage would all be dumped down in the dock and made off with. However, I guess we've time for a plate of soup at Delmonico's,—found a bill in my vest-pocket. Was that where you were? Should n't have dreamed of going for

you there till everything else failed." And never did any triumphant Roman with his trophies feel more pride than did I when I vindicated myself and paraded my newly found husband by the woman waiting for the rain to leave off and save her gorgeous bonnet. "You see I found my needle," I said. "Good by."

"But how came you in the stage?" I asked Charlie, presently, as we burned our mouths with our soup.

"Why, the steamboat landing I found to be half-way up town," said he. "So I took a stage, meaning to ride down to the Astor House corner as appointed, and if I did n't find you, saunter up."

"I don't believe I've been at the Astor House corner at all. But did you suppose I would wait out there in the rain?"

"No, I fancy you know enough to go in when it rains. Nevertheless, that worried me out of my wits, as it seems to have worried you. But," said Charlie, mischievously, "I saw I must either lose my luggage or my wife, and I decided I would attend to my luggage!"

Do you wonder that I hate newspapers? "Well," said I, as we steamed over the Sound at last, taking out my single purchase in ecstasy, after having been reviled for finding no stores in all Broadway with anything in the windows, "at any rate, I have this."

"Let me see it," said Charlie. "Where did you get it?"

I mildly told him, and was consternated to see him fillip it with his thumb and finger, as he replied, "I thought so! The great Bogus Jewelry Store; the place of Attleboro' splendors! Viennese workmanship, indeed! eighteen carats fine, and the diamonds real! Thirty dollars! You are no more to be trusted with money in your pocket—" Charlie stopped, recollecting the money in his pocket that morning. "Thirty dollars! thirty cents would have been high, my love. It is n't worth the tin it's gilt on!"

"The natural consequence, my love, of leaving me to shop alone in Broadway!"

THE FOOTPATH.

IT mounts athwart the windy hill,
Through sallow slopes of upland bare,
And Fancy climbs with footfall still
Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue
Stoops softly to that topmost swell
Whence the mind drinks imagined view
Of gracious climes where all is well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise
An ampler world than clips my ken,
Where the great stars of happier skies
Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me home,
Still master of my secret rare;
Once tried, the path would end in Rome,
But now it leads me everywhere.

Forever to the new it guides,
From former good, old overmuch;
What Nature for her poets hides,
'Tis wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come
Within the scope of mortal ear;
My prying step would make him dumb,
And the fair tree, his shelter, sere.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,
Behind my inmost thought, he sings;
No feet avail: to hear it nigh,
The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird, close-hid, and raise
Those angel-stairways in my brain,
That climb from our diminished days,
To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment fleet,
I leave thy covert haunt untrod,
And envy Science not her feat
To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,
And long ago that Pan was dead;
'T was but that fools preferred to bore
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,
The fairies dance each full-mooned night,
Would we but doff our lenses strong,
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without
Our seeing, marvel ever new,
Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet doubt,
Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the blue,

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
Whose edge allures to climb the height;
I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,
From still pools dusk with dreams of night.

Thy gates are shut to hardest will,
Thy countersign of long-lost speech,—
Those fountained courts, those chambers still
Fronting Time's far East, who shall reach?

I know not and will never pry,
But trust our human heart for all;
Wonders that from the seeker fly,
Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise
The password of the unwary elves;
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their spies;
Unsought, they whisper it themselves.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Foul Play. By CHARLES READE and DION BOUCICAULT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

PERHAPS if Robinson Crusoe had not lived, Miss Rolleston and Mr. Penfold had never been born; but this is not certain; and, on the other hand, it is very clear that the plot of this bewitching novel is one of the freshest and most taking to be imagined. If we had the very hardest heart for fiction, and were as exacting in our novels as men are in their neighbors' morals, we think we could ask nothing better than that a young lady and gentleman of this period should be cast away together upon a tropical island in the heart of the Pacific Ocean, and there left for several months to the mutual dependence, the constant companionship, and the vicissitudes of soul inevitable from the situation. If we could desire anything more, it would be that this young lady should have been wrecked in going from Australia to be married in London, and that this young gentleman should have been an escaped ticket-of-leave man, refined, conscientious, and unjustly condemned to transportation for a crime committed by her betrothed;—and these blissful conditions we have exactly in "*Foul Play.*" It seems almost too great a happiness when we have added to them the fact that the Rev. Mr. Penfold has already quarrelled with Miss Rolleston, who rejects his love, and believes him a slanderous and wicked villain, because he has accused her betrothed, and that he is put upon his most guarded behavior by this circumstance, until she herself consents to believe him good and just, even while clinging to her troth with his enemy.

Being a character of Mr. Reade's creation, it is not necessary to say that Helen Rolleston is a very natural and lovable woman, admirably illogical, cruel, sagacious, and generous. Through all her terrible disasters and thrilling adventures she is always a young lady, and no more abandoned on that far-away island by her exquisite breeding and the pretty conventions of her English girlhood, than she would be upon her native croquet-ground. A delicious charm is gained to the romance by the retention of

these society instincts and graces, which are made to harmonize rather than conflict with the exhibitions of a woman's greatness and self-devotion, when occasion calls forth those qualities. Helen's progress from prejudice to passion is tacit, and is always confessed more by some last effort of the former than by any expression of the latter. When she suspects that Penfold is only making her comfortable on the island because he intends her to pass the rest of her days there, and furiously upbraids him, she does his purpose a gross wrong, though she strikes at the heart of his unconscious desire, which nothing but her own love for him could reveal to her. She makes him a sublime reparation when at last the steamer appears which has come to seek her, and she will not kindle the signal-fire which he has built on the height, but which he cannot himself reach for illness; and so reveals that she dreads the rescue that shall divide them. It is fortunate for the author's invention, no doubt, that her father arrives upon the steamer just at that time; yet until the moment that her father takes her in his arms, nothing has soiled the purity of her dream of love. He finds in her lover an escaped ticket-of-leave man, and the shock of now beholding Penfold in this light for the first time naturally prompts those wild and most amusing reproaches that Helen heaps upon him for winning her heart under a false character; but she is heroic and quite as womanly again when she defends him against her father's blame, pours out all her love upon him, and puts a vehement and tremendous faith in his declaration that he is not a felon, but a martyr. With the chambermaid of the Holly-Tree Inn, witnessing the adieux of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, through the keyhole, the reader feels that "It's a shame to part 'em!" and does not care much for the ingenious story after Mr. Penfold is left alone on his island, though, of course, one reads on to the reunion of the lovers, and, in a minor way, enjoys all the plotting and punishment and reward that take place.

That part, however, Wilkie Collins could have done, while the island and its people are solely Mr. Reade's. This novelist, at all times brilliant and fascinating, has given

us of his best in "Foul Play," and in a story unburdened by the problem that crushed "Griffith Gaunt," and, dealing simply with the play of character amid beautiful scenes that give it the most novel and winning relief, has produced a work of which nothing but a superhuman dulness and obduracy could resist the sorcery.

The Earthly Paradise: A Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

THE *trouvère*, as distinct from the *troubadour*, seemed almost disappearing from literature, when Mr. Morris revived the ancient line, or, to speak more exactly, the ancient thousand lines. He brings back to us the almost forgotten charm of mere narrative. We have lyric poets, and, while Browning lives, a dramatic poet; it is a comfort if we can have also a minstrel who can tell a story.

It is true, as Keats said, that there is a peculiar pleasure in a long poem, as in a meadow where one can wander about and pick flowers. One should cultivate a hopeful faith, like that of George Dyer, who bought a bulky volume of verse by an unknown writer, in the belief (so records Charles Lamb) that "there must be some good things in a poem of three thousand lines." That kindly critic would have found a true Elysium in the "Earthly Paradise."

If not so crowded as "Jason" with sweet, fresh, Chaucerian passages, it has more breadth and more maturity, and briefer intervals of dulness. Yet the word "Chaucerian" must be used with reluctance, and only to express a certain freshness of quality that no other phrase can indicate. Imitative these poems certainly are not; their simplicity is simple, whereas the simplicity of some poets is the last climax of their affectation. The atmosphere of Morris's poems is really healthy, though limited; and their mental action is direct and placid, not constrained.

The old legends of Cupid and Psyche, Atalanta, Alcestis and Pygmalion, are here rendered with new sweetness, interspersed with tales more modern. It is pleasant to see these immortal Greek stories reproduced in English verse; for, at the present rate of disappearance, who knows that there will be an American a hundred years hence

who can read a sentence of that beautiful old language, or to whom the names of "the Greeks and of Troy town" will be anything but an abomination? It is a comfort to think that the tales of the world's youth may take a new lease of life in these and other English rhymes, and so something of the ideal world be preserved for our grandchildren, as well as Herbert Spencer, and Greeley's "American Conflict."

Such themes are far more congenial to Morris than to Swinburne; for Greek poetry is at once simple and sensuous, and we come nearer to it when put on short allowance of the sensuous than when it runs riot and becomes unpleasantly conscious of its own nudity. Morris is also wiser in not attempting any imitation of the antique forms. Indeed, his poems belong in a world of their own, neither ancient nor modern, and touching remotely on all human interests. The lyrical poems interspersed between the legends are the only modern things, and even those are tender little bits of English landscape-painting that might have been executed centuries ago. His story-tellers and his listeners dwell forever in a summer land, where youths and maidens may sit beneath their own vines and fig-trees, and even a poem of seven hundred pages cannot molest them nor make them afraid.

The Layman's Breviary, from the German of Leopold Schefer. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

A GERMAN critic declares that the "Layman's Breviary" has helped more souls to the understanding of themselves than any other book of German poetry. What is more remarkable for a devotional work in that language, no other book is needed to help souls to understand it. It is simple, as varied, and as attractive as if it were not in three hundred and sixty-five parts, and in blank verse from beginning to end.

Leopold Schefer, after wandering through the world with Prince Pückler Muskau, and writing seventy-three novels of musical and Oriental life, returned at last to Germany, and found in his home, his wife, and his child the true sources of inspiration. The novels are yet untranslated, perhaps untranslatable, but this volume of poetic meditations, after passing through twelve editions in the original, has already entered

on a new career of favor in this new land. Nothing can be more remote from all the technicalities of the creeds; but there is condensed into every meditation so much of practical wisdom, such simple feeling, such appreciation of life's daily blessings, such fresh and delicate poetic beauties, as must make it dearer to the reader with every day. It fell, fortunately, into the hands of one who has, perhaps, no equal among us, save Mr. Longfellow, in the translator's peculiar gifts, and who evades the quarrel between the literal and the poetic methods, by uniting them in one. In rendering these meditations, he has put into them the beauty of his own spirit and the sympathy of his own poetic mind. In such literary service *laborare est orare*.

Going to Jericho: or Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East. By JOHN FRANKLIN SWIFT. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THERE are many reasons why California, if she gives us literature at all, should give us something very racy and distinctive. The violent contrasts and extraordinary juxtapositions of the most unassorted persons and people which mark her history were not circumstances which, according to received ideas, invited to early literary production; but since books have been therein produced, it was scarcely possible that they should not in some way reflect the mental characteristics of that anomalous civilization on the Pacific. And, in fact, they have done so with a singular vividness and strength, and are so far all marked by that fantastic spirit of drollery which is the predominant mood of the popular American mind, in the face of great novelties and emergencies. The author of the John Phœnix papers first made known to us the peculiar flavor of the Pacific literature, and he still remains at the head of the California school of humorists. Next to him is Mr. Harte, of whose "Condensed Novelists" we have heretofore spoken in this place, and whose humor has more recently found expression in a volume of very amusing verse: performances betraying greater consciousness, and having less originality of form than the sole Phœnix's, but imbued with the same unmistakable Californianism. In Mr. Swift, like quaintness and extravagance appear in a book of

travel, carrying the reader through regions where almost the only new thing to be discovered and described is the traveller himself. Mr. Swift, therefore, makes a narrative of almost purely personal adventure, and lets us off with very little information. What he does give is again of personal character, and relates chiefly to interviews with President Adams of the American colony at Jaffa, with Abd-el-Kader and Lady Hester Stanhope, and is acceptable enough if you set aside some questions of taste. "Eothen" has pitched the pipe for all sarcastic travellers visiting the Holy Places, but Mr. Swift arranges the old air with much originality, and makes his reader laugh with a new though somewhat guilty pleasure, at fun which hardly stops short of sacred memories, and is at other times too lawless.

The best chapters in his book are those sketching some episodes of Spanish travel. The account of the bull-fight at Madrid is one of the most surprising of these, — it is both graphic and interesting, and thus differs from most efforts upon that shamelessly tattered old topic, in reading which you always regret that some one of the bulls had not made it a point to get at and gore the tourist intending to celebrate the spectacle. "My first Step in Crime," in which our traveller recounts his adventures in ridding himself of the bad money passed upon him in Spain, is very amusing, with occasional excess and abandon which does not seem quite necessary to the expression of humor, but which seems again quite Californian.

Romantic and Scriptural scenes are generally looked at from the same point of view, and discussed in the light of San Francisco associations, — sometimes with a delightful mock newspaper-seriousness, and a habit of unexpected allusion to American politics and society. No one could enjoy the shams and absurdities of travel so keenly as Mr. Swift does, without also appreciating its other aspects; and in spite of the levity of the book we are aware, not only of sound common sense, but of sympathy with much that is fine and good in the things seen. Still, the latter faculty is subordinated, and so we have a book in which the disposition to *droll* not only betrays the author into passages of very questionable taste, but at last fatigues the reader.